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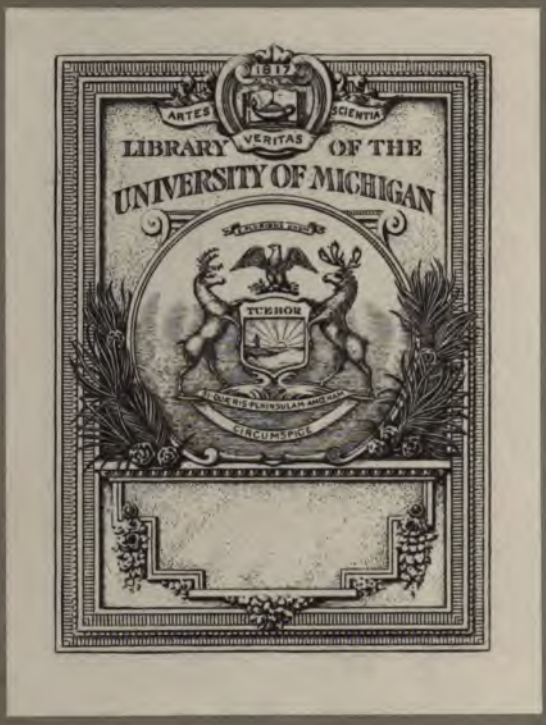
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THE

UNITED STATES

AND

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CANADA,

IN 1832, 1833, AND 1834.

BY C. D. ARFWEDSON, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE

UNITED STATES

AND CANADA,

IN 1832, 1833, AND 1834.

CHAPTER I.

The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of water that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy, until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE southern coast of beautiful England insensibly disappeared before my eyes: from the deck of the American packet, I tried in vain to get a last glimpse of the British Isles. The mantle of night enveloped in obscurity the verdant hills of Cornwall. Adieu to Europe.

Our complement on board consisted of two hundred individuals from almost every country in Europe, besides Americans. Among the English and Irish, there was a large proportion of emigrants, who with wives, children, and servants, quitted their native soil, to seek in distant climes a spot, where taxes of a thousand different kinds and denominations might not absorb their little all. When the whole group assembled on deck, it was a truly interesting scene: the bustle of some, who constantly moved about, instilled spirit in others, apparently inclined to despondency. Yes, many were certainly dejected. They left behind, country, friends, relatives; and who could venture to predict whether they would ever see either again, or tread the shore which contained the ashes of their forefathers, and recalled to their minds so many endearing recollections?

The uniformity of a sea-life generally engenders melancholy; the monotony is insupportable: there is no diversity, except in the state of the atmosphere. Whichever way the eye turns, and surveys the circled horizon, no other object is visible but frothing waves, apparently rolling from one side of the blue sky to the other. If a sail heaves

in sight at a distance, the event may be compared to a messenger sent from another world. In an instant, the whole deck is covered with people, anxious to behold the strange ship: every spy-glass is put in requisition. But, in our case, curiosity was not satisfied with a bare view of her filled canvass; speculation followed as to the identity of her flag, whence she came, and whither bound. Similar rencontres too often produced violent altercations among individuals of so many different nations, some of whom pretended to be wiser than their neighbours; but they were soon quelled, every one returning to his uniform occupation of contemplating the agitated sea — alternately raising or lowering our little republic — of counting the large shoals of porpoises which faithfully accompanied the ship the whole voyage, or surveying the unchangeable horizon and the swift passing clouds. How often, whilst meditating on the beauty of the immeasurable heavenly arch, have I not fancied I saw a distant shore rising from the deep: the joy, alas! was short-lived: 'twas but a cloud.

One evening, when the moon shone forth in all her splendour, the whole company assembled on deck. Glees and songs, variously

executed, formed the amusement: every one appeared happy and contented. It was late before retreat to rest was thought of; melodious sounds, but recently heard above, were now re-echoed from the births below. Before daylight, however, these charming dreams were suddenly converted into gloom. A dreadful storm greeted the convivial companions at break of day. The first glimpse at an enraged element is truly terrific. From a smooth surface — as it had been the preceding night — the sea had risen mountain high; the tops of the waves were as cream-white as the snow-covered Mont Blanc. In the midst of them, our ship was seen dancing, sometimes defying their power, in turn vigorously repulsed by offended masses of water — then hidden between two sea-walls, nearly as elevated as the main-mast — and again almost immersed in the immense deep. The winds — those proud aristocrats of the ocean — whistled in the air, and, with the aid of the rigging, performed a most discordant concert. All the passengers were dejected: paleness overspread the features of the women: silent in a corner, with palpitating hearts, they listened to the roar of the tempest and the waves. Children, seized

with fear, clung to their parents, and screamed piteously. Probably, there was no real danger; but a gale in the midst of the ocean is, after all, no joking matter. None, except a person who has actually witnessed a similar scene, can form an idea of the creaking, roaring, and rolling, which incessantly tormented us during four-and-twenty endless hours. The ship rolled the whole time from side to side; and, whenever she changed position, her timbers creaked as when Enceladus turns himself under the weight of Mount Etna. Trunks, carpet-bags, dressing-cases, and desks, were displaced and knocked against each other each time she hove about. Woe to him who happened to be in their way!

Another inconvenience occurred when dinner was announced, which, however, partook a good deal of the ludicrous: the guests were every moment exposed to the danger of receiving in their laps joints of beef and mutton, ducks, hams, potatoes, &c. It was not easy to refrain from laughing on seeing the restless dishes changing situation every instant, sometimes at the top, then at the bottom of the table, and again disappearing altogether under it. But, dinner concluded, mirth also took leave of the company: the

storm continued with unabated violence, and gloom once more took possession of all of us. Night came on. None would retire to rest. Around a dismal lamp — sole luminary in the lonely cabin — assembled a group of passengers; who, by way of pastime, related a variety of anecdotes, clearly showing what subject was uppermost in their minds: they all had reference to shipwrecks. At sea, tales of this description may be compared to ghost-stories on shore, for no one ever heard of ghosts on board a ship—probably from antipathy to the watery element.

Morning soon broke in upon our company — still excited by the recitals of the preceding night. The sunbeams, spread over the surface of the sea, gradually dispersed the clouds, and seemed to insinuate to the winds their wrath at the continuance of the storm.

Prostrate lay the towering waves — on the smooth surface played the sun — the ship was stationary — her canvass, drooping and heavy, clung to the masts; the exhausted tars betook themselves to rest: in dancing groups appeared multitudes of fish, and in their centre stretched forth a monstrous whale, desirous to behold the majesty of light. Aloft, in circles round the masts, harmonious concerts

were performed by aquatic birds. The day was fine: every thing appeared to have acquired new life. No comparison can be drawn between a beautiful day at sea and one on shore: there is something so delightful and reviving in the former, that its influence is irresistible. The 4th of July was just one of this description. Who is the American that does not rejoice at the recollection of what occurred on that day, 1776? Who is ignorant of the memorable act then signed by the boldest men in the colonies? Who has forgotten the determined step adopted by these patriots to declare themselves free and independent, in defiance of the power and fleets of the Mother Country. An American is justly proud of the result of this revolution, when comparing the past with the present.

The anniversary, however, is associated with so many interesting events, that it is invariably celebrated with great solemnity. Wherever an American happens to be on that day, whether in the midst of the ocean, or in the forests of the Western Country, the 4th of July must be observed. Our packet, as I have before observed, was American: the captain therefore made the necessary arrangements for its celebration. At sun-rise the

dance on deck, composed of old and young, poor and rich, love-sick and sea-sick, sober and drunk; in short, of nearly two hundred persons. The band consisted of four inebriated individuals, with their hats cocked up on one side. The violins were certainly not of the Cremonese fabric; they appeared to have weathered many a gale, and would unquestionably have baffled even Paganini's skill. Their inefficiency, however, did not interrupt the conviviality for a moment, the performers beating time so loud as nearly to drown the music. The dancers, too, were so animated, that harmony was almost unnecessary. A couple of corpulent Irishmen, especially, continued dancing long after the music had ceased, as if it required a certain time to stop their evolutions when once put in motion. One of them, whose capers were truly dangerous to the bystanders, on being informed that the music had ceased, and that dancing was consequently over, answered very laconically, "What about music?" and proceeded to twist about his fair damsel for at least ten minutes, to the great hazard and danger of the surrounding party, every moment exposed to a summerset into the sea. No accident, however, happened; and, when dancing had been

kept up to a late hour, in the midst of the finest moonlight the company retired, apparently delighted with the amusements of the day.

At length, on the 9th of July, in the forenoon, I heard the magic sound, "Land!" pronounced from the top of the mast-head by a sailor, sent on the look-out by the captain, who was as anxious as any passenger to set foot on *terra firma*, after a voyage of thirty-nine days. The joyful intelligence passed from mouth to mouth, with the rapidity of lightning, until every one on board had repeated—"Land!" Every eye sparkled with joy. Fancy already landed the whole company on the American shore; they thought they saw trees, houses, fields, and cities. The men began to talk about good hits and speculations; the elderly women about housekeeping; the girls blushed at the idea of being so near their lovers! The young men formed a thousand projects of amusement by way of indemnity for privations endured during a long and tedious voyage. All were in a most happy state of mind; even those who had experienced the effects of sea-sickness, and had been quite indifferent as to the future, now raised their heads, and hurried, like the rest, to put their things in order, adjust their toi-

lette, and indulge in a promenade on deck, for the benefit of fresh air. Bustle and confusion were every where visible. None would be behind-hand in dress; costumes, which, for more than a month past, had enjoyed uninterrupted tranquillity in carefully packed trunks, were now sported. Bond Street hats saw light again, and were substituted for the few remaining caps, many of these having deserted their owners during the late gale, to take a view of the coast of Labrador or Nova Scotia. One of the passengers, and his family in particular, had, in the course of ten minutes, undergone so perfect a metamorphosis, that it was next to impossible to recognize either him, his wife, or two little children, to whom we were greatly indebted for infantine concerts all the time we were at sea. The husband appeared in a new snuff-coloured frock-coat, a sugar-loaf hat, and a neatly-plaited frill, which, however, upon closer examination, turned out to form a mere exterior appendix to a very dirty shirt; laced wristbands covered his fingers, in part adorned with rings, and a fashionable cane in the right hand completed the *tout ensemble*. The attire of the lady was proportionably elegant: she eclipsed all that

approached her. Her costly Parisian bonnet had nevertheless met with a sad accident, which not only damped her spirits most sensibly, but called forth a shower of abuse, and a succession of oaths on the part of the disappointed husband. A clumsy sailor had unfortunately thrust his foot through the bandbox which contained the treasure, and, by the pressure, so completely discomfited shape and plumary ornaments that no traces of its original beauty could be distinguished. Recourse was had to repairs; or, to use a sea phrase, to jury-masts; but, such was the demolition produced, that the impression of the sailor's foot could never be effectually removed; the bonnet, after all, preserved the appearance of an old ruin, to the great mortification of the fair owner. Straw-coloured kid gloves covered a pair of blood-red hands, and transparent silk stockings decorated a couple of feet of uncommon size. Thus attired, the handsome couple took shelter under a large umbrella—for the rain fell in torrents—consulting how they were to spend the evening. The husband proposed a walk in Broadway, as the most fashionable place of resort; but this was overruled by the lady, who insisted on going to the play.

Whilst the party were thus discussing the point, the other passengers had already made up their minds as to the mode of celebrating their landing on the American soil. Some flattered their palates with the prospect of fresh vegetables, particularly new green peas; others were exclusively bent on strawberries and pineapples. Two young Americans made a long harangue on the superior flavour of American apples. In the midst of these important deliberations, our packet was hailed by one of those fine fast-sailing boats belonging to the newspaper establishments in New York, which, in spite of the worst possible weather, invariably put to sea to meet the European packets, for the purpose of getting the earliest intelligence. We were all anxious to get a sight of the first American; and, although much occupied with plans for the evening, could not refrain from gathering round the messenger the moment he put his foot on deck. The captain shook him heartily by the hand, gave him the London journals, and asked, with a kind of nonchalance, "Every thing is well in this part of the world, I suppose?"

"Not quite the contrary," answered the [illegible] looking [illegible] is all.

"What is then the matter?" exclaimed the captain, struck with amazement, and impatient. "Is New York in flames — or is the President dead?"

"The cholera is among us, and causes the most dreadful havock," was the answer.

"What! cholera in America!" uttered every one, and the paleness of death spread over countenances but lately tinged with the colour of the rose. Looks were exchanged, as if to derive consolation from one another; half sentences were muttered by some on the nature of the disease; others expressed surprise how it could possibly have crossed the Atlantic, and cursed their unlucky star for having deceived their expectations. Adieu theatre, pleasures, promenade in Broadway, vegetables, green peas, and high-flavoured apples!

The packet, however, neared the shore, until every object was perfectly discernible; a little country church and Sandy Hook Lighthouse were clearly visible to the naked eye. We now took the pilot on board. An original like him I had seen in no country in Europe. Once on board, he moved fore and aft with the rapidity of lightning, from larboard to starboard; then, climbing up the rigging and the

gangways, commanded aloud, and in a tone of voice indicating his own self-importance. It appeared impossible for him to be quiet a single moment. "Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell," says Lord Byron very justly. He might be compared to a *perpetuum mobile:* every thing that stood in his way was kicked about. Respect for the fair sex was entirely out of the question: *Duty above all* was his motto; and to this he strictly adhered. His exterior was a true personification of his character. His brown summer trowsers, by being too often ingulphed in the washing-tub, had shrunk to such a size that the knees filled the space allotted to the calves; these were, in turn, covered by a pair of white and blue stockings. Many were the button vacancies in his sky-blue coat; and the knot of a coloured neckhandkerchief had fixed its abode on one of his ears. His brown hat also had received so many knocks, that its appearance resembled that of agitated waves. The whole personage presented a singular *coup d'œil.* But, if the exterior denoted his character, so did also his countenance. None was ever more striking. It has been contended that the soul of man is pictured on his forehead—that the eyes are spectacles for

him who chooses to read the heart. In him this proved correct. The first aspect convinced us what a little d—l we had got on board (this was the title given him by the sailors); and his figure, I am well satisfied, is still fresh in the memory of many of the passengers.

We were now close in shore, passing a sound called "The Narrows," a mile in breadth. Inside this, a most beautiful bay opened to our view, intersected by several islands, amongst which was Governor's Island, with a kind of Martello tower on it, built of brick. This bay, formed on one side by the New Jersey shore, and on the other by Long Island, is about twenty miles in circumference, and every where so deep that the largest ship can ride at anchor. At a distance appeared a point with a small castle on it, surrounded by trees planted with great regularity and taste; and, behind, steeples rose in infinite number. This was the city of New York. On the left of Castle Garden, the beautiful Hudson showed itself; and on the right flowed the East River, properly speaking an arm of the sea, dividing the city from Long Island. Thousands of ships, steamers, and boats, passed each other in various directions;

and flags of Europe and America waved peaceably together. Country seats and trees covered the opposite shores; the verdant foliage charmed our eyes, not yet accustomed to this novel sight. The scene was truly magnificent, and can only be justly appreciated by those who, having been long at sea, suddenly enter a beautiful port.

"The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments," says Washington Irving, "produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions."*

It is probable, had we landed at another place at first, and only gradually been prepared for the beauties of the port of New York, we should not have enjoyed it so much. Certain it is, however, that the entrance to it, the extensive bay that opens to the view, and the two magnificent rivers that present themselves to the right and left, form a *coup d'œil* which can barely be matched in the whole world. When I surveyed this fine scene, and the city surrounded by water, I could easily conceive the admiration with which honest Hudson must have been struck when he beheld these natural beauties for the first time. Juet, his travelling companion,

* The Sketch Book.

called the island on which New York is situated *Manna-hata*, which means the island of manna — in other words, a country where milk and honey flow.* And an old Indian tradition furnishes another proof how, in the remotest times, these parts were admired. "The name Manhattoes is said to be derived from the great Indian god Manetho, who is stated to have made this island his favourite place of residence, on account of its peculiar attractions. Indian traditions say further, that the bay was formerly a large lake, filled with silver and gold fish, in the middle of which was this fine island, abounding in every species of fruit and flowers; but that a sudden inundation of the River Hudson destroyed every vestige of these beauties, and that Manetho fled in consequence behind the extensive waters of Ontario."† To me it appears, therefore, not unlikely that the first Europeans — a handful of Dutchmen — who, a few years after Hudson's return to Holland, set sail in the celebrated bark, Goede Vrouw, under the particular protection of St. Nicholas, should settle in this neighbourhood, and found a city, where, for a period of fifty years, they enjoyed all the advantages of a real old-

* Knickerbocker's New York, v. i. † Ibid.

fashioned Dutch life. The immortal Knickerbocker gives an account of the situation of New Amsterdam, the name of the city at that time, in the following manner :—

"It was fortunate for New Amsterdam that the words learning, education, taste, and talents, were perfectly unknown there: a genius was a strange animal, and a learned woman would have been as great a piece of curiosity as a frog with horns, or a burning dragon. None, in fact, knew more than his neighbour, nor did any body wish to know more than an honest man ought to know, who attends only to his own business : the clergyman and the notary were the only two who knew how to write, and the wise Governor Twiller always signed his name with a ✕. The houses were of wood, and the large gate only opened upon the occasion of some marriages, funerals, new-year's days, St. Nicholas' day, or other great festivities. The families lived in the kitchen. The fireplace was of real aristocratic size, where all the members of the household, old and young, master and servant, black and white, even cat and dog, partook of the general privilege, and had a corner allotted to themselves. Here sat the old burgher, for hours together, in deep me-

ditation, smoking his pipe, and looking at the fire with half-closed eyes, without thinking of any thing. The good wife opposite was busily employed in spinning or knitting stockings. They had a great aversion to giving dinners, but kept up the spirit of society by occasional tea-parties. The company used to assemble about three o'clock, and returned home at six: in winter time, the fashionable hours were a little earlier, to enable the ladies to get home before dark. In the middle of the tea-table was placed a large earthenware dish, with fat pork cut in slices, and tea was served out of a very large coarse porcelain tea-pot, painted with figures, representing little, thick Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, watching swine — boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the sky. To sweeten the beverage, a bit of sugar was placed by the side of each cup, and the company helped themselves with much decorum, sometimes to a bit of sugar, sometimes to a drink of tea — until an old, cunning, and economical mistress invented an improvement, which consisted in having a bit of sugar attached to a string suspended to the ceiling, and hanging perpendicularly over the table, so that it might pass from mouth to mouth. The young

girls never opened their lips, except to say *Yah Mynheer*, or *Yah, ya Vrouw*, to every question put to them, and behaved in every respect as well educated housemaids. The passion of a lover was greater or less in proportion to the size or breadth of the object; and a stout girl, with a dozen petticoats, was declared by a Dutch poet from the interior to be as brilliant as a primrose, and as voluptuous as a full grown cabbage-head. Certain it is, that, in those times, the heart of a lover could only be fixed upon one fair lady at a time; our modern youths may, on the contrary, have half a dozen. Attired in half a score of inexpressibles, and shoes with a pair of tremendous brass buckles, a low broad-brimmed hat, and the hair, hanging down his back, in the shape of a queue, enveloped in an eelskin, the lover, thus equipped, stepped manfully forward, with pipe in mouth, to court some *belle*. Seldom or ever did he miscarry in his attack, but generally, after having thoroughly smoked his fair damsel for some time, took the fortress by assault on honourable terms."

Whilst recalling to my memory the many remarkable circumstances, which, from former times up to the present, are associated with

the parts that now appeared before me, and while comparing the manners of New Amsterdam, when "the honest burghers were sitting for hours together smoking, and slumbering over the affairs of the State, without once breaking the silence, so essential for deep meditation," with modern New York, where every one complains of the shortness of time, and none appears to have a moment to spare—under these various contemplations I landed, and trod for the first time the American soil —that soil whose early inhabitants and legitimate masters were persuaded through the agency of money, words, the sword, and blood, to believe that white strangers had a greater claim to it than themselves, and that a Holy Father in another country, called the Pope, had distinctly declared, that the Red men were infidels, who ought to be thankful to the Whites for their religious zeal in crossing the Atlantic Ocean to improve the condition of these savages, preach a new and only half-understood doctrine, and, finally, despatch them either to heaven or to some deserted spots in the western parts of the country, as a reward for their faith. Where are now these unhappy heathens, who were butchered by the Christians without commisera-

tion? Where are the descendants of Massasoit, of Philip of Pokanoket, of Norridgewock — these Indian heroes? Where shall we find a trace of these valiant and patriotic men, who fell in defence of country and liberty? Not a solitary ruin of their huts has been left behind by the inhuman strangers — all has been levelled to the ground — every vestige is obliterated from civilized America. No canoe is seen on the majestic rivers — no fires kindled on the tops of mountains, as a rallying post for the warriors: nothing remains of all this, except, perhaps, the fragments of some blanched bones sometimes brought to light by the plough of the Whites. They have set with the sun — even there they are persecuted; and from the forests of the West, Black Hawk and the Prophet* have lately been brought in triumph round the country. Unfortunate people, whom Fate has condemned to disappear from the face of the earth without leaving the least trace of their existence! In a short time, the Indian will lay down his bow, and slumber in eternity, without a mournful glance from child or friend. Solitary on this beautiful earth, among men who ought to be

* Two celebrated Indian chiefs who were taken prisoners during the war 1832, and brought in chains to St. Louis.

his brethren instead of his murderers, he casts his looks towards the West, where his God has promised him the bliss of Paradise, and sings a hymn, like the heroic female — the last of Norridgewock's race — who performed her own requiem. When the sun sets, he will be in Paradise.

CHAPTER II.

In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
For they can lure no further; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday.

BYRON.

I WAS now at length in America. The steamboat, which brought the passengers from the packet, landed us near a fashionable promenade, called the Battery, formerly a fortified place. Even during the Dutch occupation, this was considered a favourite spot, although surrounded by walls: in later times, when New York, by an increasing trade and wealth, and an easy communication with an extensive and cultivated back country, has become the first city in the United States, the Battery has less of a warlike appearance. Pleasant walks between rows of trees have been substituted for walls. From the extremity of the city, where the North and East Rivers form a junction, the most agree-

able *allées* are laid out, commanding one of the most extensive and beautiful views that can well be imagined. Towards the north end is a kind of bastion, formerly known by the name of Castle Clinton, now called Castle Garden, being no more used as a military post, but merely as a place of recreation. On Sundays this public walk is filled with people of all classes, particularly those of the sable cast, making a profuse exhibition of their finery. To the negroes, this place of resort is, something like Hyde Park, near London, a place for show. Their dress, in general, borders on extravagance: the women wear bonnets decorated with ribbons, plumes, and flowers, of a thousand different colours, and their dresses are of the most showy description: the men are attired like real French *petits-maîtres manqués*, the coats so open that the shirt sticks out under the arm-pits; the waistcoats are of all colours of the rainbow; the hat is carelessly put on one side; the gloves are yellow, and every sable dandy carries a smart cane. At first, it was with difficulty I could refrain from laughing, on seeing these black *beaux* (the name by which they generally go) doing homage to the black housemaids or cooks, known as *belles*. One

group in particular attracted my notice: their conversation appeared very animated, and the dark gentlemen, as well as the dark ladies, indulged in it with a liveliness and amiability which would not have disgraced even the first saloons in Paris. The former had chains round their necks (I will not vouch they were of gold) and canes in their hands — two indispensable things. The ladies made a fine exhibition of parasols, although no sun had been perceptible since the preceding day. A great deal of flirtation and display of wit seemed to be among the gentlemen, for the ladies were delighted and showed continually their white teeth. One of the beaux — a flat-nosed individual, with curly hair, extending at least four inches on each side his hat — excelled in civility and *bons-mots*. Whenever he uttered a sentence, the ladies were so convulsed with laughter that the plumes and other ornamental parts of their bonnets were actually displaced. His eyes, if I mistake not, were invariably fixed upon a lusty, ordinary, Donna, a great admirer of his repeated witticisms. Sometimes he addressed to her a word or two privately, and, when this occurred, she looked down abashed, and had recourse to her pocket-

handkerchief. These symptoms of modesty threw the lover in raptures, and his eloquence became as flowing as the North River. His gestures partook of the theatrical, and his feet followed the action of the hands. I expected every moment to see an attitude *à la Taglioni*, and anticipated the pleasure of witnessing a love-declaration from this African, as the result of so many tender looks, such classic effusion of wit, so many fatiguing evolutions. In the midst of these expectations, however, I felt a drop or two of rain, and, looking up, perceived a dark cloud which threatened us with a heavy shower. The speaker began also to be uneasy, having already seen the effect on his straw-coloured gloves; and, abruptly concluding his harangue, prosaically addressed the fair: "Had we not better retreat?— we shall be deluged with rain." He then politely offered his arm to the object of his affection, and, followed by the rest of the company, they all wandered up Broadway in the midst of one of those sudden and drenching showers so frequent in America.

Broadway is the principal street in New York: it runs through the City in a parallel direction, about three miles in length, bordered

by hotels, houses, and churches, and embellished with shops of every description, tastefully arranged. The street is neatly paved with wide side-walks, filled with carriages, omnibuses, and pedestrians without number, and patronised by the all-powerful goddess, Fashion. This thoroughfare is, without exception, one of the finest that can be seen, and deserves the honour of comparison with Regent's Street in London, the Corso in Rome, and the Strado Toledo at Naples. It commences at the Battery, or more properly runs from a small square called the Bowling Green; in the middle of this place was formerly a statue erected to the honour of one of the kings of England (George III.): but during the revolution it was demolished, and the metal of which it was composed converted into cannon. The spot is now only surrounded by an iron railing and a few scattered trees. Further up in Broadway is another square or opening called the Park, in which is City Hall — an edifice appropriated to public offices. It is of white marble, and produces a fine effect at a distance. The defects in the architecture, which is rather upon a confined scale, cannot then be perceived: it is only upon closer inspection that they become striking.

The houses in New York are generally small, and resemble the English a good deal. The new ones, now building in the upper part of the City, are intended to be upon a larger scale. Wooden houses are prohibited, on account of the frequency of fires; few are seen built of this material, and they are generally in by-streets. The buildings are of brick, three stories high. The exterior of many is neither whitewashed nor painted, but coloured red and white, which gives them the appearance of being plastered. A low iron railing leads from the steps round the house, about one yard from the wall; and many of these steps are of white marble. The interior is chiefly in the English style, both floors and staircases being covered with that agreeable article of luxury — carpets. The kitchens are in the basement, below the level of the streets. In most streets I found houses in course of building, so that the exterior of New York has at least a new appearance, although in the opinion of a European it may not be so handsome as if the buildings were painted white. Poor dwellings, such as are so frequently seen in the principal cities in Europe, and of which Stockholm can furnish its quota, I did not perceive; the rising prosperity of the

town, and the constant conflagrations, gradually diminish their number. The singular locality of New York, between two rivers, obliges a large portion of her population, annually on the increase, to remove in the only direction that is left. The upper part is gradually becoming the place of residence of the wealthier classes, and may not inaptly be termed the west end of New York.

Cooper, in his work, "*Notions of the Americans*," says, "I have been told, and think it not improbable, that the city of New York does not contain five hundred buildings which can date their origin before the peace of 1783;"* and this statement is, in my opinion, far from being exaggerated.

The principal hotels, situated in Broadway, are, as far as the exterior is concerned, not unlike the celebrated establishments of a similar description at Francfort on the Main. The comforts are, however, inferior to those in Europe; in all I found a defect which, in a climate so warm as this at times, is as disagreeable as it is pernicious to the health — the bed-rooms are invariably too small. They are often so diminutive, that from his bed the tenant may step out of the window.

* Notions of the Americans, by a Travelling Bachelor, vol. i.

Had Sir John Falstaff lived in our times, his bulky frame would, unquestionably, have got entangled between the wall and the bed. The walls of the sleeping rooms are in most cases only whitewashed, and the furniture consists of a few rattan chairs and a table; but they are always carpeted. An American seldom complains of the want of additional furniture, being hardly ever in the room, except at night; most of the hours of the day he either attends to business or passes his time in a parlour, simply but tastefully furnished, something like the drawing-rooms in England.

It is a common practice in America to live in what is called boarding houses, or private families, where a certain sum is paid for meals, &c., whether you dine there or not. The breakfast is at seven, half-past seven, and eight o'clock; dinner from two to five. I often wondered how families could find any comfort in living in this way the greatest part of their time, when the interchange of strangers is so continual, and the society so varied. In Europe, a similar existence would be considered intolerable. To a lady it must nevertheless have its attractions. She passes her whole life without once giving herself the

trouble of thinking of the concerns of her house. Even some of the first and wealthiest families in New York spend occasionally many weeks, or months, at an hotel, whenever their own house is undergoing repairs, or, as was the case now, when driven from their homes by the approach of the cholera. Few people have country seats: rather than hire one, and enjoy the benefit of tranquillity and a free and unshackled life, a family, with children and servants, prefer taking up temporary quarters at some hotel or tavern in a neighbouring small town or village. A person arriving from the Old World cannot help wondering at this strange, and, in his opinion, highly dependent way of living. I can account for it in no other manner than that it must be a saving of expense to the husband, and of trouble to the wife. Be this as it may, each country has its customs, which must be respected by every foreigner, however opposed to his notions and habits, and however singular and absurd. In France, John Bull's comfortable practice of taking wine after dinner is ridiculed, while Englishmen consider a Frenchman, with all his vivacity, a foolish being. An Italian exclaims with astonishment, "*Corpo di Bacco!*" whenever

he sees an inhabitant of the north take a drop of brandy before dinner; and the latter is not less surprised at the sight of the numerous *cavalieri serventi* which surround the wife of the former. Is it then to be wondered at if a European finds many strange things in the United States? But, to criticise or censure all these indiscriminately, as late travellers have done, merely because they are not in harmony with the customs of London, Paris, or Vienna, is as unreasonable as the expectations of a certain foreigner, who thought it very extraordinary not to find the very best Lafitte or Château Margot at every petty ale-house in the remotest part of England.

The situation of this large town, which, within the memory of man, has trebled its population, promises a greater increase of trade than any other city in the Union. In the year 1831, there arrived from foreign parts no less than one thousand six hundred and thirty-four vessels; in 1833, the number had augmented to one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five, of which one thousand three hundred and eighty-four were American, three hundred and seventy-one English, forty-one Swedish, and thirty-five Spanish, con-

sequently, an accession in two years of two hundred and forty-one vessels. The number of passengers, which in the course of 1833 arrived at New York, was forty-one thousand seven hundred and fifty-two; the greatest number landed in June, July, and August; and the smallest in January, February, and March. This exhibits a great increase: from the 1st of October, 1821, to the same period, 1822, no more than eight thousand four hundred and eighty-two passengers in all came to the ports of the United States.

One of the first evenings, after landing, I spent on the banks of the majestic Hudson. There is something attractive and inspiring in this stream. From Broadway, which, as I have before observed, commences at the Battery, and traverses the whole city, there is a road leading to a small hamlet called Manhattanville. On proceeding in this direction, several places present themselves, from which the romantic scenery of the North River is viewed in all its perfection. From one hotel in particular, whence a footpath has been traced which takes the visiter to a rock close to the shore, the prospect is truly enchanting. But, from no place did the Hudson appear to

me to greater advantage than from Hoboken, a delightful spot on the New Jersey side, opposite to New York, between which and the city steamboats are continually plying. The proprietor of this beautiful retreat, emphatically called the Elysian Fields, Mr. Stephens, with a liberality worthy of his high standing in society, has thrown open the whole range of extensive park to the public; and it is in the summer season, to the inhabitants of New York, one of the greatest recreations that can well be imagined, and for which they must ever remain greatly indebted to this high-spirited gentleman. Nothing can exceed the taste — the matchless taste — with which the gardens and walks, aided by the hand of Nature, are laid out. The perspective view of Staten Island, of Long Island, of the Bay of New York, of the City itself, with all its steeples, of New Jersey City, of all the shipping, on one side; and of the River Hudson, and all its tributary beauties, intermingled with steamers, sloops, and pleasure-boats on the other, presents to the delighted and astonished eye a panorama of such unparalleled and variegated splendour, that it baffles all description. The noise inseparable from large cities could at times

be heard across the stream. I listened, and recollected these beautiful lines of Horace:—

Beatus ille qui, procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore.

But, as soon as the sun had set, and the moon began to rise in all her brightness, the scene became still more beautiful. From elevated chimneys, attached to numerous glass and iron manufactories on the opposite shores, issued columns of fire, which illuminated the whole range of contiguous buildings; great masses of flakes also burst forth from the passing steamers, and accompanied them on their swift course, like the appendage to a comet. The whole had the appearance of the commencement of a great conflagration; the City and stream seemed threatened with being suddenly enveloped in flames and smoke. This dream of imagination chilled me for a moment, and I turned my eyes away from the sight; but, once more looking up, I beheld the silent moon calmly glittering on the surface of the Hudson, and I continued to enjoy the happiness of contemplating a picture to which nothing could be compared. The freshness of the evening, the stillness of the

leaves, the beauty of dormant Nature surrounding me on every side, and, lastly, my own state of mind, all contributed to fix me for a long while as a silent spectator. At length I was overtaken by the lateness of night, and unwillingly left a spot combining so many attractions. With lively emotion, I still remember the richly overshadowed tree, whose wide-spread branches sheltered me during my deep meditation; and also the mossy rock on which I rested, in full admiration of the scene before me. It seemed as if I heard a voice softly whispering the following lines of Bryant, one of America's poetical sons:—

River! in this still hour thou hast
Too much of heaven, on earth to last;
Nor long may thy still waters lie,
An image of the glorious sky:
Thy fate and mine are not repose,
And, ere another evening close,
Thou to thy tide shalt turn again,
And I to seek the crowd of men.

The cholera raged in the meanwhile with dreadful violence in New York. This epidemic had been brought over to America by an English ship, which landed a number of emigrants at Quebec. A few days after their arrival, the disease broke out, and shortly afterwards made its appearance in New

York. It is contended that some of the passengers, having relatives in the latter city, quitted Quebec immediately on a visit to them. This is the manner in which the sudden breaking out of the cholera at New York has been accounted for. The physicians were all the time divided in opinion as to the nature of the disorder, whether it was contagious or not: all insisted on the correctness of their conclusions — the advocates of non-contagion by contact, but possibly by inhaling the breath, seemed finally to preponderate.

When it is considered that more than half the population of the city left it under the influence of fear, it may indeed be said that this visitation caused the greatest havock and consternation. From the 26th June, the day when the first bulletin was issued by the Medical Board, up to the 29th August following, when the official reports were discontinued, the number of cases were no less than five thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight, and deaths two thousand nine hundred and fifty-one. On my arrival at New York, the cholera was greatly on the increase; and, on the 21st July, there were one hundred and four victims, and three hundred and eleven

new cases. Accounts from unquestionable authority stated, however, that the majority of persons who sunk under this alarming disease were generally individuals of debilitated constitutions, who had indulged in the vice of intemperance and its concomitants; but, nevertheless, it not unfrequently occurred that even men of regular and exemplary habits were snatched away by its baneful effects.

New York could not boast of any particular cleanliness during the prevalence of the afflicting disorder; and, as it is well known that the want of it materially contributes to its duration, this neglect gave, perhaps, additional vigour to the virulence. I certainly do not mean to infer that New York is inferior in point of cleanliness to places that meet the eye of a traveller in Italy, Ireland, and other countries: even Paris and London, in some of the obscure purlieus, exhibit sometimes a filthy appearance. I cannot, however, refrain from remarking that, when I saw a variety of uncleanly matter thrown from the houses into the street, (recalling almost to mind a *sèjour* at Lisbon) and this too during the worst time of the cholera, I could not but make melancholy anticipations of its ravages. "Experience has proved," was the answer

made to my observation of its impropriety, "that hogs always keep the streets of a town in a state of perfect cleanliness." And, upon the strength of this argument, the unseemly animals enjoy, in this rising city, a free and independent life — at perfect liberty to perambulate the thoroughfares and indulge in hearty repasts on offals of every description thrown in, and streaming down the gutters in offensive abundance, and this too in the midst of coaches, horses, and pedestrians. The following ludicrous paragraph, illustrative of this nuisance, and addressed to one of the editors of a New York newspaper, appeared during my residence in that city.

To the Editor of ————

Sir,—Permit me to inquire, through the medium of your columns, whether the worthy corporation of this city has, in its wisdom, lately granted any particular license to the proprietors of certain animals, the name of which I feel hesitation in mentioning, for daily exhibitions in the principal streets of New York.

Groups of these unseemly quadrupeds congregate, as if by appointment, at all hours in various directions, but more particularly in the immediate vicinity of the City Hall; and, by their unceasing grunting, seem to vociferate the high sense of gratitude they feel towards the constituted and ever-watchful authorities for the unrestrained liberty they enjoy under a free and happy constitution, in being allowed, without interruption, to perambulate every avenue in defiance of the wishes of the well-organised citizens; and in being able, moreover, by the aid of their natural perfume, effectually to counteract and *nullify* all the chlorides and other disinfecting matters — so absolutely necessary upon the present calamitous occasion.

Shall it be said of the western metropolis — as this city is emphatically called — that by the side of a handsome American lady — attired in all the elegance and variety of London and Parisian fashions — or in the suite of an exquisite dandy, calculated to eclipse even a finished beau of Bond Street or Regent Street — shall it be said, I ask, that in this assemblage is seen a group of animals of the filthiest order, unceremoniously splashing the elegant costume of the one, and as unconcernedly discomposing, by friction, the well adjusted garments of the other. The idea is monstrous. For Heaven's sake, Mr. Editor, spare no pains to have the evil removed instanter, or rest assured Mrs. Trollope will wet her quill, and prepare another chapter to her work.

SPECTATOR.

In Boston, the cleanliness of the streets is properly attended to: they might serve as a pattern to any city in the world.

The cholera had converted bustling and animated New York into a place of gloom and dulness, the effect of which was seriously felt by those who, from some reason or other, had to remain behind, and could not follow the multitude that fled from the pestiferous air to contiguous villages near the sea. A dark cloud appeared to overhang the city — every countenance bore the stamp of fear. Broadway, invariably crowded, was now deserted, like the streets in Pompeii; and the few individuals that were visible passed each other with a singular rapidity, as if afraid of infection by contact. Numerous houses were entirely shut up, and rows of shops not opened for several days. Closed doors and shutters

indicated that the tenants had fled, and, but for the name still fresh on the former, it might have been inferred that the occupants had been dead long ago. The silence which pervaded every avenue was dismal in the extreme: it was only occasionally interrupted by a discordant concert from perambulating quadrupeds of the race just mentioned. No living being ever appeared in the windows of houses, still occupied in part; and if by chance the head of a Negro ventured to show itself out of a cellar, it was generally under a strong apprehension that contagion might possibly follow. No workshops were in activity — all the steam-engines were standing still: no trade, no bustle. Every thing was dead. Here and there a few individuals were seen, engaged in an animated conversation: if the question was asked, "what subject?" *The Cholera.* At another place might be seen a silent, solid-looking man, leaning against an iron railing, apparently engaged in serious thought about some extensive commercial operations, or banking speculations. If asked, "what occupied his mind?" he would answer, "*The cholera.*" Again, a woman might be discovered, carrying a child in her arms, and evidently in a hurry to attend

to some important business : turning round at every step, and pressing the infant to her breast, pale as death. If asked, " what she was afraid of ?" she would answer, " *The cholera.*" Every newspaper treated of no other subject than the *cholera.* If a miserable object was lying in the street, suffering under the double calamity of poverty and disease, instead of lending him assistance, people would run away and leave him to his fate. Why ? *Because he had got the cholera.* If the driver of a simple and unattended hearse was seen accelerating the speed of his horses, the question was asked, " Why does he go so fast ?" *Because the hearse contains a number of dead, victims to the cholera ; they must immediately go to the burying ground, without ceremony and without friends.*

CHAPTER III.

Could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey,
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre, nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.
BYRON.

I SOON left the ill-fated city, and took my departure in one of the numerous steamboats which are daily plying on the Hudson. Nothing can exceed the elegance of these boats; those we have in Europe are as inferior to them as a gun-brig to a frigate. But the steamers that run from New York are much smaller than those on the Mississippi and Ohio. The largest of the former are the *President* of above 170, and the *North America* of 150, horse power. The trips of the first are to New Providence, whither she proceeds during night-time: births for several hundred passengers are arranged on each side of the dining-room, which extends nearly the whole length of the boat. The latter

again only runs in the day-time, and is fitted up with every degree of taste and elegance. Both have double decks, that is, a small one built above the other, covered with awnings, on which the passengers may walk in the cool air. The ladies' cabin is generally on a level with the lower deck, but in some boats it is on the other side of the dining-room. The saloon, in the North America, is peculiar for its magnificence. Mahogany, and a variety of other beautiful wood, in imitation of marble, is displayed in every direction, and between each window are pictures painted by good artists.

Most of the steamers have two boilers, one on each side the lower deck. The machinery is generally above deck; and the large walking-beam moves up and down, in the open air, between the two chimneys, which rise to a considerable height on each side of the boat.

The trip of the North America is generally to Albany, a distance of about one hundred and forty-seven English miles, which she performs in ten hours and a half, including stoppages at landing places. She has even done it in ten.

Punctuality on board these boats is observed in the highest degree. The clock had hardly

finished striking five, before the paddles were in motion, and the boat slipped out of the harbour with the same ease as when a ship is launched. No indulgence, no favour, was shown to persons who had the misfortune to come half a minute too late; they were left behind without mercy, and had the mortification of admiring the swiftness of the boat, and her fine appearance, at a distance. It was a truly ludicrous scene to behold all these gentry, "who were just in time to be too late," with bundles, carpet-bags, and bandboxes, remaining stationary on shore, faintly hoping that the captain, out of pity, might stop the machinery and take them on board. Vain were their hopes: the captain threw the blame on the clock, which, it is well known, waits for none. Perspiring, and puffing under the weight of their loads, they at length returned to their homes, and had at least the satisfaction of meeting, on the way, a number of others in the same predicament, hastening to the spot in hopes of catching the boat.

I was now on board with several hundred passengers, of every station, age, and sex. The apprehension of the cholera had already driven a great many from the city; and such was the terror still prevailing, that I feel

satisfied at least two thirds of the persons present had no idea of leaving New York but for this untoward occurrence. In this opinion I was the more confirmed, when I took a review of the numberless trunks and bags which rose on deck in the shape of a pyramid. The major part of these travelling appendages had reached a comfortable age, and might, without fear of misrepresentation, be supposed to have accompanied some of the first settlers who landed on the American coast from England. Assuredly, these antiquities would never have seen the light, but for the general consternation. Many a trunk, if the name may be applied, might be seen, whose decayed bottom had severely suffered by the destructive hand of Time, and was only attached to the sides by being strongly corded; but, maugre this precaution, not a few white dresses and Merino shawls were peeping out at the corners. Cobwebs and mildew were still perceptible, the hurry of departure not having permitted their removal. The locks, too, were of the simplest make, and to all appearance manufactured at a time when the spirit of invention had not arrived at its climax; they were, besides, so rusty and filled with dirt, that it was

a matter of surprise to me how the keys could possibly fit.

The owners of these precious relics were equally objects of curiosity; they were composed of hack-drivers, paviours, lamplighters, masons, carpenters, &c., having all wives and children in Sunday clothes. No distinction of rank between these and the other passengers was perceptible; one is as good as another. The company mixed indiscriminately, and the driver considered himself as fine a gentleman as the first dandy on board. This equality was particularly observable at the tea-table. A young American, with whom I had been in company a few days before in one of the first houses in New York, was seated at the long table between two females, one the wife of a driver, the other that of a lamplighter, both past the age when young men are generally flattered at being near the elbow of a belle. I saw him, with perfect attention, serve both his fair neighbours before he thought of himself, and, during the whole repast, continue his civilities with so much grace, that the example might serve as a salutary lesson to many a European coxcomb, who certainly will not put himself to inconvenience for the sake of being attentive to

females of so mediocre a station in life, and to whom nature has besides refused the advantage of beauty. A young Frenchman, who came to America about the same time I did, could not help remarking to the American, that he was surprised at seeing a man of birth, of *blood*, condescend so far as to enter into conversation with a couple of vulgar women. The American answered, that it appeared to him equally extraordinary how a man of birth could ever forget the respect due to every female by a person of education, let her rank be what it will in society. "Civility to all women," added he, "is considered in America as a distinctive proof of a well-bred man." The Frenchman retired confused, without saying a word, only shrugging his shoulders, as if to say that he by no means admitted the propriety of a similar condescension.

The Hudson continues wide for a considerable distance; its breadth, until near the Highlands, may be said to be about one English mile, or more. The eastern shore is well cultivated, and presents to the eye a succession of smiling landscapes. Most of the hills are covered with verdure and fruit trees; and, from the remotest woods down to the river,

nothing is seen but corn-fields, pastures, and gardens, in the midst of which beautiful country seats are situated. Villages, embowered among trees, are now and then visible; and the reflection of the setting sun on their pointed steeples makes them appear as if rising from the midst of a forest. Rivulets meander in various directions, and fertilize the fields. The prospect on the western shore of the river is, however, quite different: there, a chain of perpendicular rocks, about five hundred feet high, follows the direction of the stream for nearly twenty miles. They are not unlike artificial breastworks, and are therefore called Palisades. They stretch sometimes downright into the river, sometimes retire a few paces, leaving only sufficient place for the residence of a few scattered stonecutters. Some of their houses are built against the rock, so that one of the walls is formed thereof. A few huts are visible here and there; and, to complete the picturesque view, cattle are sometimes seen at a small distance, seeking a scanty subsistence between the crevices; or children, joyfully jumping from one rock to another. A habitation like the one just described must naturally appear very confined and uncomfortable to a traveller

viewing it from the steamboat; but, if the healthy and strong inmate is asked whether he is happy there, he will undoubtedly answer that, as long as he is permitted to behold the majestic Hudson flowing below his retreat, all his wishes are realized.

Yes, majestic indeed is this river; nor does it in the least surprise me that the Indians had so high an opinion of it, since, according to their own traditions, their god Manetho betook himself to flight, when the river, like a supernatural being, descended from the rocks with frightful noise, and took possession of the dales and fields below. The poetical part in these old traditions of the Highlands, of which I propose speaking hereafter, shows what power they granted to the God of Waters; and this respect, which they invariably observed, was, after he had conquered all the country round Manhattan, and governed his kingdom in peace and quiet, changed into a majestic veneration: to this circumstance may probably be attributed the surname *Majestic*, now synonymous with the river Hudson.

On my right, I observed the four square walls of Sing Sing prison, and not far from them the village of Sparta; further

on, the Sleepy Hollow, where the spirit of Ichabod Cranes* is still haunted by the headless spectre of a Hessian dragoon. I fancied I saw the tall slim schoolmaster, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands which hung a mile below the sleeves, feet which might be used as spades, with a head uncommonly small and flat, a pair of enormous ears, large green shining eyes, and a long parrot nose, resembling a weathercock on a high pole, showing which way the wind blows. I fancied I saw this gaunt figure haunted by the headless unknown, and working with hands and feet to preserve his equilibrium on a horse after the saddle had been lost; sometimes slipping on one side, then on another, again leaning over the horse's head, then shook to pieces against the thin knots of his hind legs. Washington Irving's excellent description appeared so natural when I passed this place, that I could not refrain from indulging in a hearty laugh. A few serious Quakers and Quakeresses, who happened to be close to me on deck, seemingly contemplating the beautiful picture before them, were suddenly roused by my unexpected fit of laughter; and gave

* Vide the account of Washington Irving, in his Sketch Book, vol. ii.

me looks perfectly indicative of what they thought. They concluded, probably, that I was a maniac; for they exchanged signs, shook their heads as if expressing pity, and then resumed their former attitudes. My first idea was to say a few words by way of explanation, but I checked my intention upon a second reflection. "These people," said I, "care very little about the fate of Ichabod: they are probably so religious that they never read a word about him; explanation is therefore unnecessary." I let the matter rest, but could not help thinking once more of the haunted schoolmaster.

The steamboat neared the Highlands. The river is here contracted between the rugged heights. I do not doubt but some violent revolution in former times has caused this narrow passage, leaving a small opening to the stream to discharge itself in the sea. Tradition relates as follows: — "These high rocks were in ancient times used by King Manetho as prisons for rebellious spirits, dissatisfied with his mild rule. For several centuries, they were left to repine under the weight of the heavy rocks. But Hudson proved their friend; he destroyed by the roar of thunder these dreadful prisons. Since

that period, they have enjoyed unrestrained liberty, but still tremble whenever the elements are agitated, fearful that Manetho might return, and renew their imprisonment in their dark dungeons. The echoes incessantly heard between the mountains are nothing but expressions of lamentation and fear on the part of the spirits at the most trifling noise."

These mountainous parts are not unlike the shores on the Rhine from Bonn to Coblentz. Mountains follow in succession: between them are sheltered dales. Bushes and trees cover the walls of the rocks almost to the tops. From some of the woods may be seen the ruins of small fortifications, which were used during the revolutionary war. At another point in the river is a simple monument, to the memory of some fallen warrior; (almost every spot in these Highlands recalls some deed of valour during the struggle for liberty). Further on, a loosened piece of rock overhangs the river, ready to attempt once more to close the passage.

Darkness overtook us, as soon as we came between the mountains. The sun had set long ago, and in the western horizon rose a mass of clouds, which announced the approach

of a storm. Gradually, the lightning became more vivid, and a threatening black sky spread in a few minutes over forests and mountains. All Nature trembled at the awful perspective, and all that had life on shore hastened to take shelter in grottoes and crevices. Fireflies, which shone and disappeared more rapidly than thought could follow them, ceased to show their brilliancy against the green trees; even these trifling insects, which lightning could hardly strike, felt awe at the storm, and went to rest. Every animal seemed to take shelter in some hiding place: to man alone it was reserved to defy the united attacks of the elements, and to venture a look towards the agitated heavens. Several steamers passed me: their lamps in the stern, ahead, and in the mast, appeared in the dark as magic lights. Our steamboat also had similar lamps, which produced on the nearest objects a feeble and gloomy light. From both chimneys issued millions of sparks in an irregular dance; like gold dust, they spread over the stream, and expired the moment they reached the surface of the water. Thunder was heard above our heads, and lightning seen in every direction proceeding from the heavy clouds; forests and rocks, and valleys

and streams, grew pale every time the Western Deity shook the heavenly lights out of his mighty hand. But in the East a storm was also gathering. Jealous of the conquests of the West, it rose from a long rest, to dispute the ascendancy assumed by the latter. A few unexpected flashes from the opposite shore announced the commencement of hostilities; the West, offended at the temerity of its antagonist, advanced at once with its whole artillery, determined to crush, by a few effectual discharges, its slowly advancing adversary. The conflict was dreadful: each minute added to its obstinacy and fury. Often did I presume that preliminaries of peace had been concluded between the contending parties, but the next moment I was convinced to the contrary. From summit to summit — from rock to rock — the thunder roared, and each stone seemed to re-echo it. It was a concert; an accompaniment of various instruments, like a complete orchestra, which I could fain attempt to describe. Rain fell in torrents; the whole was awful and imposing in the extreme, and characteristic of those sudden tempests or storms which so often visit the Western hemisphere. It was only after two hours' hard fighting that the

contest ceased between the belligerents above; and victory declared in favour of the West, by the appearance of a beautiful blue sky, and a few stars glittering over the field of battle. The beaten legions of the East retreated in haste, pursued by the elated victors, who put them in confusion. Their triumphant shouts gradually gave way, and, when I shortly afterwards looked up, not a cloud could be seen; the whole firmament was covered with brilliant stars.

"Passengers for West Point!" was now heard from one end of the boat to the other. I hastened on deck, collected my baggage, and went on shore.

CHAPTER IV.

Can you so watch
The sunrise which may be our last?
It is
Therefore that I so watch it, and reproach
Those eyes which never may behold it more
For having look'd upon it oft, too oft,
Without the reverence and the rapture due
To that which keeps all earth from being as fragile
As I am in this form.

BYRON.

THE Academy of Cadets is situated on this spot, and occupies a tolerably extensive plain, a few hundred yards above the river, at the foot of a mountain, intersected with wood. A number of brick houses have been built for this purpose, and in front is a spacious piece of ground, adopted for drilling and other military exercises. A few tents were pitched for the Cadets, then going through various evolutions; and not far from this spot is the "*corps de garde*," before which some of them, in grey uniforms, were seen walking, guarding the avenue to the camp.

Captain Hall, in his published Travels in North America, 1827 and 1828, criticises, perhaps not altogether without foundation, their deficiency in "*tenue militaire.*" They wear a kind of military cap, so small in size, that, in order not to lose it, they are obliged to let the fore part rest on the nose, thus leaving the whole neck bare. This objectionable fashion has not been found so useful as was expected; the greatest part of the Cadets appeared to me to have narrow chests and were rather round-shouldered: two defects which among European officers are strongly objected to. This Academy is the only one of its kind in the United States, and is maintained at the expense of the government. The avowed object is not only to give young men, destined for military service, a perfect education in various branches, but to keep up and disseminate all over the country a correct and sound knowledge of this science. Captain Hall seems to question whether America will ever derive any real advantage from this institution, and endeavours to show, in the usual laboured way, his reasons for so thinking. I am far from being of his opinion, and cannot see why the community should fail being benefited by an Academy, conducted

with so much care and attention, and the professors of which are men of first-rate talents, chosen and esteemed by their countrymen.

The number of Cadets is limited to two hundred and fifty. None can be received unless he has attained his fourteenth year. The President of the United States reserves to himself the right of granting admissions to this Academy, and generally endeavours to divide an equal number of candidates for each State. They attend to their studies for a period of four years, during which time they are instructed in mathematics, geography, history, philosophy, chemistry, and mineralogy; the French language, drawing, the art of fortification, &c. If any one belonging to either of the four classes cannot pass his examination, notice is given to his relations to remove him from the Academy, where it is considered he can be of no use. If again he goes regularly through the ordeal, he is entitled to employment by government. Stored with the knowledge he has acquired, he is now sent to places where it can be made available. Not only is he commanded to proceed to the peopled and cultivated Eastern States, but, like productive corn, is scattered over the whole

range of country, and often obliged to settle in the remotest parts, among woodcutters in Michigan and Missouri. It would indeed be singular, if, in this manner, no good result should follow; it must be the case, although I cannot help thinking that the maximum of two hundred and fifty cadets is too inconsiderable for such a country as the United States, to effect all the good that might be derived, if the number were two thousand five hundred instead of two hundred and fifty. Time will probably change this system, when America finds that the hopes she entertained of this useful national institution have not been disappointed.

The scenery round West Point is extremely romantic. The mountain, at the foot of which the Academy is situated, is covered with wood, in the midst of which the ruins of Fort Putnam may be seen; this was an important post during the war with the English, but has since been abandoned. The prospect from this fort is very extensive, but cannot, in my opinion, be compared to the one from the balcony of the hotel. This hotel is recently built over a projecting cliff near the river, on a level with the Academy. From this balcony is a fine view of the Hudson, confined between the

two walls of the Highlands; and at a distance the little town of Newburgh. A few white sails were visible spread over the smooth surface, now and then agitated by numberless steamers, passing in that direction. On the opposite shore, I saw elevated chimneys belonging to an extensive iron-foundry for casting cannon; and the report of the guns which underwent trial resembled that of the thunder-storm I had witnessed during my trip to West Point. As the noise re-echoed through the surrounding mountains, I thought I heard the frightened cries of the emancipated spirits, who, at the least alarm, trembled in fear that Manetho would once more return and load them with chains. At a little distance is Antony's Nose, a projecting rock, so called from a remarkable circumstance which is reported to have occurred here, namely, that the trumpeter, Antony Van Corlear, by means of the reflexion of the sunbeams on his shining nose, killed a large sturgeon, who happened to be in the neighbourhood.* On this side of the river is also a simple monument erected to the memory of Kosciusko: the noble and gallant Pole lived here several years, remote

* Vide Knickerbocker's New York, vol. ii.

from his own unhappy country, and afterwards recrossed the Atlantic, and took up his residence at Soleure, in Switzerland, where he closed a glorious career in the year 1817, enjoying at last in death that repose, the sweets of which he could not taste while alive, and seeing his beloved country subjugated, mutilated, reduced to slavery.

I spent a few days delightfully at this charming place, more and more pleased with the beautiful prospect. The steamboat, however, arriving from New York, I was obliged to take my leave. I quitted West Point most unwillingly, and went again on board for the purpose of continuing my journey up the Hudson. All the small places, villages, hamlets, and towns, situated on the banks of the river, have, more or less, owing to the great facility of communication, risen in a very short time to a state of prosperity; and, with few exceptions, appeared flourishing. Among the number I may mention a few which are between West Point and Catskill: Newburgh, Tishkill, Poughkeepsie, Kingston, Rhinebeck, &c. Time did not permit me to visit them in person; but, from what I could judge from the deck of the steamer, coupled with the accounts I received from respectable people, I am led to

conclude that they have to thank the increased navigation of the Hudson, and the large market at New York, for their present prosperous condition.

It was at Catskill I, for the first time, entered an American stage coach. It was not unlike the French *Diligence*, although not near so large or heavy. Carriages in the United States are generally built very light, and the springs are made equally so; which leads you to fear they will break at every moment. The stage coaches in the Northern States have mostly leather thongs, instead of springs. I often wondered how they could possibly resist the numberless hard knocks which we encountered in passing over a road, in many places full of deep holes and broken stones; but the thongs are tough, and proof against any shocks. There are three rows of seats inside, for three persons on each: on the coach-box beside the driver is also room for one or two. The middle row is between the two doors, of which one is seldom made to open. Leather curtains are used on the sides, so arranged as to roll up or let down at pleasure. Every thing indicates that they are built for the summer season, when a free circulation of air is so necessary in a warm

climate; but, in winter time, our European carriages, I must confess, are preferable. The *tout ensemble* has somewhat of an old fashioned appearance, particularly to a person coming directly from England.

The distance from Catskill to Pine Orchard, an hotel between the mountains, is about twelve miles. The road is in some places steep, and twists itself from right to left along the sides of the mountain through a thick wood of various trees, such as cedar, fir, locust, white oak, maple, birch, ash, mountain-ash, walnut, chesnut, hazle, cherry, wild apple, &c. all growing close to each other, as if of the same species. The wild vine, twisted round the trunks of different trees, appeared endeavouring to unite those which in our hemisphere grow far asunder, like irreconcileable enemies. This mixture of trees is a peculiarity characteristic of American woods, and gives to the landscape a variegated appearance.

About half way from the foot of the mountain to Pine Orchard, where the road suddenly takes another direction, the traveller arrives at a kind of amphitheatre, formed of steep and woody rocks, the straight side of which descends to a precipice, whence a few trees

shoot their crowns; and, with an extraordinary temerity, strive to extend their wide branches so far, that no eye from above can perceive the depth of the precipice. On this spot, where a rivulet now rattles between bushes and green meadows, Rip Van Winkle passed twenty years in sleep; here it was that, awaking from a long fairy slumber, he found every thing changed: trees grown up where formerly stood only bushes, rivulets rattling where formerly was a footpath, precipices opening where formerly was a long descent. But the worst of all was, he found himself changed, stiff all over his body, with a long grey beard and spread hair, and, into the bargain, a free citizen of the United States instead of an humble subject of George III. This occurrence so admirably described is now so generally known, that I need only allude to it; but, if any traveller, intending to visit the Catskill Mountains, has not read Washington Irving's history of Rip Van Winkle,* I recommend him by all means to do so. He will then derive infinitely more pleasure from his tour, and Sleepy Hollow will become so interesting,

* Vide Sketch Book of Washington Irving, vol. i.

that it cannot easily be obliterated from his memory.

The appearance of Pine Orchard Hotel (the Mountain House) is that of a palace. It is situated on the declivity of a rock, two thousand two hundred and fourteen feet above the level of the river. During the summer months, it is much frequented by the first families in the neighbourhood, and pic-nic parties take place very often by people from New York and Albany. But this year many were deterred taking up their residence here, on account of the cholera, and the difficulty of obtaining medical aid, in case of necessity. I was nearly alone in this large establishment.

When, on the following morning, I got up, and looked around me, it appeared as if I was hovering in the air, above the clouds. These, as it often happens in elevated situations, were lower than the point of the mountains on which I stood, and entirely obscured the country below. This scene recalled to my memory the snow-mountains in Switzerland, the different forms of valleys and heights in the snow regions, the white mountain-tops, the reflexion of the sunbeams on the masses of snow, contrasting with the dark

and desolate appearance of the valleys beneath. The winds were whistling between the clouds, and kept them in constant motion, as when the northern breeze stirs up the light snow, and forces it to rise in whirls from the earth. The sun had at last sufficient power to dissipate these cloudy landscapes, and gave me an opportunity of beholding, not an imaginary but a most extensive and enchanting view. No sudden change of stage scenery or magic metamorphosis has ever produced a similar effect upon me as the one I now experienced. I could hardly believe my eyes. I was absolutely struck with astonishment: every one present seemed to feel the same impulse. In deep meditation, we all contemplated beautiful Nature, hardly venturing to raise our eyes for fear of destroying the illusion. It was too fine to be lost sight of; I dreaded the next minute would make it disappear like a vapour, as quickly as it had presented itself to my view. But it was no enchantment. The Hudson was as immoveable as a silver streak drawn on green canvass; the mountains, hills, forests, fields, and houses, remained the same. The whole picture bore a strong resemblance to views in Switzerland, which so justly excite the admiration of travellers,

and are the boast of the inhabitants. A dim chain of mountains is seen in the back ground, which cuts through Massachusetts, Vermont, and Connecticut; in the foreground again, nothing but fertile fields are observed, intersected with woods and green hills, close to neat and comfortable villages.

At a distance of two miles from the hotel are the Cascades: although told in New York that these waterfalls are very insignificant, and hardly worth seeing, particularly in a state in which Niagara is situated, I nevertheless determined to visit them, conceiving there is nothing in nature so fine, so magnificent, and majestic, as a cataract.

A vehicle, something like a Swedish country waggon—

> A cursed sort of carriage without springs,
> Which in rough roads leaves scarcely a whole bone—
>
> BYRON.

brought me across a most abominable road, along the banks of two small lakes, to the Cascades in question. A stream flows from these lakes, which, like a stranger in the neighbourhood, unacquainted with footpaths and roads, seeks an issue through a maze of wood, twisting to the right and left, and

finally arrives at an unexpected precipice, down which it dashes itself almost unconsciously. The waterfall formed by this stream is over a perpendicular rock, one hundred and seventy-five feet high. The mass of water is precipitated down between dark rocks into a pit or basin, where it collects for a few minutes; and, with an additional quantity, rushes over another rock, eighty feet high, into a valley so thickly wooded, that the water disappears between stones and roots of trees the moment it reaches the bottom.

The pit in which the water collects after the first fall has a strong resemblance to a theatre. The walls, almost perpendicular, form a perfect semicircle, cut off in a straight line (similar to the fore-scene in a theatre, or the row of lamps which divides the orchestra from the scene), over which the water falls a second time. Imagination may also fancy scenery and curtain, for Nature has been pleased to represent the whole as a *coup d'œil de theatre.* The trees, too, are grouped together in such an effective manner, that one would suppose the grand Master had copied some forest scene from the theatres in Paris or London; and the moun-

tains which raise their heads at a distance are a true representation of the finest curtain that could possibly be painted by a first-rate artist.

The walls in the pit are, as I have before observed, nearly straight, and incline rather in an inward direction in nearing the foundation: there the water moistens and sweeps away the soft matter, so that it is possible, as under a vault, to walk round the foot of the mountain, sheltered by a roof.

I seated myself for a long while on a small rock, and eyed with great attention the mass of water, which came thundering down from above me, apparently not touching the walls of the rocks, but throwing a mist on all the objects around. Trees and bushes grew on the cliffs that surrounded me; but my attention was particularly directed to an old tree, the roots of which were perfectly bare, hanging almost unsupported along the sides of the stones. Nevertheless, it not only had life, but appeared to possess full vigour. I was lost in conjecture how a tall tree could possibly exist, and be able to withstand storms, to which it was continually exposed, without any solid support, and destitute as it was of nearly any earth for its subsistence. Yet, it

seemed full of life, and now and then bent its luxuriant crown, whose leaves playfully chatted with the summer breezes. I took a great fancy to this tree, and for a long time admired its temerity and joyfulness. But a strange, singular sound suddenly reached my ears, and broke off the link of my meditations. Unconscious of what I did, I happened to look at my guide, who had heard it before I did, and who was resting on his wandering staff, with both eyes and ears attentively fixed. I am ignorant whether his attention was merely to listen or to excite my curiosity; but he could not be persuaded to utter a single word. Another moment, and he still remained immoveable—the next he had retired far from me. Jumping from stone to stone, creeping between bushes and roots, he sometimes was visible, sometimes out of sight. At one time he stopped, then he advanced, again he raised himself on his toes, and then listened to the incessant rushing. At length he reached a rock, round which the mysterious tree had loosely thrown its root. He seized with one hand the thickest part of the root, turned round on the rock, and commenced beating boldly against the trunk of the tree. The strokes followed in rapid suc-

cession; and leaves, bark, briars, and branches, flew in every direction, as when the woodcutter fells with his axe a leafy tree.

Repeated blows against the trunk, and violent shaking, caused, however, the weak root — sole support of the tree — to yield. It fell suddenly with a dreadful crash into the water, and followed it down the second fall. It has since been condemned, probably, for some years, to lie with the crown towards the earth, at the foot of a venerable oak, boasting of its age and rank. The water, arrested in its progress by the fallen hero, foams with rage, and covers its body continually with froth.

I visited this place some time afterwards; the tree remained on the same spot. The leaves had disappeared, and green turfs were growing here and there on the bark, but the trunk seemed still fresh. A few frogs had taken up their abode underneath, and were then in serious deliberation about the affairs of their kingdom.

As soon as the tree had quitted the rocky spot on which it had spent its youth, I could clearly see something glittering and moving in the nearest bushes. My daring guide did not discontinue his blows till the rattlesnake

(for so it turned out to be,) had ceased to live. Triumphantly he seized the venomous animal, threw it down before me, and exclaimed, "Look what a fellow I have caught!"

The animal was one of those dangerous snakes which, during the summer months, are so full of venom, that they become blind with it. I had often, since my arrival in America, heard of the bewitching power these animals possess, of which many people seem thoroughly convinced, and which has probably obtained credence with the first colonists in very remote times. My guide was one of those who entertained no doubt on the subject. I availed myself of the opportunity to put a few questions, and gave him to understand I doubted the truth of it. He could not forbear relating to me the following narrative, well known in the Northern States:

"Among the first colonists in the vicinity of the green mountains in Vermont, there was a man who, prepossessed in favour of the fertility of the country, took up his residence there with his young and handsome wife. They lived in that part about a year, and all difficulties incidental to new settlers had nearly been removed. They now began to enjoy them-

selves, and found their abode tolerable. The Indians were no more dreaded; the wild animals in the forests were kept aloof by the never-failing gun of man. The only danger to which they were exposed was that of being stung by rattlesnakes, of which there were great numbers. Several persons had had the misfortune to be stung, and expired in the most dreadful agony.

"One day, the husband, accompanied by his wife, went into the woods to hunt. The weather was fine — the sun almost scorched their heads. The young wife, after wandering some time among bushes and stones, at length became tired, and sat down to rest herself on the branch of a tree, in expectation of the return of her husband. He followed in the meanwhile the traces of a deer, climbing from rock to rock, with a view to enter a green plain at the foot of a mountain. All at once he observed, lying before him, a rattlesnake of uncommon size. Surprised at the sight, he stopped, and attentively considered the dangerous animal, which, only a few paces from him, seemed to deliberate whether it should venture to take a leap down the precipice. It suddenly formed a plan, bent its long body, and, as if imploring mercy,

fixed upon the husband a pair of eyes which, far from expressing hatred towards mankind, spoke only the accents of mildness and friendship. There was something so extraordinary and so touching in the movements of the animal, that the husband remained silent and motionless on the spot. The snake displayed the finest colours, which the burning sun changed, as it approached, from green to purple and gold. Imperceptibly it rolled onwards; a strange music was heard, not unlike the melting tones of the honey-bird, and the animal disappeared, without his perceiving what direction it took. He thought at first he was in the midst of a world of mysterious colours, which cleared up, darkened, and again revived with a magic light. Harmony continued to enchant his ears. Perspiration covered his brow; his frame shook, as if attacked by ague; his legs refused their office. 'Is it a dream?' exclaimed he; 'what retains me at this place?' He made an effort to get away, but his feet were almost benumbed, and he felt as if fastened to the rock. The unfortunate man was bewitched.

"Another sound reached his ears; it was the voice of man, dismal and plaintive. Twice he heard it, but could not move. A

white female eagerly seized his arm, and her breath roused him at once from the dream of enchantment. Music and colours disappeared at once. Round his feet twined the rattlesnake, with fiery eyes and extended sting. His frightened wife clung to his breast. Within a second they were attacked by the snake. The woman was the first victim. The venom spread with the rapidity of thought, and her lamentations soon informed the unhappy husband of the dreadful scene that awaited him.

"Half crazy, he rushed forward, and trampled under his feet the snake, which now endeavoured to steal away. Vengeance was not satisfied till the animal was crushed, and torn piecemeal against the sharp and pointed rocks.

"The sufferings of the expiring wife called him to her side. Terrified, he examined the blueish black wound, which every minute grew darker and darker. They were far from home or from any human habitation; still they wandered for a while, hand in hand, till excruciating pains stretched the female senseless on the ground. Although greatly exhausted, the husband took her in his arms, carried her to a neighbouring

rivulet, and refreshed her by means of cool water. She recovered a little, but had no strength to raise her head, which rested motionless on his breast. Hours passed in this way, and no human being appeared to assist the unhappy couple. Solitary, in an endless forest, he watched the progress of death, joined his prayers to hers, and saw her expire."

These last words my guide expressed with so much emotion, that I clearly perceived he was deeply affected by the tragic narrative. My curiosity was in the mean time excited to know the fate of the husband, and the particulars of his after life. My guide gave me the following account:

"From that moment the unhappy widower thought of nothing but revenge, and made the most sacred vow to consecrate the remainder of his life to the extermination of that curse of man, the rattlesnake. This oath he strictly observed till his death, and thousands of snakes fell continually under his vindictive blows. For this reason he was generally known under the name of the Rattlesnake Hunter. Not many years ago, I saw the old grey-haired man; and never shall I forget the tears he shed at the recollection

of his young consort, and his solemn and piercing look in expressing these words — 'Yes, by G—d! these bewitching d—ls shall soon cease to plague the earth! Do not believe that these animals are only snakes — creeping snakes: they are servants of fallen angels — the immediate agents and spirits of Hell.' "

Here my guide ended his narrative. We returned to Pine Orchard in deep silence. The tale of the unfortunate snake-hunter remained a long while impressed on my mind; and when subsequently, in the Southern States, I had frequent occasions of seeing snakes of different kinds, I always remembered this anecdote.

From Catskill Mountains I proceeded to a small village, five miles up the river, to which the classical name of Athens has been given. It was the first place I arrived at in America, bearing an old European name. This, however, is very customary: in my subsequent travels in the country, I found several places called Sparta, Rome, Utica, Syracuse, &c. These names have been adopted without any attention being paid as to whether the situation of the village or hamlet bore any resemblance to the old city after which it was

baptized: whim or chance have determined the appellation.

American Athens, for example, is situated on a plain, without a single hill, and on the banks of a river; whereas ancient Athens was surrounded by eminences. At first, it appeared singular to me to see a place, which, since my youth, I had pictured to myself filled with venerable relics, and ruins of temples and palaces, only consist of a few wooden houses of modern architecture, unpaved streets, showing no other ruins but those of abandoned blacksmiths' shops, or the walls of houses destroyed by fire. It was also a peculiar feature in Athens to behold hogs and other quadrupeds occupy the thoroughfares and squares, instead of having the ears delighted with speeches from eloquent orators.

From hence I crossed the river to Hudson, a small hamlet on the opposite side, and continued my journey to Lebanon Springs, in company with one of the most amiable American families I ever met with, and the recollection of which will follow me through life.

CHAPTER V.

"I joined myself to the people. It is now thirty years since, I believe, and," added she, raising her hands and eyes, and speaking with more energy than she had yet spoken, "I say the truth before God, and lie not: I have not repented for a moment—I have been heartily thankful that I have borne my testimony. I have purchased a peace that cannot be taken away, and cheaply purchased it."

MISS SEDGEWICK.

THESE Springs are among the most fashionable in the Northern States; in the summer season they are filled with the first and best company. They are situated on the declivity of a mountain, from whence, for miles round, Nature appears in her finest mantle. The water is lukewarm and perfectly harmless. The greatest part of individuals visiting this place do it less from a desire to taste the waters than to see and acquire a knowledge of the remarkable religious sect, whose head-quarters are in this vicinity, and the members of which are called Shakers.

Several branches of this sect are spread over various parts of America; but the principal place — the central union — is at a village about two miles from the Springs, exclusively inhabited by Shakers, and built by them. Every stranger, visiting it for the first time, cannot help remarking the peculiar cleanliness and neatness everywhere prevailing. On both sides of a wide street are houses two or three stories high. One row is built at the foot of a mountain, which shelters it against the north-easterly winds, and furnishes, besides, to the inhabitants sufficiency of water to carry on saw-mills, flour-mills, and workshops of various descriptions. The other row, again, is surrounded by gardens, abounding in every kind of vegetables; and extensive meadows are seen at a distance, where the finest cattle are fed on the most luxuriant herbs. On this side of the street, also, is the meeting-house, erected in the year 1825, by zealous members. It is of wood, eighty feet long, and sixty-five wide, with a vaulted roof, covered with tin plates. The interior and exterior is painted white. The inside is destitute of ornaments — no pillars, no painted windows, no tasteful pulpit. The floor is the only part with which they seem to

have taken any pains. It is of American fir, of a brown colour, and so shining and clean, that one is almost unwilling to walk upon it. The whole appearance of this church bears the stamp of simplicity and cleanliness.

The United Society of Shakers had its origin in England. The first founder was a female of the name of Ann Lee, born at Manchester, in the year 1736. Her father was a poor blacksmith, who could not afford to give his eight children any education.

Ann commenced her career in a cotton-factory: afterwards she engaged with a hatter; then as a cook in an hospital; and finally married, at the age of eighteen, a smith of the name of Stanley, who treated her in the most cruel and barbarous manner. This produced a depression of spirits, and she was observed invariably seeking solitude.

From a hypochondriac she soon became a religious fanatic. She ardently sought and got admission into a Quaker company. Here her fanatical ravings gained additional strength, and she began at length to preach and proclaim her own creed about the year 1770. She pretended to be the second Christ, sent on earth to make revelations; and

added that the kingdom of a thousand years was at hand, and that she was immortal. Many believed her, and thought she actually was what she represented herself to be. From that time she was called Mother, and was subsequently worshipped as the Redeemer. One of their hymns establishes this point:

> Glory give unto the Son,
> For he has redemption won;
> Glory unto Mother give,
> For the Saints through her do live.

I heard one of her adherents declare: "Mother Ann Lee was the temple of the Holy Ghost. We know she was Christ in his second revelation on earth, and that Her gospel has saved us from perdition."

In one of their hymns they again say:

> I do believe that God and Christ his Son,
> The Holy Ghost, and Mother joined in one,
> Will soon complete the work which they began,
> And will redeem the fallen race of man.

This is a kind of confession, showing pretty clearly that they make Divinity consist of four persons, and that Ann Lee is one of them.

The cruel treatment she experienced from her husband induced her to relinquish all

idea of matrimony, and to propagate the doctrine that it was only the work of Satan. She endeavoured to prove this by asserting that the Redeemer was never married, nor the Apostles; and that neither he nor any of them ever urged a state of marriage. She further advanced, that as Jesus Christ was a second Adam, so she was the second Eve, and that she had come on earth to restore the female part of mankind to that celestial purity and innocence which distinguished our first mother before her fall. This induced her to introduce in the worship of the new sect a ceremony which has been so much and so justly censured, that of dancing without any garments. She supported her command in this respect by a quotation from the Bible, Genesis ii. 25, and was perfectly convinced that man could not be innocent, and free from crime, without following, in every thing, the example of our forefathers before their fall.

The following verses from a hymn, bearing the title, "*Restoration*," show that the sect to this very day believe in the truth of it:

> How great is the myst'ry which God has made known!
> He's come in the Daughter as well as the Son;
> Now Satan's dark works he will fully defeat,
> And final redemption will soon be complete.

The first Eve was tempted, and led into sin;
The second, more faithful, has led out again;
With a firm resolution (her word was a sword)
She fought her way through, and creation restored.

A full restoration has now taken place,
For all who believe of the first Adam's race;
The male and the female made free from the curse,
And Adam's probation is brought down to us.

Another of her commands was, that the members should confess their sins, at least once a week, to some of the Elders, who made a report of these confessions to her. By this politic measure, she obtained a despotic rule over the Society, and could imperceptibly do what she pleased with her enthusiastic followers. They were not only commanded to reveal their own sins and thoughts, but to state what they knew of the other brethren and sisters — every thing that passed between them, conversations, &c.

In this manner she acquired a perfect knowledge of every circumstance, and took an opportunity of reproving them, long before they had been confessed, for acts which they endeavoured to conceal. It was therefore natural that ignorant people, witnessing what appeared to be her omniscience, would believe that God revealed to her every thing that was to happen on earth.

Among the many singular ceremonies in their worship, the observance of which she insisted upon, those of dancing, clapping hands, jumping, stamping, shaking, jogging, and crying, were particularly remarkable. "God has commanded it," exclaimed she; and the audience, composed of persons of the lowest order, without any instruction, passed from belief to blind enthusiasm, and from that almost to madness.

The idea that they were the only men who worshipped the Creator as he ought to be, and that he loved them like a father, made them frantic victims of fanaticism. They never ceased to dance and jump (which, according to their ideas, is absolutely necessary to subdue the body and expel all sensual appetites) till, completely fatigued, they fall down, like Turkish Dervishes. The world, in their eyes, has lost all charm, and no joy or consolation remains for them, except in the certainty that the kingdom of a thousand years is near at hand, and that the purity and innocence of Paradise awaits them. They often fancy themselves inspired; and many pretend to give a description of God Almighty, seated on his throne — of the dress of Lucifer, &c.

It was in the company of such followers that Ann Lee embarked, in the year 1774, for America. She told them that a divine revelation enjoined her to proceed thither; but in reality it was to elude the persecutions to which the sect was continually exposed in England.

The following miracle is stated to have occurred during the voyage—let who will believe it! The ship sprung a leak during a heavy storm. The water rushed in so quickly and in so great an abundance, that, although all pumps were going, the vessel soon filled. The captain declared that there was no hope of salvation, and that all the passengers would, in the course of a few hours, inevitably perish. But Ann assured him this should not happen. She added, with a determined accent, "We shall all arrive in safety in America. I saw just now two angels near the main-mast; they showed me the coast of the New World."

She encouraged the sailors, and begged them to persevere: she even assisted in working the pumps. A few minutes afterwards the ship was struck by a heavy sea, and behold! the loosened plank was replaced!

On arriving in America, they first settled in a small town called Waterobet, but removed their head-quarters, in the year 1788, to New Lebanon, their present residence, where I visited them. The Holy Mother had, in the mean while, contrary to the expectation of every one, departed this life in the year 1784, although, in the whole course of her existence, she never ceased to preach about her immortality. If any Shaker is asked how this happened, he will answer: "She meant in a spiritual sense not to die."

Notwithstanding this reply, I continued insinuating my doubts: an elderly member of the sect heard this, and appeared rather displeased: he angrily asked, "If Ann Lee had not been inspired, would she have proclaimed to the world a doctrine, apparently so unnatural, as that of celibacy?"

After her demise, the Pontificate devolved on J. Whitaker, her confidant, who died two years afterwards, in the year 1786. He was succeeded by Joseph Meacham, a man who had sense enough to see that many ceremonies of the sect were useless, and that a reform was absolutely necessary. He, very properly, waved the hope of a celestial innocence on earth, and undertook seriously to alter the

rules and rites of the Society. The Elysian dance, and some other ridiculous and even indecent customs, were abolished: his regulations are strictly observed to this very day. He died in 1796, and was succeeded by Lucy Wright, who governed the sect till 1821, when she also expired; and the direction was given to Ebenezar Bishop, who is still alive. This individual is not destitute of talents, but rather illiterate and uncivilized. His exterior is pleasing, and inspires respect among the fraternity.

The creed of this remarkable religious sect, such as professed at this time, was stated to me as follows:

Christ has discovered himself a second time on earth in the person of Ann Lee.

God is only with them, and there is no spiritual salvation without them.

The day of judgment is now. God judges the world through his daughter Ann Lee.

Those who marry do not know Christ, and do not belong to his kingdom.

Without confessing, none can be blessed.

Every one must submit to purgatory after death; and all those who have died after Mother Ann must, in the first instance, listen to a discourse delivered by her in the world of spirits, before they are permitted to leave the purifying fire.

Numerous rules and regulations are prescribed to them, all supposed to have emanated direct from God. None are given in

writing, "for"—the Shakers observe—"leave every thing to memory—this great gift of God." I will here mention a few of the most striking:

No man is permitted to live with a female, or to be in the same room with her, without the attendance of a third person.

Brothers and sisters cannot visit each other in their respective rooms after the evening prayer is over, nor whilst they are occupied in making beds.

No brother is allowed to meet a sister on the staircase, or enter her room without first knocking, and *vice versâ*.

No sister can go alone to the store of a brother, nor can brothers or sisters take each other by the hand, or touch each others' clothes, or milk cows at the same time.

No person is allowed to shake another by the hand who does not belong to the Society, or discover any thing relative to it.

It is not permitted to say that he or she lies, or use epithets, or quarrel among each other.

It is not permitted to write or receive letters without the consent of the Elders, or to read any thing without their sanction.

It is not permitted to borrow money from any person, or to have private money transactions.

It is not permitted to be absent from divine service, nor to attend it without having previously been confessed.

It is not permitted to read newspapers or any worldly books on a Sunday; neither must the members cut hair or nails, wash feet, clean boots, or shave, on the Sabbath day.

It is not permitted to attend church in boots, or snap the right thumb over the left, while praying.

It is not permitted to kneel down on the left knee first, or have the pockethandkerchief in the hand, while praying.

It is not permitted to use watches, umbrellas, and spurs, or hats of any other shape than the usual one, or right and left shoes.

It is not permitted to play with dogs and cats, or to kick or ill-use any animal, &c.

Each of their villages is divided into lots, and each lot is occupied by a family. When-

ever a person is admitted into the sect, he becomes a member of one of these families, lives in the same house, boards at their table, and is clothed from the same store. The females are the whole day occupied, partly with work necessary for the common good, such as knitting stockings, making clothes, washing, weaving, baking, preparing food, &c. partly in manufacturing articles, which are afterwards disposed of for the benefit of the community. The men again are employed in the cultivation of fields, in cutting wood, attending to gardening, or pursuing different professions.

When I saw these people, working hard from morning to night, some even beyond their strength, and obliged sometimes to follow it up on Sundays, and all this not for their own individual benefit, but merely with a view to increase the common stock, I could not help comparing them to culprits confined in a house of correction, and condemned to hard labour for the sake of improving their morals. All those with whom I conversed seemed, nevertheless, perfect enthusiasts, and attended to their business with apparent satisfaction, bearing, I must add, a strong resemblance to real pleasure.

But, if we admit that many of them, from weariness of the world, from ignorance of a better and happier life, from motives of repentance only for past trespasses, fulfil their severe task with cheerfulness and without repining — if we admit, I say, that many are contented with their situation, what is the cause that so many pale faces, so many sunken eyes, so many parched lips, are invariably seen among them? What is the cause that they become old men and women, before they arrive at the age of manhood? What is the cause that, out of about one hundred women I had an opportunity of seeing, not one was even passable in point of appearance? And yet some were pointed out to me, whose age was not twenty-four, and who ought at least to have exhibited some indications of freshness. What is the cause that girls, known to have been handsome and agreeable at the period of their admission into the Society, after a short time become pale, ugly, and melancholy, resembling spectres more than living beings? I can only pity the unhappy and deluded objects of an erroneous and fanatical doctrine.

But, if travellers are disgusted with the principles of this absurd creed and its cere-

monies, none, without departing from justice, can deny them a certain portion of admiration for the order, industry, economy, prudence, and frugality, so peculiar to their sect. Every description of goods manufactured by them is of the very best quality. Their cattle are far superior to those of their neighbours, and can only be compared to that fine breed so often seen in Switzerland. The schools also, particularly those for the girls, have been carefully attended to. Marriages being contrary to their tenets, in order to preserve and uphold the sect, they are obliged to admit orphans, or poor children, handed over by destitute parents. These children are instructed in reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, and a superficial knowledge of geography and astronomy. By the observance of a severe discipline, to which they are immediately subjected, they acquire a certain degree of seriousness in walk and look, which, according to our worldly notions of things, does not harmonize with the vivacity of a child, whose disposition is generally lively and active. A genius, except in the mechanical art, is seldom found in any youth brought up under their care; and, if any one should happen to show an inclination to study more than another, he generally

leaves the sect as soon as he arrives at the age of maturity.

The Shakers have often been suspected of attempts to seduce rich people to become members of their sect, merely with a view to get possession of their property; which is always vested in the general fund on entering the society, and never redeemable if the party should wish to retire. This accusation would, if proved, be an ineffaceable stain on their reputation; but I have no reason to think it is the case: I am on the contrary persuaded that this peaceable people are incapable of such baseness, and, therefore, unless the statement be clearly established, it must be considered a calumny. The common fund is administered by a few select brethren and sisters, who account for every thing in a regular way. Those who quit the sect can lay no claim to any part of this fund; those again who remain have the satisfaction to know that the capital is always accumulating, and that they are sure of being provided for to the end of their existence.

The dress of the men consists of long old-fashioned brown coats, with pockets in the sides, blue or brown small-clothes, shoes or short boots, white cravats, tied close round the neck, with collars turned down, and the

hair hanging loose down the back. The females, on working days, are dressed like German peasant women; but on Sundays they are attired in short-waisted white dresses with tight sleeves, white neckhandkerchief, and a thin, white, transparent bonnet; the hair is turned up under the cap, so that none of it is seen; the stockings are white, the shoes have high heels, and a white pocket-handkerchief with a black border hangs on the arm. Their hats are of an oval form, white, yellow, or grey. Those of the men are large and broad-brimmed, like the usual Quaker hats.

Divine service, or what is called "meeting," was just going to begin. The brethren had entered through one door, and the sisters through another, all in a row, in regular military order. Several strangers were beside me outside the church, curious and anxious to be admitted. One of the Elders opened at length the door through which the men had passed: the whole crowd rushed in at the same time with anxious eyes. The places given to us were on the same side with the principal entrances, and opposite was the whole congregation seated, consisting of nearly two hundred and fifty persons of both

sexes, separated, but facing each other, and turning their sides to the strangers. On surveying all these white-dressed female spectres, which, mummy-like, remained immoveable and close to each other, it struck me as if I had entered a vaulted tomb. The first impression was indeed solemn: why was this so soon to vanish when service commenced? At a given signal they all rose from their seats, and placed themselves in the form of a sugarloaf, the Elders at their head, and the men and women remaining separated the whole time. They began singing several psalms and hymns, the melody of which was the most uniform I ever heard. Every one exerted himself to the utmost of his lungs, so that I even entertained some apprehension for the tympanum of my ears. To understand a single word of what they said, I found at once impossible; but one of my companions pretended afterwards that he heard them say: "Blessed Mother, Divine Mother Ann!" The music, however, did not appear deafening to the singers. They seemed pleased with it, hardly ever looked up, and accompanied the melody with a continual stamping of their feet. At the end of every psalm, they opened their closed hands, and let them fall by their sides; after which

those brethren and sisters who felt inspired delivered a short discourse extempore, which, to my great surprise, was addressed to the strangers present. At the conclusion, the whole being merely phrases without meaning, and repeated with many pauses, singing was resumed. When three psalms had been gone through, the members changed their position by turning their backs to the spectators. They were then placed in rows, the men on one side, the women on the other, with their faces towards the Elders, who stood along the opposite wall near the strangers. All the men had, in the meanwhile, taken off their coats, and stood in their shirt sleeves; the women laid aside their pocket-handkerchiefs, to be ready for the ceremony. In the midst of a shrill and singular cry, they now began to dance, advancing three paces and retreating one, and continued in this way for a long while, now and then turning round on their heels. Many appeared to labour so hard that perspiration ran down their cheeks in great profusion; they pretend in this way to subdue carnal appetites, and to express their joy at the victory gained over the power of lust. The noise attending this ceremony they defend by quotations from the Bible, of which I happen

to recollect one: Isaiah xii, vi. "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."

As soon as this unpleasant music was over, they commenced jogging round the room: the men first, three abreast, and the women afterwards, in the same manner. This jogging is neither walking nor running; they take their steps in regular time, and move about with crooked knees. During this operation, they stretch out and wave their hands incessantly, not unlike the motion of a dog splashing with his fore-feet when thrown into water. A few members of both sexes stopped in the centre of the room, singing some very discordant hymns, the others jogged round them, accompanying the song. At the end of each hymn, a few admonishing words to the strangers were generally uttered by one of the party, as he happened to be inspired, after which the dancing continued for some time, with the only exception that they formed at last *two* rings, one inside the other, and each going round in an opposite direction to the other.

I was anxious to know what might be meant by this circular dance, and inquired of one of them on the following day. "This

circle," answered he, "means sin on earth, and our evolutions round it show our abhorrence, as well as the powerful effect of the Holy Ghost on us." A foreigner, who, like myself, visited this place for the second time, to acquire a more perfect knowledge of the principles of the sect, happened to hear this reply, and observed, in a nearly audible tone, "I pity them. They give themselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble, and submit to an infinity of privations for the sake of a few absurd and ridiculous maxims." The holy brother heard this remark. "We know very well," retorted he, whilst lowering his sharp brown eyes, "that conformity to these principles requires a large portion of self-denial. But, in truth, if we believe in the assertion of our Redeemer, this does not amount to a positive proof that they are not the true principles of the Christian faith. Approved or disapproved by the world, pleasing or disagreeable to the weak part of mankind, none can reasonably complain, or oppose them, when every one is at liberty to follow them or not." Neither of us made any remark to this observation; the individual retired apparently satisfied, conceiving doubtless that he had triumphed, by irresistible arguments,

over two worldly, and in his eyes lost, sinners.

But I must return to the service. Dancing was now over, and the brothers and sisters resumed their former places. One of the Elders advanced between the rows, and delivered a kind of sermon, exclusively directed, as before, to the strangers, in which he endeavoured to explain and justify the singular ceremony observed upon the occasion. The sermon was extremely dry, and without any pretence to sense. Every one of the auditors complained of its length, and seemed excessively delighted when the orator resumed his place. Psalms and hymns concluded the whole; and one of the members, in a loud voice, informed the congregation that the service was over. The men very silently put on their hats and coats, the women their bonnets, and all departed through different doors, as they had arrived, in perfect military order.

Before I take leave of the Shakers — these peaceable, industrious, and unhappy religious victims — I will relate an anecdote, which I heard from a person in the neighbourhood of New Lebanon, relative to them:

"A few years ago," said he, "the Shakers signified an intention of celebrating the de-

barkation of Mother Ann Lee on the American shore. It was determined that the ceremony should be observed by a profuse and general tobacco-smoking fête. A "bull," or edict, was issued, directed to the scattered members of the Society in every part of America, enjoining them to assemble on a certain day in the month of August, for this important purpose.

"I did not neglect to attend upon this solemn occasion. When I entered the church, I found that the order and regularity, which had hitherto distinguished the sisters, were entirely gone. Their natural and unpretending manners — their attention to discipline — all had vanished; in its place, I discovered an unusual degree of negligence in their walk, a wildness in their looks, a strange confusion altogether, which unquestionably surprised me at first, but which I endeavoured to explain by the extraordinary sublimity of the ceremony.

"All sat down in deep silence. Ebenezar Bishop occupied the principal seat, and uttered a few half-broken sentences in allusion to the divine solemnity now to be performed, which, according to his notions, was ordained by God. He then turned to one of

the younger sisters, and ordered her to procure fire, which she did. He lighted his pipe, drew a long puff, and afterwards slowly blew out what he called the first victim of the day. In a dignified manner he withdrew the pipe from his mouth, raised his eyes towards heaven, and said, 'Brethren and sisters, unite.'

"All now lighted their respective pipes, and, like novices in the art of smoking, lost no time in blowing out the smoke, which in the course of ten minutes so completely obscured the room that no object could be distinguished. The Elders looked upon these clouds of smoke, which surrounded their heads, with religious awe.

"The ceremony was ordered to last one hour. A quarter of that time had hardly elapsed, before a number of smoking individuals found the atmosphere altogether intolerable. Several, particularly the young women, who had hitherto looked to the Elders for protection, now directed their looks towards the door, with faces as pale as death. Every one was more or less unwell; and never did I witness so strong a desire to depart. But only when the clock announced the termination of the hour was the meeting

dissolved; and, believe me, no one was behindhand in effecting a retreat for the purpose of breathing fresh air."

Would any one think such fanatical scenes possible in the nineteenth century — in enlightened times like ours? The religious toleration generally observed in the United States prevents government from putting an end to a sect whose creed is as unreasonable as its ceremonies are ridiculous; and, as long as the Shakers continue peaceable, and abstain from violation of the laws, no American President can compel them to discontinue dancing, or reject their belief in Mother Ann's equal divinity with that of the Redeemer.

This liberty of conscience, every where prevalent in North America, and on which I will touch more hereafter, gives rise naturally to a number of sects, many of which are as extraordinary as the one just mentioned. In the year 1832, for instance, a man in New York assumed the garb of a Jew, and preached that he was nothing less than the Messiah himself. A great many persons flocked to the room where he delivered his discourses, curious to see and hear this modern prophet; and all returned perfectly disgusted with the

individual and his doctrines. As long as his sermons had a peaceable tendency, he was left undisturbed; but at length his follies and absurdities went beyond the limits of endurance, and he was not permitted to continue his ravings. The end of his prophetical career was — a residence in a madhouse.

CHAPTER VI.

Glens which might have made even exile dear.
BYRON.

FROM Lebanon I directed my course through the heart of the flourishing state of Massachusetts. My first day's journey terminated at Northampton, a distance of about fifty miles, which it took nearly twelve hours to complete. The roads were certainly very rough; in some places so bad, that travellers ran a risk of coming in collision with each other's heads, and breaking their limbs; but, upon the whole, they may be called tolerable, particularly when compared to the roads in the Southern and Western States.

Our slow progress was not to be attributed either to the badness of the roads, or to the horses, which had an appearance of strength, but entirely to the drivers. They were

changed several times in the course of the day; but, to the regret of all present, little was gained by the alteration. One, in particular, was excessively slow in his motions, and rather abusive. I do not know if I was the unfortunate cause of it; my companions pretended I was, for having inadvertently — and certainly without intending, or even supposing, it would give offence — addressed him by the disreputable title of "Coachman," always used in England, and which I thought was also applicable here. Enough; I discontinued the word from that hour as long as I remained in America; and never forgot, upon subsequent occasions, to call republican coachmen "drivers."

The part of the country I now traversed was very rich and fertile. Wheat, rye, and Indian corn, were growing abundantly in every direction. Fields, intermixed with sand, were seen here and there; and in these places the crop appeared rather indifferent. Large tracts of land, particularly in the neighbourhood of Northampton, lay waste and uncultivated, although some are considered good. This I can only explain by supposing that the farmers are either satisfied with what they already possess, or that they cannot

extend their agricultural pursuits for want of sufficient hands. They are, however, all in easy circumstances.

The eastern part of Massachusetts cannot boast of so many substantial farmers as the western; the soil is not near so rich; and many of the natives are, therefore, obliged to abandon farming, and take to manufacturing.

The country presents, upon the whole, a very variegated aspect. Hills and mountains succeed dales, woods, and fields. The former delight the traveller with the finest prospects. From the top of a mountain not far from Lebanon, the beautiful foliage of the trees, grouped together in the midst of luxuriant fields, formed a rich picture.

The country houses are generally two stories high; the walls are built differently from those in Sweden; the planks are laid on the top of each other along the ground, and not raised vertically, as with us. They are mostly painted white, with green blinds fixed outside, giving them an appearance of cleanliness and neatness seldom witnessed in Europe. The interior arrangements, if not costly, are invariably tasteful. I often saw houses of farmers so comfortably

fitted up, that they might be taken for the residence of a Governor of the State. Gardens, filled with every description of vegetables and fruit-trees, particularly apple-trees, are every where seen; and, with a view to make these habitations still more agreeable and cool, trees are planted all around, the leafy branches of which afford ample shade to the inmates. The rearing of cattle is also particularly attended to. Cows and oxen are of the very best breed; their immense size and strength often recalled to my mind those seen in enchanting Switzerland.

A European, travelling in this direction, cannot help admiring the general appearance of comfort and prosperity so singularly striking. To an inhabitant of the Scandinavian Peninsula, accustomed to different scenes, it is peculiarly gratifying to witness, instead of gorgeous palaces by the side of poor huts, a row of neat country houses, inhabited by independent farmers.

A Swedish servant, lately arrived in America, on looking round and perceiving the happy state so generally diffused, exclaimed, with surprise and characteristic simplicity, "Sir, have the goodness to inform me where the peasantry live in this country."

Northampton is a small town, so clean, neat, and agreeably situated, that it richly deserves the name of "Massachusetts' favourite doll." It may be called a village, rather than a town. The streets are few; and the whole is not unlike a group of country seats, surrounded with gardens, and built in a row close to each other, for the inspection and admiration of spectators.

The houses, chiefly of wood, are painted white, with green blinds. Trees are planted in all the streets, or rather roads, for they are not paved; and shrubberies, with a thousand different flowers, greet the passengers with their beautiful fragrance.

Northampton carries on a considerable trade with the neighbouring country. Connecticut River, distant about a mile and a half, and Farmington and Hampshire Canal, which commences here, and directs its course to New Haven, a distance of seventy-eight miles, contribute in no small degree to its flourishing state. But it is not its commerce, industry, or manufactures, which attract numbers of strangers to this spot every year. It is to view the handsome plan in which the village is laid out that thousands visit it. Few things have given me greater pleasure than

the sight of this spot in Massachusetts and the villages Canandaigua and Geneva in the State of New York, which are equally attractive. It was something so cheering and new to find myself in the heart of a village, without being obliged to attach to it the idea of dirt and uncleanliness — to see, in its stead, neat churches, a bank, printing-offices, &c., with a population of nearly three thousand seven hundred souls, that I remained several days longer than I originally intended.

It may be remarked that villages, properly so called, are hardly found in the United States: spots that spring up from nothing do not become in the first instance villages or hamlets. They take a leap from insignificance to the rank of towns; the rise is so rapid that in a very short time they are able to maintain a bank and a printing-office — two establishments which Europeans only think of in regular towns. The timber is hardly cut for the purpose of laying the foundation for houses before it is publicly announced that a newspaper is published in such and such a town, that a bank is in full operation, that canals are cut, railroads planned, and steamboats being built, to facilitate the communication with the new city, sprung up, as it were, by

magic. I will resume this subject in a future chapter.

Not far from Northampton is a mountain called Mount Holyoke, the summit of which is, or ought to be, visited by every traveller passing through this part of the country who wishes to enjoy a remarkably fine prospect. I proceeded thither on horseback, and arrived at the foot of the mountain, after having crossed the stream in a ferry-boat propelled by horses. The road towards the top was at first both steep and stony; but my horse, accustomed no doubt to the rough and irregular track, did not stumble. At length, however, the poor animal became so completely exhausted, that he could not advance another step: traces of a road disappeared, and in its stead a few steps made of loose stones proved to me the necessity of leaving the horse behind till I returned. I continued climbing up the hill. Whoever has weak nerves, a delicate constitution, or is subject to giddiness, I would particularly recommend to abstain from visiting the summit of Mount Holyoke. Not only is a person obliged at certain places to take giant-steps from tree to branch, and from branch to tree, but to tread on stones without any solid foundation

whatever! These, very unceremoniously, slip away under the weight; and, if particular attention be not paid, the visiter is apt to take a leap down the precipice in company with the fragments of the rock.

I reached, however, the top, a distance of nine hundred and ninety feet, in company with several friends, without any accident, and our pains were then richly repaid. It was not a Swiss panorama, the icebergs being wanted, but a prospect which, once beheld, cannot easily be effaced from memory. The whole landscape beneath resembled a circle-bound picture, viewed from the centre. On one side appeared Connecticut river, serpentining in various directions, sometimes disappearing, then showing itself again, forming, to the south-west, a peninsula, three and a quarter miles in circumference, and only about two hundred and twenty fathoms across the isthmus; at last, towards the south, at the foot of Mount Tom, it is entirely lost to the sight: here, the smoke arising from the cataracts at South Hadley is perceivable. But, both from far and near, valleys, hills, mountains, fields, meadows, and forests, were seen, all dressed in the mantle of the richest vegeta-

tion. Corn-fields, covered with abundant and ripe crops, remunerated the labours of the husbandmen, and farmers were seen occupied in cutting golden harvests: others again, sown with oats and Indian corn, had not yet changed the garb of spring for that of autumn. Flocks of cattle crowded the valleys: they were feeding on the most luxuriant herbs, whilst teams of oxen carried from the fields loads of new-cut hay. In the midst of this picture of industry, and among a variety of colours, private dwellings of farmers were visible, equally pleasing to the eye by their whiteness and lofty green blinds; and also small towns (Northampton, Hadley, Amherst, &c.,) surrounded by rows of full grown trees; and last of all, as if strewed over the ground, a number of handsome churches, of which I counted at least thirty.

The day was far advanced when I quitted this eminence, and the descent required as much precaution as the ascent. We rejoined with pleasure our horses at the place we left them, and returned to Northampton extremely fatigued, but delighted with our excursion.

On the following morning I started for Springfield, a small town on the banks of the

same river, where a musket factory, upon a large scale, is carried on upon account of government. The road leading to it passes through a wild country, following the direction of the river. In South Hadley, there are two waterfalls, one thirty-two, the other fifty-two feet high, both, as is customary in America, made available for working mills. Another little town called Hadley, also situated on the road, fixed my attention, as being one of the oldest in the State. It was here the two regicides and Judges Whalley and Goffe, during the reign of Charles II., sought an asylum to evade persecution. During their short residence at Hadley, it happened that the Indians, then in open warfare with the Colonists, attacked the town. Soldiers were not wanted to defend it, but there were no leaders. In this emergency, a stranger presented himself, whose appearance inspired respect, and whose counsels and example instilled courage to the desponding inhabitants. Personal bravery, added to a great fund of military acquirements, insured a complete victory; and, after a short struggle, the Indians owed their safety only to flight. Their warwhoop had hardly ceased, and the fugitives had only just quitted the neighbouring woods, before the

stranger disappeared. This gave rise, in these superstitious times, to a general belief that the individual must have been the protecting patron of the town, or rather its guardian angel. But who was this stranger? The fugitive, persecuted, unfortunate Goffe, who, at the risk of being himself taken, quitted his place of concealment to rescue a town from danger, in which he did not dare to show himself publicly, and where his head would unquestionably have fallen under the axe of the executioner had his person been recognized.

The gun-factory at Springfield deserves to be visited by every traveller. More than ten thousand muskets are manufactured here every year: I was even assured, that fifteen thousand have been turned out in that time. To judge by the quantity, it may be inferred that all the inhabitants are occupied in this branch; but this is not the case: the simplest and most ingenious machinery is used as a substitute for manual labour. This manufactory has, in consequence, acquired a high degree of perfection, both in point of economy and solidity. If the great wages paid to the working people, and to able locksmiths, for instance, from one and a quarter to

two dollars a day is taken into consideration, it cannot be wondered at if a ready-made musket costs about ten dollars. This prime cost, looked upon as cheap in America, would be considerably higher if manual labour was exclusively employed to carry on the works. The stock-making, which in the North of Europe is done by several persons, and forms the most expensive part of this species of manufacture, is here prepared by a single machine. The annual expences of this establishment are upon an average one hundred and ninety thousand dollars.

The work is done in different houses: there are only a few factory buildings in which the people work together in large rooms or halls, occupying nearly the whole range of the building; the other houses are converted into small workshops, scattered over the whole town, in which particular branches of the trade are carried on. Every thing is worked by water, of which there is great abundance.

The muskets, when finished, have a very fine appearance, though rather heavy, attributable in a great measure, I should suppose, to the size and clumsiness of the locks. The barrels and bayonets, formerly made of Swedish iron only, but now of American also, are

painted brown for the purpose of preserving them from rust. The stock is of walnut, a very strong and hard species of wood. The mode of trying the strength of the spring under the touchhole is by means of a balance, extremely simple in its construction, but which very effectually puts the spring to the test, in making it support a weight of one hundred and twenty pounds. All the component parts of the musket are, besides, so made, that they fit any musket manufactured there, and may be taken from one to another.

The factory is under the direction of a superintendent appointed by government, whose business is to receive from the workmen different parts of the musket, examine them, and pay the people according to a fixed rate for their work: he afterwards deposits the ready-made muskets in an arsenal close by, lately erected in lieu of the old one consumed by fire.

The workmen are under no control of the manager, further than merely delivering their work and receiving pay. Their number is about two hundred and eighty: they have, for the most part, their own houses and a piece of ground adjoining. Poverty is seldom discovered among them, nor are they addicted

to indolence, drunkenness, or any other vice. Those not possessed of sufficient property to have their own houses, live at a cheap rate with their companions, till, by dint of industry and economy, they are able to become proprietors themselves. What particularly contributes to this happy state of things among the workmen may be traced to the following causes: First, Temperance Societies, and, second, Saving Banks, two establishments which both here and in other manufacturing towns in America have really done wonders among the labouring classes, and not a little contributed to their improvement. Not only have they increased the stock of the labouring man, but they have effected another good, superior to all the rest—a moral and intellectual amelioration. The time generally spent in conviviality and inebriety, and in conversations destitute of all interest and utility, is now employed in reading instructive books, from which they derive many useful acquirements, confirming them in the belief that nothing but a regular life can make them happy and prosperous, and which they are equally anxious to inculcate into the minds of their children. This establishes, in a satisfactory manner, the otherwise questionable

fact, that I found, among these smiths and stockmakers, individuals who were "Gentlemen," in the true acceptation of the word, with whom I could converse on subjects which would have appeared something like hieroglyphics to other factory men; they were not only acquainted with every improvement lately introduced in their particular trade, the correctness of which they were able to canvass, but had also invented several things themselves, and could prove their utility. They were, moreover, civil, hospitable, and had good manners. Some laid by their work when I entered the workshops, and insisted on going round and showing me every thing that might be interesting: I met no one who did not immediately discontinue his occupation, in order to give the stranger an opportunity of examining every thing, and this, too, as long as he pleased. To offer the slightest remuneration is considered an insult, and to receive it would be equally degrading.

One of these hospitable men went even as far as to insist on my going home to his house, although in the busiest part of the day, with a view, as he expressed himself, "to see how neatly and comfortably he lived." I accompanied him, accordingly, to a small but clean

one-story frame house, the outside painted white, and the inside as neat as a *boudoir*. Two rooms and a kitchen formed the whole establishment; and, although small, was extremely pleasant. Every thing bore the stamp of being regulated by a steady and industrious mistress; and in this I was by no means deceived, for she was indeed an unexceptionable wife. The husband extolled her merits in a manner which reflected the greatest honour on him: she entered the room shortly afterwards, leading a boy and a girl by the hand, simply but neatly dressed, and bowing to the stranger; the whole ceremony was performed in a manner seldom witnessed in Europe by a woman in her situation in life. If domestic felicity exists on earth, it certainly might be traced to this unostentatious dwelling; both wife and husband cast a glance at each other and at their children, truly indicative of happiness.

My landlord, justly proud of his comfortable home, and anxious to show me every thing, from the garret to the cellar, now requested me to accompany him to the garden adjoining the house, also his property, and tastefully laid out by his own hands.

"This small enclosure," said he, "has been made by myself, the same year I married. All the flowers, vegetables, shrubberies, and fruit-trees, that you see have been planted and nursed by this hand."

The garden bore evident marks of having been greatly taken care of: the trees almost sunk under the weight of various fruits. I also discovered vines, of which more than ten were crowded with grapes. On returning to the house, I was not a little surprised — I may add, agreeably surprised — to find that the mistress had, during our temporary absence, prepared a cold collation, of which no landlady need have been ashamed. The table-cloth partook of the whiteness of snow; and, although the knives and forks could not lay claim to extraordinary beauty, yet the whole arrangement was so inviting, that it was truly delightful to sit down to the frugal and hospitable board.

My landlord knew I came from Europe, though not from what part; but, on being apprized of the country that gave me birth, he exclaimed with joy, whilst emptying a glass of cider, "From Sweden! From the land of the honest and the brave! I should amazingly like to get better acquainted with

that country. The inhabitants of the Scandinavian Peninsula, they say, are a hardy race. In this opinion I fully coincide; for a country producing such excellent iron as Sweden must also necessarily be the abode of good people. Tell me what is the name of your actual President?" I acquainted him with our form of government.

"Well," rejoined he, "every nation has its own opinions in similar matters; what suits one country and one people does not suit another. For my part, I am not fitted to live under the rule of royalty; let us therefore drop the subject, and drink to the health of our absent friends." This was done. Who could possibly have thought that this individual was a mere locksmith, brought up to the trade from infancy, and who had never emigrated further than a few miles from Springfield?

On my return to Northampton, I lost no time in continuing my journey to Boston. The distance is about ninety-one miles, which is performed in seventeen hours.

The road is sandy, hilly, and uniform, leading through a country destitute of interest, which made the journey doubly toilsome and fatiguing. The drivers, besides, were in the

habit of watering their horses every quarter of a mile; and this circumstance, added to the frequency of changing coaches, and the accompanying inconvenience of removing luggage, at least five times during our progress, completely exhausted my patience. The country appeared poor and indifferent. In the midst of a real desert, fit only for the growth of pines, my eyes were all of a sudden gratified with the sight of a flourishing manufacturing place called Ware; so named from the river that runs through it. Few villages have had so rapid a rise as this. The children employed in the manufactories remember still the time when not a house was found on the spot where the great cotton-factories are now erected. They are the joint property of particular companies, who bought lots of land around the place on speculation, for the purpose of establishing these factories. That they have proved successful beyond expectation is easily seen by their present prosperous condition.

A little further on, I passed through another small place, having also the appearance of being constantly whitewashed, called Worcester, larger in size than any of those I had hitherto visited in the New England States,

and built, perhaps, upon a more elegant scale. The houses all look new, adorned with colonnades of the Doric and Corinthian order, and surrounded by gardens and trees, which give them alike the appearance of rural and town residences. A railroad was then being constructed from this town to Boston, a distance of forty-three miles, which is to be completed in the course of a few years, and from which the greatest results are anticipated. "Blackstone Canal," as it is called, goes from this place to New Providence, in Rhode Island, opening a communication from the interior of the country with the East River and New York.

The country between Worcester and Boston appears more fertile: the nearer one approaches the latter city, the more gratified is the eye with the sight of cultivated tracts of land, and delightful country seats. The houses follow each other in more rapid succession; and one village hardly disappears before the next is visible. More cottages, in the English style, are seen on this road, and in the vicinity of Boston, than I have discovered in my subsequent journey through nearly all the States of the Union. They are generally of wood, painted white, with open

porticoes on every side of the house, thus giving a delightful shade and coolness to the rooms. These cottages were mostly built on an elevated grass mound, about four feet high on one side, above a close-cut field, not unlike the smooth surface of a green billiard-table; and on the other side inclosed by gardens and parks.

The churches are also of wood, and painted white. The windows, as well as those of the dwelling houses, have all green blinds, tastefully ornamented, which gives to these country churches the neatest and most becoming appearance I have ever seen. They invariably occupied the most prominent situation in the villages. Such was the aspect of the rural spots, which by degrees prepared me for the sight of Boston. When yet ten miles distant, every object announced the approach to a large city. The road became wider, hard, and well kept; the country assumed a cultivated and snug appearance; country residences were more frequent; gigs and landaus passed each other. In the midst of all this appeared a city, crowned with an elevated cupola. A long bridge led me into it; and I was now in the midst of Boston.

CHAPTER VII.

Cet air si froid, qui congéle le souffle de la respiration, fait rentrer la chaleur dans l'âme; et la nature dans ces climats ne parait faite que pour repousser l'homme en lui-même.

DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

Boston is the capital of Massachusetts, and is one of the oldest cities in the Union. Its advantageous situation for commerce, added to the circumstance of its possessing within its precincts a community wholly devoted to the occupation of trade and navigation, places Boston in the rank of the second town in the United States with regard to shipping. The city is situated on a peninsula which joins the main land by means of an isthmus, extending to a small delightful village called Roxburg. The original name of Boston was Trimountain, derived from its situation on three eminences: the present one, if I mistake not, was given after a town of that name in Lincolnshire, England, being the birth-place of the

first preacher in Boston, in commemoration of whom the city was called.

The harbour is very spacious and safe: five hundred ships, it is said, may safely and without difficulty ride at anchor, the bay being very extensive. The inlet, however, is rather narrow, admitting barely two ships abreast: whilst about eighty small islands, partly inhabited, partly uninhabited, but more or less covered with verdure, are interspersed in every direction. Two forts for the defence of the port have been erected on those nearest the sea.

The exterior of Boston is striking. On approaching it, either from the sea-side or by some of the numerous bridges which connect it, the stranger receives an impression which is fully realized by a nearer acquaintance with the different objects. The State-house, situate on the most elevated point in the city, forms, as it were, the extremity of a pyramid rising out of the sea. Whichever way one goes, the high cupola is always visible. The number of other public buildings is also considerable, and some are distinguished by good taste. Private dwellings are built partly of granite, partly of brick, but mostly of the latter, and then seldom painted: a few,

however, are white. Their exterior appearance has nothing striking in point of architecture, but the interior arrangements are extremely commodious. The rooms are not so spacious as those in Europe, but they appeared to me very comfortable. Simplicity was every where apparent.

The streets are narrow: not one can be compared to Broadway in New York. In the old part of the town particularly, there are some so confined and crooked, that it is nearly impossible to distinguish an object fifty yards ahead. The new part, however, is very different, but still I cannot say that there is any street particularly fine.

I lost no time in visiting the Statehouse, the boast of the city. It is a brick building, with a double row of pillars forming the front. From the cupola, which rises above all other buildings, the view is justly admired by every stranger. The beautiful and comfortable city presents itself in all its charm. The cleanliness of the streets—the numerous churches, with their high steeples—the extensive walks—the long bridges—the wharfs, covered with goods, and built in the form of basins, in which the vessels conveniently load and unload—the amphitheatre-like harbour, filled with

boats, sloops, ships, and steamers — further, Charlestown with part of the navy — Bunker's Hill with the half finished monument — the heights of Dorchester, memorable in the annals of the revolution as being occupied by Washington the night preceding the 4th of March, 1776 — Cambridge, with its University — the new Cemetery of Mount Auburn — numerous country-seats in every direction — Brighton, Roxburg, and other neat villages in the vicinity — and, finally, the great Atlantic Ocean, rolling its bottomless waves to the shores of Europe — all these different views form a panorama hardly to be excelled in beauty.

It is in the Statehouse that the Legislature of Massachusetts generally hold their sittings. The Senate, consisting of forty members, besides the President, has its own separate hall, in which their annual assemblies are kept. This is also the case with the Second Chamber, whose members in 1832 amounted to four hundred and seventy-nine; it has likewise a separate hall in the same building. Neither Chamber was sitting during my residence in Boston.

On the ground floor, opposite the principal entrance, in a niche made for that purpose,

may be seen Chantrey's celebrated statue of Washington. The great English sculptor has upon this occasion displayed an unusual degree of ability and genius. The very first glance is striking; it develops something so lofty and noble, that even the most indifferent spectator is seized with awe and admiration. Washington is represented in a standing attitude, covered with a mantle, carelessly yet tastefully thrown around him, which he raises with one hand, resting it on his bosom. The head is bare, and the features perfectly resemble those of the original. His powdered hair, his high forehead, his expressive eyes—to these and to every lineament has the chisel of the artist given life. I was informed that for this *chef d'œuvre* of the last of the Romans, America's great Saint, the sculptor received the sum of ten thousand dollars.

Opposite this edifice is a public walk, which by the caprice of fashion has become the most private of all. Seldom or ever is any lady to be seen here, the whimsical goddess of fashion having in her wisdom shown symptoms of indifference to this promenade; and the consequence is, that this place, formerly frequented by the Bostonians in great num-

bers, is now nearly deserted; for who would venture to disobey the decrees of such an omnipotent Deity? This revolution in taste has been a source of great regret to many individuals, as the walk had always been patronised by the respectable part of the community, but particularly by the fair sex.

I remember having one day had a conversation with a young lady of Boston on this head, when I took the liberty of making some free allusions to the deserted walk. Her reply was of an entirely opposite character: she made the most poetical panegyric with regard to the pastoral beauty of the place, the venerable age of the trees, the free and delightful prospect. In all these observations I joined heartily, but proposed nevertheless an alteration, namely, that the straight rows of trees, with the open green space in the middle, should be converted into an English park, with winding walks, and planted with shrubberies. The lady here suddenly interrupted the thread of my conversation, by drily observing: "We are perfectly satisfied with what we have got; we don't want any alteration!" In this place is a little pond, in which children amuse themselves in navigating men-of-war half a yard long, and firing broadsides

on the shoals of singing frogs who have here taken up their residence. I ventured to christen this pond, which now goes by the name of the Frog Pond.

This park or walk is on three sides surrounded by houses, unquestionably the best in the city. The season was still very warm, (in August) and all the windows were open; in almost every mansion, it was customary to have music in the evening. These melodious sounds attracted a number of passers-by, and many a delightful evening have I spent in this way. Proceeding from house to house, I listened with rapture to very fine music and many excellent voices. More than once was I caught whilst indulging in this amusement, leaning over the iron railing fronting the windows: more than one glance did I receive from venerable parents seated behind the blinds; but nothing, so long as the singing or playing continued, could divert my attention. I mention this circumstance merely in case this book should by chance happen to find its way to any family in hospitable Boston, that I may be allowed to take this opportunity of testifying my gratitude to the unknown fair singers for the fine entertainment they afforded me.

Among the public buildings generally shown to strangers are the following: Faneuil Hall, the Market, the Post Office, the different Banks, the Athenæum, and the Freemasons' Lodge. In the first-mentioned, where all public meetings are held, there is a hall in which the first deliberations took place during the revolutionary war, and which had subsequently so great an influence on the result of the struggle for independence. This hall is rather large, and fitted up with seats along the two sides. Above the two entrances are written in large characters the immortal names of Washington, Kosciusko, Lafayette. On the opposite wall several portraits are hung, among which those of Washington, Lafayette, and Hancock (the first President), are conspicuous; and around these were placed the names of the warriors who had distinguished themselves by sea or by land during the contest for liberty. These names were entwined in wreaths of laurel, to show that they were imperishable in the memory of grateful countrymen.

The market is the largest of its kind in the United States: it is built of granite, five hundred and thirty-six feet in length, and is two stories high. Pillars, also of granite, are at

each end; and on both sides, the length of the building, neat shops are fitted up. I was curious to visit this place one morning, during the market hour. The approach was almost impossible from the concourse of people; but, by degrees, as the bargains were concluded, I obtained admittance. Each kind of trade had a separate stand; butchers were not mixed with fishmongers, nor these with fruitmen. Every thing bore the stamp of convenience and cleanliness. The butchers' stalls did not inspire that distaste too often produced on visiting similar places in Europe, nor was there any offensive smell perceptible where fish was vended; and with regard to the fruit shops, though not supplied with great variety, they were well kept.

I had often heard that married men in America are in the habit of attending market themselves in the morning, to provide the necessary articles for their families; a custom which with us on the other side of the Atlantic exclusively belongs to the department of the cook. Mrs. Trollope mentioned the same in her history of "Domestic Manners of the Americans;" but, on that very account, I considered the statement an exaggeration, and rather inclined to the contrary opinion.

But a few minutes' stay in the market soon undeceived me. Several of the married gentlemen, whose acquaintance I had made on the preceding day, I met here, occupied in purchasing and sending home meat, fish, vegetables, and fruit; in short, all the wants for the day. Although I cannot easily be persuaded that this occupation necessarily belongs to a man, yet it may be tolerated perhaps in a country where the manner of living is unostentatious, and where one solid joint, upon ordinary occasions, forms alone the whole repast. It may moreover be a pleasing sight to visit a place where the tasteful and cleanly exhibition of different articles almost invites the visiter to become a purchaser. But to adopt this method in towns where established custom requires a variety of dishes, differently dressed, and of various kinds, would be rather a troublesome task; to acquit himself satisfactorily, a man must indeed be a confirmed *gourmand*.

During my stay in Boston I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the prevalence of this custom, and found that almost all the married men perform this morning walk. At first it appeared strange to me how they could so

correctly know the exact market prices of the most trifling article; but it was soon explained. At a dinner, at which I happened to be present, the lady of the house showed perfect ignorance of the cost of vegetables and fruit, and was obliged to apply to the husband for information, which she did in these words: "My dear, what is the price of sweet potatoes? Grapes and peaches, what are they worth?" But each country has its customs; I shall therefore abstain from all comment, merely mentioning the circumstance.

The Freemasons' Lodge is a poor imitation of Gothic architecture: there is always something sublime and lofty attached to this mode of building. I have never yet contemplated a Gothic structure, without thinking that I ought to kneel down and worship the Deity, who speaks so clearly and distinctly to our sensitive hearts in the splendour of the whole fabric, and in the beauty of the minutest part of it. Far from exciting this sensation, the Freemasons' Lodge appeared to me as if built upon a small scale, and sketched by a master of ordinary talents. I do not pretend to say that the dimensions were incorrect, but certainly tasteless. The ornamental part seemed out of place; and where there were no

ornaments, the nakedness was obvious. The architecture of most public and private buildings in America is, unfortunately, copied partly from England, partly from Italy, and even from Greece; but is seldom preserved in its original taste. The temple of Theseus at Athens, St. Peter's at Rome, and a house in Regent Street, London, are all mixed together; and out of this variety a whole is produced, which is denominated American architecture. "The genius of architecture," says Jefferson, this acute and experienced judge of the fine arts, "seems to have shed her maledictions over this land."

During the whole of my journey through the United States, I never saw a house that could be compared to any of the palaces in the Old World; nor did I, in fact, expect it; but the recollection of Athens and Rome had, since my youth, so strongly impressed upon my mind the idea that no Republics could exist without a forum, decorated with statues, temples, triumphal arches, and palaces, that it was not without difficulty I changed my opinion, and began to conceive that liberty, glory, and patriotism, may even thrive in common dwellings, without statues, without temples, without triumphal arches, without

palaces. But America is still a young Republic; the time may yet come when forums and arches will be raised.

"A Republican Government can in no manner more appropriately exhibit its magnificence than by the grandeur or beauty of its public structures. A noble hall, for the purposes of legislation or justice, or a grand pile of buildings for the uses of learning, is the immediate property of the people, and forms a portion of the inheritance of the humblest citizen. An enlightened patriotism should, indeed, rest upon much more solid ground; but no man, who knows and feels that, even in our best and wisest moments, we can never become wholly creatures of reason, will object to the aid of local pride and natural association, to strengthen and animate his love of country. The ancient legislators understood the force of such principles well. In the mind of an ancient Greek, the history of his country, her solemn festivals, her national rites, her legislation, her justice, were indissolubly combined with the images of every thing that was beautiful or sublime in art." Thus speaks one of America's greatest statesmen and orators, when alluding to the architecture of his own country. I mention this as a

proof that my opinion in regard to American architecture is corroborated by one of her own sons,* and that this art, which approaches nearest Nature's greatness and sublimity, now forms a subject of deep contemplation with thinking men in America. May then the curse, which Mr. Jefferson asserts has been heaped over the country by an angry genius, soon be converted into tenderness, and this art not fail to overtake her sisters, who have already considerably distanced her!

The Freemasons erected this building at their own expence; but, suspicions having shortly afterwards gained ground that they had clandestinely made away with an individual who suddenly disappeared, this event produced so great an effect on the State government, that a law was promulgated, enacting that no more lodges would be tolerated in Massachusetts. Under these circumstances, they were obliged to let the hall for public meetings, &c; and it was at one of these I was for the first time introduced into this building. One of the Temperance Societies, so numerous in America, had there

* G. C. Verplanck, member of Congress for the State of New York in 1833. Vide his masterly speech, delivered in May, 1824, on "The Fine Arts in America."

a public meeting. I lost no time in attending it, curious to know what progress these associations had made in the country in which they had at first originated.

The baneful and dangerous influence which intemperance has every where exerted on the moral and physical condition of man is a subject seriously occupying the attention of every Christian and philanthropist. Instances of suicides, committed under the effect of inebriety, are of common occurrence in America as well as in England. The ocean checks not this killing propensity. Once addicted to the demoralizing habit, the votary is precisely the same, whether he be an inhabitant of the shores of Albion, of the mountains of Scandinavia, or a backwoodsman in North America. Ardent spirit is an idol, equally worshipped under the starry sky of the north and the burning sun of the tropics: every where the pernicious effects are the same. Considerable quantities of rum and whisky, both of execrable quality, are consumed in the United States, particularly in the western parts, where they are continually in requisition. Spirituous liquors are sold in all directions. In the towns it is next to impossible to proceed fifty yards without meeting what is

called a "grog shop," where bottles filled with the tempting liquid adorn the windows. Again, in the country, there is scarcely a house where whisky is not sold, and a kind of drinking room established. When travelling by the mail or stage, passengers generally get out every time the coach stops to change or water horses, in order to moisten their palates. On board steamboats there is, if I may be allowed the expression, a kind of *perpetuum mobile* of circulating tankards, filled with brandy and water, punch, sangarie, and other compounds.

Of such a variety are the different mixtures composed, that it requires a long time and no ordinary degree of acuteness to get acquainted with their denomination. I remember once, in one of the larger towns west of the Alleghany Mountains, overhearing a conversation between two respectable individuals, as to the best place of taking a sip in the morning; when one of the parties affirmed, on the salvation of his soul, that none could make a better mint-julep than Mr. A.; whilst his opponent called heaven and earth to witness that no living being had as yet excelled Mr. B. in the art of concocting whisky-punch.

From all this one is apt to infer that inebriated persons are every where to be seen; but this is far from being the case. In no country I have hitherto visited have I seen so few drunken people in the streets as in America; and, during a whole winter's residence in New York, the largest city in the Union, I can safely assert that I only saw a few intoxicated stragglers, and they were mostly foreigners. This general addiction to hard drinking is, however, more conspicuous in the States most remote from the Atlantic Ocean, although pretty prevalent in the eastern ones also. The majority of crimes are fostered and committed under the influence of this vice; in the prisons, the proportion of criminals addicted to this propensity to those who are not is as three and a half or four to one. In the State prison at Auburn, for instance, there was, according to the report for 1833, of the former number five hundred and eight, whilst of the latter, only one hundred and seventy-five.

"Four-fifths of all crimes committed in the United States," says Mr. Grundy, senator for Tennessee, a gentleman whose legal experience is of thirty years' standing, "may be traced to drunkenness as the prime cause."

"Were it possible," remarks Mr. Wirt, another profound American lawyer, to "obtain statistical details of unfortunate families and individuals, and at the same time ascertain the real cause of their misery, I feel persuaded that, in nine cases out of ten, perhaps even a larger proportion, the use of ardent spirits would materially have contributed to this state of things." "Of seventy-seven persons," says the fifth report of the American Temperance Society for 1832, "found dead in various places in the country, sixty-seven were declared by the coroner's inquest to have perished from excessive drinking."

With similar and many other facts before us, it is no wonder that a radical reform, as far as it could be effected, was seriously contemplated; and the first Temperance Society was in consequence instituted in Massachusetts. It is, in truth, a subject of strange contemplation that, in the nineteenth century, we Christians, who consider ourselves so superior to all other religious sects on the face of the earth, should endeavour to abolish drunkenness, a vice which already in the seventh century ceased to exist among the uncivilized adherents of Mahomet. But better late than never. America has given the first

impulse: Europe listens with attention to the result.

In the State of New York alone, there were already in 1832 one thousand one hundred and forty-five Temperance Societies, and in the whole Union, about the same time, more than five thousand similar associations. One million five hundred thousand persons had left off the use of strong liquors, and bound themselves not to procure any for other people. That these societies make incredible progress, and do much public good, is daily perceived by the diminished quantity of ardent spirits distilled in the country, and by the lessened importation from foreign parts. Great quantities of this article were formerly made in the New England States; many of these distilleries are now discontinued. In Boston, there was a general outcry among the sellers of spirits, against the ruinous tendency of the Temperance Societies; they went even so far as to give vent to their displeasure in the public prints. But this did not prevent the success of the good cause.

The importation of spirits into the United States, in the year 1824, amounted to five millions, two hundred and eighty-five thousand gallons; and in 1830, only to one million, one

hundred and ninety-five thousand, showing a difference in consumption of four millions, ninety thousand gallons in the course of six years, whilst the home distilleries declined in the same proportion. According to the first report of the American Temperance Society, the cost of ardent spirits consumed in the country exceeded forty millions of dollars per annum. The number of individuals who, by indulgence in this vice, descend to a premature grave, was calculated, according to the same authority, to be no less than about thirty thousand every year. Both these amounts are now upon the decline; and the numerous humane friends attached to these useful and praiseworthy associations anticipate with confidence the period when drunken scenes will be as seldom witnessed as they are now of common occurrence.

On leaving the meeting in question, in company with a clergyman from one of the Southern States, this gentleman related to me an anecdote, illustrative of the difficulty of converting a person once addicted to drunkenness. "If it be true," said he, "that man carries with him his passions and vices into the other world, it may reasonably be inferred that a drunkard continues the same

there, if it be in his power to gratify his desires. A very respectable individual in Virginia," added he, "indulged in this propensity, and was continually in a state of intoxication, although his friends incessantly warned him of the danger he incurred of suddenly ending his life under the influence of liquor. This friendly advice, however, was totally disregarded; he apostrophised, and called them fanatics, whose only object was to deprive him of his sole earthly enjoyment; and he continued his indulgence. One day, being as usual overloaded with spirits, and unconscious of what he did, his friends determined to try an experiment, namely, whether fear would make any impression upon him. They accordingly procured a coffin, wrapped him up in a winding sheet, and lowered it into one of the deepest pits of a neighbouring coal-mine. Darkness and silence dwelt in this frightful abode. After a while the drunkard recovered his senses. A few minutes' reflexion induced him to believe that he was actually dead, and that his friends were in the right. 'Well! is it at length come so far?' exclaimed he; 'I am then no more! But am I really dead?' The friends who stood near him unseen answered with an

impressive voice: 'Yes, you are unquestionably dead, and buried too.' Shortly afterwards they appeared before him in disguise, with tapers in their hands, and raised the trembling man in order to inflict, by way of punishment, a sound bastinado. He now fancied himself in a real purgatory, and pitifully implored forgiveness for past trespasses; but they appeared inexorable, and continued the chastisement until perfectly exhausted; they then retired, after having again inclosed the unfortunate man in the coffin. On hearing them take leave, he called out lustily, and in a supplicating tone: 'Halloo! Halloo! Mr. D—l, wouldn't you be so kind as to procure me something to drink?'"

A custom very prevalent in Boston is to perform serenades at night time, for the edification of the fair sex. A young American proposed to me one evening to accompany him on a similar excursion. I accepted the offer, and repaired to the spot agreed upon, where four or five young men were already in attendance. Provided with a guitar and a flute, we started about midnight, and proceeded, in the first instance, to a house in the lower part of the town, the residence of one

of the belles of the city. In full imitation of the Italian fashion, we were wrapped up in cloaks, and formed a group exactly under the window stated to belong to the bed-chamber of the lady. The first piece performed was a duo between the two instruments; subsequently followed songs, with accompaniments. Within a few moments our attention was arrested by the noise of a window softly opening. I tried in vain to recognise some of the listeners; the darkness of the room, however, prevented me from distinguishing any object within. Our persons must, however, have been easily discernible in the bright moonlight; for, a few days afterwards, the same ladies told me unhesitatingly that I had formed one of the party. It may be easily imagined how sentimental were the tones which pierced the ears of the listening fair ones, enhanced as they were by a beautiful moon — an invariable friend to serenades — and in what a delightful mood the young gentlemen must have been, after singing and playing a dozen difficult airs. How the ladies in the window felt when the music ceased is not within my province to determine. The whole company, actors and audience, appeared, nevertheless, to part under

visible feelings of melancholy; and I hastened, half frozen, to my hotel, to dream of finding myself once more in *la bella Italia*, listening to her nightly serenades.

During all this time the cholera raged with the utmost virulence in New York and its vicinity. The dreadful epidemic had, on the 21st July, reached its climax. But, though it was on the decline in August, and had entirely ceased about the middle of September, still the panic prevailed every where in the country: so great indeed was the apprehension, that people were afraid of their own shadows, and abandoned friends and relatives, if either had the misfortune to be attacked by this frightful scourge.

The following occurrence took place about this period, and illustrates unequivocally the terror generally experienced: an old man, of the name of Ballow, above fourscore, was suddenly seized with the disorder, whilst travelling in the stage between New York and Providence. The other passengers in the coach, fearful of infection, positively refused to allow him to remain inside, insisting that the driver should take him on the coach-box. The unhappy man was obliged to yield, although so reduced by weakness

as hardly to be able to hold fast. Neither money nor entreaties could induce any of them to allow him a place inside; and, as there happened to be a public hospital in the town through which they passed for the reception of cholera patients, the old man was left in the open street. No one dared to approach him: when it was absolutely necessary to pass that way, persons hastened by at as great a distance from him as possible.

At length one individual, prompted by a large reward, was prevailed upon to convey him in a cart to a place called Cumberland, the very spot to which, in the first instance, he intended to proceed. On the following morning the poor patient was found lying on the steps of a neighbouring house. When he arrived at Cumberland, his place of nativity, where his brother was residing, he ordered the driver to set him down at the house of the latter; but — would this act of cruelty and barbarity be believed? — even here the doors were shut against him. A barn, an uninhabited outhouse, was assigned to him as a lodging. And in this very barn, belonging to a brother, the helpless old man was suffered to expire alone and abandoned by the whole world; his lips parched with thirst,

and crawling under an accumulation of the most excruciating sufferings, which never quitted him till life was extinct. A doctor, it is true, was called in; but the pulse had already ceased to beat. He found only a lifeless corpse stretched on the straw. Is there a heart that can help feeling the deepest sympathy for an old man of eighty-five, who had travelled a distance of several hundred miles from Ohio, solely with a view of once more beholding the place that gave him birth, and of embracing, for the last time, his only remaining brother, and who, on arriving at the spot where he first saw the light, finds every avenue closed, and the same brother turning him adrift to end his sufferings in a desolate barn?

This was indeed a subject that could not escape the attention of the philanthropic and public-spirited inhabitants of Boston. A cholera hospital was immediately established, which, though not very large, proved in the sequel sufficiently spacious for the city. A society was also formed under the denomination of "Relief Association," whose object was to assist and relieve all those who happened to be attacked with the disease. Every class took part in it. Not only young and

old bachelors became members; elderly and married people, with wives and children, also enlisted. With the latter the risk was naturally greater, as they might possibly, after attending their duty, bring contagion into their families; but, despite all this, rich and poor added their names to the list. Enthusiasm spread with the utmost rapidity; all were hearty in the cause. Animated by the impulse of example, the citizens waited with perfect resignation the approach of the disorder. They formed themselves into a kind of humane fraternity, determined to devote their lives to the cause of suffering fellow-creatures. The dreaded foe, however, made no serious attack: a few isolated cases only occurred. Thus did Boston, by the protecting hand of Providence, and by the firmness, prudence, and timely arrangements, of its citizens, escape a visitation, which proved so fatal in many places.

The following rules were adopted by this benevolent Association:

Whereas a number of citizens, resident in districts where cholera has made its appearance, have been seized with panic, and under its influence abandoned the sick without aid or attention, by which neglect many fatal cases have occurred, it has been deemed expedient, with a view to restore public confidence, and to check the calamity as far as possible, to form an Association, the members of

which hereby bind themselves to succour and assist the sick, and take especial care that proper attention be paid to them.

1st. This Society to be called " Relief Association."

2nd. The members are divided into sixteen Committees, according to the different wards in the city; the duties are limited to their own ward — they have no connexion with each other.

3rd. Each Committee has the right to elect its own President, or Vice President.

4th. The Presidents of these Committees form collectively a Central Committee, which meets for mutual deliberations, and is empowered to vary the appointments of the Ward Committees, by exchanging the members, so as to make the duties and labours fall equally on every one.

5th. As soon as a member is called upon to assist a patient, he must immediately either repair in person to the sick bed, or without delay procure the attendance of a doctor, and see that every care be taken of the patient.

6th. The President of each Ward Committee must state to the Secretary of the Central Committee the name and place of residence of each member. He is also bound to make a regular report to said Secretary, in case any of the members are prevented from attending to their duty, or wish to leave the city.

7th. All funds, collected by subscriptions, to promote the object of this Association, are to be distributed by the Central Committee among the Ward Committees, and all accounts are afterwards to be examined by the former.

CHAPTER VIII.

J'aime à me peindre un vrai citoyen meditant dans son cabinet solitaire: la patrie est à ses côtés, la justice et l'humanité sont devant lui, les fantômes des malheureux l'environnent, la pitié l'agite, et des larmes coulent de ses yeux.

THOMAS.

No city in the whole Union has so many public institutions, having more or less benevolence and instruction for their object, as Boston. I shall only mention a few of the principal ones, as their number does not permit me to enlarge so fully on their merits as I could wish.

Among these, the Lyceum of Boston unquestionably occupies a prominent place. It was founded, if I mistake not, about the year 1829, and has ever since met with great success. This excellent institution is divided in classes, devoted to different sciences, such as mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy, &c. The annual lectures have been numerously attended, and justly appreciated by

visiters. The Lyceum has several branch establishments, some in Massachusetts, some in other States, and thereby materially contributes to the propagation of general knowledge.

The Mechanics' Lyceum is not exactly on the same plan as the former, but has, nevertheless, done a great deal of good among that class of citizens whose name it bears. I was confidently assured that many of its members are men of no ordinary information. The society publishes a periodical, called "The Young Mechanic," which possesses merit, and gains an increased circulation.

The Mechanics' Association and the Mechanics' Institution are two other societies, totally distinct from each other, but having also the advancement of knowledge for their aim. The first-mentioned is the oldest of its kind in Boston, composed exclusively of masters. Lectures are delivered here weekly in the winter season, and alms distributed with a liberal hand to distressed fellow-mechanics. The other, again, is accessible to all classes of mechanics; lectures are here also delivered. It possesses a small collection of implements suitable for the different wants of the members.

The Association of Mechanics' Apprentices is one of the most remarkable institutions in the city. Apprentices here deliver lectures every week, which, at times, are so sensible and well turned that they would not disgrace even literary men. A speech, made by one of these individuals, at a late annual meeting, actually breathed, in some places, strains of eloquence and poetry. Young members, whose means do not permit the expence of an education, may here receive it gratis. A library, by no means inconsiderable, belongs to the institution, to which a collection of natural and mechanical curiosities has lately been added.

The Society for the Propagation of Useful Knowledge also originated in Boston. It has already published several works under the name of "American Miscellanies of Useful Knowledge," which answers the purpose remarkably well. The publications are sold at a very cheap rate, and contain information of great public utility. It would be a desideratum, indeed, if every city in the world could boast of a similar society. The march of intellect would then rapidly advance: slaves, now sunk into an abject state of ignorance and degradation, groaning under the

yoke of tyranny and oppression, would then no longer bear the delusive quiet of their dungeons, but endeavour to shake off the fetters. Reflection is the natural offspring of an enlightened mind. It engenders a desire to recover rights inherent in man. Passiveness of thought gives way to a more active development of the faculties. The bonds of subserviency are gradually broken asunder; and the mind, once unshackled, breathes anew a pure and free atmosphere. Thus it is that an intellectual effort, sooner than violent and reprehensible measures, slowly, but with more certainty, prepares the attainment of an object of vital importance to the human heart — public and private liberty all over the world.

The Young Men's Association for the Propagation of Science and Literature; The Young Men's Benevolent Society; The Young Men's Society for Intellectual and Moral Exercises; The Young Men's (of the Baptist sect) Education Society: — these are the names of four of the principal societies created by the young men of Boston. The two first have already effected much good in their particular branches. The third was only formed a few months ago; it has an

excellent collection of books, and several convenient saloons, where members, as well as strangers, have frequent opportunities of forming many interesting acquaintances, enjoying good company, and, at the same time, improving their minds by useful books and general conversation. The fourth is chiefly intended to form able clergymen, the great scarcity of whom is severely felt by the community. It would be no easy matter to imagine, at a distance, the indefatigable zeal displayed by this as well as by every other sect in the pursuit of its object. I know persons, particularly in Massachusetts (which may be called the school for the education system, now spreading all over the world), who sacrifice time, repose, and property, for the success of the good cause. Not content with labouring for their own country — offering, no doubt, a sufficient field for their exertions — they extend their liberal views to Asia, Africa, and Europe. At Burmah, at Siam, at the different African settlements, in many of the European States even, their missionaries are invariably found, whose education has been properly and carefully attended to before they were sent on their remote expeditions.

Societies of this description are annually increasing in the Northern States of the Union; and the friends of religion fondly anticipate the time when the true Gospel shall be promulgated in the North as well as the South, by such men only as possess intellectual capacity for preaching the commands of the Almighty.

Among the associations in Boston remarkable in their kind is that of the Peace Society; it has many adherents in the country. Its object is to inculcate a general aversion to war, as perfectly irreconcileable with the principles of the Christian faith. "War is an immoral pursuit," said one of the members of the Society to me; "for the doctrine of the Redeemer was mildness, and effusion of blood and murder were foreign to him. War is even unnecessary, and history proves it. Does victory always crown a just cause? or success compensate for the blood spilt — for the hatred excited in the vanquished — or for that vindictive feeling which lies dormant, and only ceases with life? Envy, misrepresentation, and, above all, personal considerations, too often engender hostilities. Ambition and revenge not unfrequently induce a chief to launch the firebrand among millions;

and these, to show their subserviency, cut down and murder each other. For these acts of wantonness, so revolting to humanity, they are rewarded, acquire renown, and an immortal name.

"Christianity and philanthropy show us, however, that one nation seldom thrives on the ruins of another; that the prosperity of our neighbour invariably operates beneficially on our own. Could not a better tribunal be found, for the settlement of differences between nations, than an appeal to arms? Is there not enough of misery, disease, and trouble in the world? Whichever way we turn, do we hear of anything but misfortunes and acts of violence? To remedy these ought to be the real field for the exercise of true and meritorious heroism. To improve mankind, and lighten the sum of misery, this is the only glory worthy of man. Patience, self-denial, courage, and reason, are qualities not less required on the field of benevolence than on that of battle. Divest poetical descriptions of heroic deeds, so enchanting to our youthful ears, of their exaggerated and lofty garb, and substitute the form of simple truth, and the brilliancy of warlike achievements will soon vanish before our too blinded

imagination. But if, after all, the doctrine should still prevail that war is indispensable, then the formation of Peace Societies become the more important, to proclaim to the world the absolute necessity of a Christian love for peace.

"Oh! could I but live to see the day when my beloved country, ruled by principles of peace and justice, and relying entirely on the protection of the Almighty, shall relinquish the idea of threatening the world with her fleets!"

Besides the institutions just mentioned, there are the Massachusetts' Public Hospital, the Lunatic Asylum, the State Prison in Charlestown, Day and Sunday Schools, all deserving the attention of strangers.

According to the information I received on the spot, the number of young men wholly devoted to study in Massachusetts, and whose age varied from fifteen to twenty, amounted to twenty-four thousand eight hundred and fifty. In the city of Boston alone, there were, in the year 1833, no less than three thousand three hundred and fifty children educated at the public expence. The charges are defrayed by the State, and amounted, in the year 1832, to fifty-six thousand nine hundred and forty-

seven dollars, forty-one cents. It often happens that, after all current expences are paid, a surplus arises out of the taxes raised. Whenever this occurs, this sum is applied to the building of new schools, or to improving the old. This surplus has, upon several occasions, exceeded forty thousand dollars a year.

Independently of the children just stated, the Sunday Schools also educate a large proportion, who are all instructed in the Christian faith. The latter establishments have of late been very successful in this State, as well as in various parts of the Union, and may be called the religious Lancasterian system. One of these Sunday Schools, the members of which belong to the sect of Baptists, whose headquarters are in Boston, had, in the year 1832, one hundred and forty-four schools, in which thirteen thousand one hundred and twenty young children were instructed by one thousand seven hundred and nineteen teachers.

America, it is well known, has no established religion. Fugitive pilgrims, persecuted in England for their religious opinions, sought in the New World that liberty of conscience which was denied them in the Old. Every

opinion of the Deity was here unshackled. Religion was considered the exclusive property of conscience and God, and exempt from all other constraint. The State was distinct from the Church: neither had a right to interfere with the other, except to protect individuals in the quiet exercise of the creed which they conceived to be the only true one. Even the clergy was in most of the constitutions of the States by particular clauses excluded from all participation in public affairs. Thus one of the most important and eventful experiments, ever attempted upon so extensive a scale, was made, namely, whether religion may be sustained in a country without the protection or support of the Government. The period elapsed since the creation of the Republic certainly speaks in favour of its practicability: how far the experience of future times will justify it I do not venture to anticipate.

This freedom of religion has, however, been the means of forming a great many sects, the names of which, as well as their varied professions, it is no easy matter to enumerate. The difference in many is but trifling, and only perceptible in exterior forms. A great number are solely distinguished by insignifi-

cant modifications of the same creed. When a young clergyman, for instance, commences his career, to gain importance and make proselytes, he generally pretends to deviate from the other followers in the observance of some unmeaning exterior form, without, however, rejecting the fundamental principles upon which the sect is founded. His friends then lose no time in building a church for him. The adherents now meet to listen to the new preacher, and in a short time his congregation becomes so considerable that he obtains a comfortable livelihood by it.

The distinction between all these sects may be classed as follows:

1st. Difference of opinion with regard to the Redeemer.
2nd. Difference of opinion of the clemency of God.
3rd. Difference of opinion as to the forms of worship.

To the first class belong the Unitarians, to the second the Calvinists and others, to the third the Catholics, and a great many more. But, though few men agree in opinion as to the creed, yet it is easily discovered that the basis is the same with every one. As the common name of these sects is Christians, in like manner their different opinions coincide that there exists a Supreme Being, through whose infinite goodness the world is

ruled and supported, and whom we must worship — that Christ was the Messiah alluded to in the Old Testament — that resurrection will take place — and that virtue and vice will, in a future state, receive their respective rewards and punishments. This bond of union, equally powerful in America as in Europe, which keeps together the prosaic Unitarians and the superstitious Catholics — although otherwise so widely different in their belief — does it not, I ask, establish the expediency of a general and free doctrine all over the world? Why should not a Lutheran be allowed to worship his Creator in the manner he conceives the most proper, in a country where perhaps the number of Catholics is greater than that of Protestants, and *vice versa?* Are not both Christians? Can there be any difference before the throne of the Almighty between a follower of the Pope, who offers his prayers in a kneeling posture, and a Protestant, who performs the same holy office standing? Is it not enough that he is a pious man? What more do we want to know?

The Calvinists have the greatest number of adherents in the United States. Next to them come the Methodists, Presbyterians,

Orthodox Congregationalists, Catholics, and followers of the Episcopal Church. In the New England States, the Congregationalists and the Presbyterians are the most numerous: but in the State of New York, the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Methodists, take the lead. In New Jersey and Delaware, the Presbyterians are the most numerous: in Pennsylvania they are also first; and then follow the Calvinists, Lutherans, and Quakers. In Maryland, Florida, and Louisiana, there are mostly Catholics: in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Methodists: in Georgia, Baptists and Methodists: in the Western States, the Methodists stand foremost, and are estimated at eight hundred thousand; next to them, follow the Baptists, seven hundred thousand; Presbyterians, five hundred and fifty thousand; Catholics, four hundred and fifty thousand; and so on.*

I was fortunate enough to procure an approximating statement of all the different sects in the United States, which I hereby annex for the information of the reader.

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* Vide History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley, by Flint.

SECTS.	Preachers.	Congregations and Churches.	Followers.
Calvinist-Baptists	2914	4384	2,744,000
Free-will Baptists	300	400	150,000
Free Communion Baptists	30		30,000
Seventh-day Baptists	30	40	20,000
Six-Principle Baptists	25	30	20,000
Emancipator Baptists	15		4,500
Methodists of the Episcopal Church	1777		2,600,000
Various Associations of Methodists	350		175,000
Presbyterians (General Assembly)	1801	2253	1,800,000
Cumberland's Presbyterians	50	75	100,000
Various Associations of Presbyterians	74	144	100,000
Congregationalists, Orthodox	1000	1381	1,260,000
Unitarians	160	193	176,000
Catholics		784	800,000
Followers of the Episcopal Church	558	922	600,000
Universalists	150	300	500,000
Lutherans	205	1200	400,000
German Reformed Church	84	400	200,000
Dutch Reformed Church	159	602	125,000
Christians	200	800	275,000
Quakers, or Friends		462	200,000
Mennonites	200		120,000
Tunkers, or Dunkers	40	40	30,000
Moravians, or United Brethren	23	23	7,000
Shakers	45	15	6,000
Swedenborgians	30	28	5,000
Jews, and other Nondescript Sects		150	50,000

To enter into an analysis, and distinguish the difference between each of these sects, would be a task which my limits do not permit; I will therefore only succinctly touch on the principal ones. The Baptists, more numerous than the others, deserve the first place. Their doctrine is founded on the belief that baptism ought not only to consist in the act of sprinkling holy water, but to dip also the

whole body in it, and further, that baptism should only be performed on full grown persons, and exclusively on those who sincerely confess and repent their trespasses, and are worthy of being admitted brethren of the Union. The Calvinist-Baptists believe entirely in predestination, and affirm that, by his sufferings and death, the Redeemer washed out the sins of those only who were chosen. But though differing in some trifling points with each other, they agree upon one important principle, equally desirable to all, namely, the propagation of the beneficial light of the Gospel. Their missionaries are every where to be found. In the remotest parts of the United States — in those regions where no white man ever dared to penetrate among the buffalo-hunting Indians — in Liberia (the new founded settlement on the coast of Africa of emancipated Negroes from America,) in the midst of the heathens of Burmah and Siam — even in enlightened France — these missionaries are to be found, establishing schools. It redounds not a little to the honour of the Baptists that they do not lose sight of the offspring of the unhappy beings whose extermination has been nearly effected by too close a connexion with the Whites.

"It is with deep regret we find," observe the members of the committee appointed in the year 1832, in speaking of the Indian Missionaries, in the seventh triennial meeting of the general congregation of Baptists at New York, "that the mass of Indians are unceremoniously swept away by the tide of destruction. Deprived of the inheritance of their ancestors, driven from their last asylum, obstructed in the exercise of their craft, humbled by irksome dependence, despised by neighbours, and wounded to the quick by a series of unjust acts, all chances of relief are obscured before their eyes; and they sink into a state of despondency, the natural consequence of a distracted mind. Let us not forget that this Indian race are our neighbours, and that their population once amounted to millions, when left in peaceable possession of the country we now inhabit. Their number has sensibly diminished by emigrants settled among them, indifferent as to their temporal or spiritual welfare. Should we not incur the just wrath of Heaven, if we abandoned them at this critical moment? We rejoice to think that the efforts of the missionaries may hereafter be productive of some permanent relief to our Indian brethren.

Already a great number have removed behind the shores of the Missouri — there is a wide field indeed for the missionaries!"

The zeal with which these persevering men labour for the success of their good cause is almost incredible. No pains, no obstacles, no maladies, can possibly dissuade them from exposing their persons to the dangers incidental among savages, or to the almost certain sacrifice of life in the unhealthy climate of India, whence few missionaries ever return to their native soil. This premature dissolution does not, however, discourage a single individual from proceeding on his praiseworthy pursuit. They hardly perceive the destructive effect of an Indian sun till death has marked them for his own. Fearlessly they traverse the sandy deserts of Africa, and never quit the improving and flourishing Negro colony in Liberia, till they have inculcated Christianity among the inhabitants.

But no project on the part of the missionaries attracted more attention in America than that of sending agents to France. Nothing showed more clearly the religious enthusiasm which inspires the sect. A few extracts from a speech delivered by one of the most eloquent and active men among the Bap-

tists will not, I think, be unacceptable to the reader, as showing an attempt to prove the necessity of a similar step. "France," it says, "is in great want of missionaries. Christianity is there nearly extinguished. The sacredness of the Sabbath is abolished. Neither religious instruction nor devotion is to be found. The king reviews his troops; apprentices and artisans attend to their every-day business; the theatres are crowded with people; Charlatans continue their harvest among the credulous; the sounds of music are heard from every hotel; and the whole country is nothing but a scene of vice and profanation. Now is the time for us to act; every thing is ready; the Holy Bible is there accessible. France, once restored to religious sentiments, will, by the propagation of holy books, set a fine example to surrounding nations in Europe, and richly and nobly not only provide for herself, but enlist faithful servants in her cause. We, more than any other Christian nation, are bound to remember France in this awful crisis. Need I advert to the assistance she tendered our ancestors in time of need? Let us repay this loan of fleets and armies by sending her the Holy Gospel! The example of our democrats

has shaken every throne. We have shown to the world the errors of governments and the rights of nations. We have disturbed all Europe. The contest shall not cease in France, nor shall our matchless institutions obtain any stability there, till the moral character of the people has been entirely renovated. Great misfortunes and changes must inevitably continue, blood be shed, anarchy triumph, till principles of virtue and truth preponderate. The people must be *taught* to obey, and *taught* to command. All this can only be effected by the Christian faith."

The sect of Baptists gained, in the year 1832, an accession of about fifty thousand members. During the same period, four hundred and thirty-eight new congregations were formed, and two hundred and nineteen new clergymen ordained, being at the rate of one preacher to two congregations: from the whole number of both, all over the United States, an aggregate of three of the latter to four and a half of the former appears. In the States east of the Alleghany Mountains, the proportion is about two preachers to three congregations: in the western again one to two. This is, in truth, a lamentable circumstance; but, as the subject now seriously occupies the attention

of all Baptist associations, it is to be hoped that, in the course of time, a sufficient number of clergymen will be supplied. Societies are also formed for the specific object of giving a suitable education to young persons intending to devote their time to the promotion of missionary pursuits, affording the needy every possible support and assistance. The nineteenth annual report of the Northern Baptists' Education Society states as follows:

"Hitherto, little attention has been paid to the education of our clergymen. It is a notorious and lamentable fact, that barely one in fifty of our preachers has received the first rudiments of an English education. Most of them have been taken from the class of farmers or agriculturists, and have always been distinguished for piety and good practical common sense. Considered as preachers, they have been honest and laborious, many even gifted with extraordinary natural endowments, which, if cultivated, might have paved the way to the highest distinctions. Agriculturists are always the first to advance in a new country, till they are dispersed over the whole surface: such was also the case with our priests. As culture and refinement progressively advanced, so they gradually quitted their pris-

tine abodes, and the consequence was, that they accompanied the great mass of people which emigrated to regions as yet uninhabited. This explains why Baptists are so dispersed all over the country. The country having undergone a complete change, the illiterate clergy have lost all prospect of success. Knowledge and improvements have made great progress: the nation participates in the general prosperity. Regions in the country, which a few years ago were but deserts, have now sprung up into villages and towns, which are the seat of wealth, knowledge, and cultivated taste; to retrograde is therefore impossible. One alternative is now left—either to give our clergymen a better education, or to abandon the field to others. The utmost attention is paid to accomplish the first object, by the care displayed in forming able preachers. Theological institutions are maintained at their expense, and the qualifications required from each clergyman not inconsiderable. "We shall soon be able," said one of the followers of this sect to me, "to send a whole phalanx of preachers all over the world."

As Philadelphia may be called the Capital of the Quakers in America, and Baltimore

that of the Catholics, so may also Boston be ranked as the seat of the Unitarians. The principles of this last mentioned sect deserve, in justice, the name of "Liberal Religion!" Reason and conscience are, according to the tenets of its adherents, the only true guide through life. They believe nothing which is not clearly seen and demonstrated; miracles are rejected as incomprehensible; there is no enthusiasm among them; their doctrine is always confined to plain prosaic expressions: lofty poetry — that strain of figurative language, which for centuries past has made so many millions of martyrs — is entirely excluded. No axiom is more applicable to the pensive, serious, and scrutinizing inhabitant of the New England States than this: "What I do not understand, I reject as worthless and false." So said one of the most learned men in Boston to me — "Why occupy the mind with what is incomprehensible? Have we not enough of that which appears clear and plain around us?"

The followers of Unitarianism contend that like every thing else in the world, religion is exposed to changes and vicissitudes. The Christian faith—such as preached by the apostles — was suited for that parti-

cular age. In the ages that followed, it was not preserved in its pristine purity. One addition after another, and one alteration worse than the other, soon converted it into a convenient engine for disguising crimes of every kind. The reformation in Germany undoubtedly unravelled the holy truth from its dark recesses; but the purification did not go so far as the real friends of the Christian faith had wished. Darkness still remained. It was then Unitarianism sprung up, and all was light.

Those who profess the tenets of this sect do not believe in the Trinity: they contend that Christ was a great prophet, but had no divine inspiration. Repentance and an unimpeachable life, they say, are sufficient to obtain God's forgiveness. The martyrdom of Christ did not make God better disposed towards us than he was before. He only requires a true repentance from the sinner, and he forgives the past.

'The greater part of the Bostonians, including every one of wealth, talents, and learning, have adopted this doctrine.' I had frequent opportunities of hearing their principal preachers. Generally speaking, they possessed much dignity, both in delivery and action,

explaining the discourse in a simple, conversation-like manner. Metaphors or poetical allusions were never introduced. The sermon, from beginning to end, appeared to me as a conversation in a room between a father and his children. The service in other respects differed very little from that of the Episcopal Church, but it was considerably shorter.

CHAPTER IX.

Les Revenants et les Sorciers plaisent au peuple, comme aux hommes éclairés; c'est une disposition qu' inspirent assez naturellement les longues nuits des climats septentrionaux.

DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

HAVING spent a few weeks most agreeably in Boston, I proceeded on my journey to the other States situated still more to the northward.

Charlestown, the first place I visited, is contiguous to Boston, and connected with it by means of two long bridges. It is a small town of little note, distinguished only as being one of the naval stations of the United States. One of the officers belonging to this service, remarkable for his politeness, accompanied me on my visit to view the station. It is far from being completed: even the plan of the proposed basin was very little advanced; but workmen were actively employed in constructing and widening the place. Among the finished parts may be

mentioned the residence of the commodore, the barracks, stores, and forges. A spacious dock, without exception the finest and largest in the United States, was then being constructed when I visited Charlestown the first time. Before I left the States, this stupendous work was already completed. The dock, built of granite, is finished in a style that reflects the greatest credit on the builder; it is two hundred and ten feet in length, and roomy enough for the largest battle ship. The water is pumped out by a steam-engine. Two gates, of which one is floating, arrest the influx of the sea. The stonework alone is stated to have consisted of no less than five hundred thousand cubic feet.

Several men-of-war, frigates, and sloops, were lying there dismantled, and partly covered by houses or sheds erected for that purpose. All the ships are built of live oak, or *quercus sempervirens*, which grows in the Southern States. This building material is well known as being particularly hard, compact, and durable, and, consequently well calculated for the construction of ships.

Among the vessels shown to me was one whose fame had already reached my ears, and with which every one in America, old

and young, is acquainted. This was the Constitution, a frigate of forty-four guns. She is one of the oldest ships in the American navy, was built in Boston, in the year 1797, and has upon various occasions showed her prowess in combating the English and the Tripolitans. Fortune has every where favoured her: not only has she escaped from far superior enemies, but has been victorious in several rencontres, capturing frigates, corvettes, and sloops of war, and carrying home a number of prisoners. For these repeated deeds of valour, she was called by the honourable name, "Old Ironside," by which she is distinguished to this very day. She is the pride and boast of Americans, particularly of the Bostonians, with whom she is a darling object. Few men-of-war have done more than this ship. Whenever Old Ironside proceeds to sea, all eyes are fixed upon her, confident that she will give a good account of herself: on returning, she is enthusiastically greeted by the whole nation.

At one extremity of Charlestown, there are two hills, called Breed's Hill and Bunker's Hill, known in history as the spots where one of the battles was fought during the revolutionary war, in which the Americans were

obliged to give way. This took place in the year 1775, and has, strange enough, been called the battle of Bunker's Hill, although, properly speaking, it ought to have gone by the name of Breed's Hill, where the fight actually took place. Fifty years subsequently to this event, or in the year 1825, in the presence of General Lafayette and a number of revolutionary officers and soldiers, the foundation-stone was laid for a granite monument in the shape of an obelisk. The work, however, went on but slowly, and even in 1833 it was far from being completed.

The distance from Charlestown to Lynn is only a few miles. This little town, one of the oldest in the Union, has a population exclusively devoted to the manufacturing of shoes. Of six thousand inhabitants, one fourth may be said to be shoemakers. Some of the masters employ fifty workmen, and it was reported that one of them could turn out twelve hundred pair a week, being, if we take twelve hours in the day, at the rate of one pair of shoes for every fourth minute. The annual quantity of boots and shoes manufactured at this place amounts to a million, the greater part of which are disposed of in the Southern States. Contracts are

generally made beforehand with the manufacturers. In every house in the town, with a few exceptions, workshops are to be seen, and the eye meets nothing but shoemakers at their last. This is truly carrying on the shoemaking business to a great extent.

Salem, also one of the oldest towns in America, was founded in the year 1626, and bore formerly the Indian name of Naumkeag. It contended a long time for commercial supremacy with Boston, but was at length obliged to yield the palm to its too powerful neighbour. Trade and navigation have of late years visibly decreased, and many of the principal inhabitants have in consequence retired from business, while some have removed to Boston. Much wealth is still to be found in Salem, of which the exterior appearance gives at first sight a good idea. The houses are tastefully and ornamentally built. The streets are rather narrow, but a stranger is so pre-occupied with the justly celebrated female beauties of the place as to have no leisure for finding fault with the architectural part of the town.

Salem possesses a museum, the most interesting of its kind in the United States. It belongs to a society, of which no one can

become a member till he has doubled Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. From every part of the world curiosities, antiquities, and costumes, together with other remarkable things, are brought hither, interesting to the antiquarian as well as to the naturalist. No traveller ought to quit this part of the country without visiting the museum of Salem.

Close to the town is Beverley, a small insignificant place, remarkable only in the annals of history, as having formerly contained a superstitious population. Many lives have here been sacrificed; and the barren hill is still in existence, where persons accused of witchcraft were hung up on tall trees. Tradition, exaggerated and fabulous no doubt, points out the place where the witches of old resided. Cotton Mather recounts in a work,* truly original for that age, that the good people who lived near Massachusett's Bay were every night roused from their slumber by the sound of a trumpet, summoning all the witches and demons.

> And there that night the trumpet rang,
> And rock and hill replied,
> And down the glen strange shadows sprang,
> Mortal and fiend—a wizard gang,
> Seen dimly side by side.

* Magnalia, by Cotton Mather.

They gathered there from every land
That sleepeth in the sun;
They came with spell and charm in hand,
Waiting their Master's high command,
Slaves to the Evil One![*]

Newbury Port is a town which has seen its best days: it is now sunk into insignificance. It is situated near the Merrimac, one of the many beautiful rivers which traverse the immense continent of North America. The port is good, but deserted and empty. Within ten years, the bustle and trade have considerably decreased: mackarel-fishing appears to give exclusive support to a declining population. The exterior of the town, the houses, and streets, bespeak its decline.

On leaving this place, and proceeding by the suspension-bridge, built on four arches, and one thousand feet in length, the traveller enters the territory of New Hampshire. In this State are the celebrated White Mountains, the highest in the United States, with the exception of the Rocky Mountains. Among them, Mount Washington rises highest: its summit is five thousand three hundred and fifty feet above the level of Connecticut river, or about six thousand four hundred feet above that of the sea. Besides these mountains,

[*] Legends of New England.

there are several others traversing the State in various directions, interspersed with rich pasturage. Along the coast, nothing but stones, sand, and sterility, is seen ; but in the interior the soil is more fertile, and in many places covered with extensive woods. The climate is healthy, though cold. Concord, the capital, is situate in the middle of the State, on the River Merrimac.

Portsmouth is the most considerable town in New Hampshire, and the only sea-port. It is watered by the river Piscataqua, forming one of the safest harbours in the Union. The environs are embellished by neat country-seats; but the town itself has nothing striking. It has suffered considerably by frequent fires, and, as its trade has been visibly on the decline, no pains have been taken to rebuild the houses. The old town, which has hitherto escaped the effects of conflagrations, has such a wretched appearance that the spectator fancies himself removed to some small European hamlet, just emerged from the horrors of war, pestilence, or persecution. In the midst of these ruins, however, I found a standard of liberty, on the top of which a gilt eagle spread its wide wings ; beneath it, was written, in large characters, that it was erected

for the celebration of the 4th of July, the day on which America declared her independence.

On a small island opposite Portsmouth is another station for the United States Navy, enclosing several ships.

When the traveller leaves the river Piscataqua, he enters the State of Maine: before 1820, it formed part of Massachusetts. Every step indicates an approach to the North: cultivated fields become more rare, the soil appears less yielding, forests increase, the pine — this child of the North — assumes its empire, the neat cottages so conspicuous in the New England States disappear. The whole country has a Northern appearance; and the inhabitants, with their golden locks and rosy cheeks, forcibly reminded me of my own far remote but much-beloved country. During several months in the year, the rivers and lakes are covered with ice, as in Sweden: forests lie under the weight of snow-mountains: fields, rocks, valleys, all are dressed in the white winter mantle. I fancied I recognised the heavy clouds, the fresh air; that I heard the sound of the sleigh bells; and I pictured to myself all the pleasures of a winter's evening, with snow on the ground, and dancing, and singing, and toast-

ing, within doors. Such were the illusions of my fancy, entirely bent on Sweden, when first I entered Maine.

In the course of this day's journey, I passed through the small towns of York, Welles, Kennebunk, and Saco. The road was very indifferent, and the country generally bore the appearance of sterility and uniformity. Several manufactories are established near Saco. Not far from Welles is a rock called Breakneck Hill, forming a cataract forty feet high. According to tradition, a great number of Indians met here a melancholy fate. They were returning from a fishing excursion to the upper part of the river. Surprised by darkness before they arrived at the falls, they despatched a small party to make up a fire on the very rock which divides the cataract, intending thereby to guard against danger. Some Whites residing in the neighbourhood having obtained information of their intention, killed the party thus sent. Combustibles of every description were hastily collected, and a fire lighted on one of the banks below the falls. The Indians, in full reliance on their comrades, did not perceive the stratagem till it was too late to arrest the progress of their boats. All were precipi-

tated down the falls in an instant, and perished by the side of each other, in a common grave.

It is not surprising if these and similar barbarities inspired a deadly hatred and a thirst for vengeance. It was probably under this influence that five hundred Indians are stated to have attacked a small redoubt, situate a short distance from thence, and of which some traces are still left. No white men happened to be in the redoubt when assailed: five women formed the only garrison. These determined to defend themselves, and to sell their lives dearly. Disguised in the attire of men, they fired on the enemy with so much effect that the Indians at length raised the siege and fled.

Every stranger visiting the New England States is struck with a prominent feature, characteristic of the inhabitants — namely, that of curiosity. All must positively know their neighbours' business. To elude answering inquiries is nearly the same as holding the questioner over a slow fire. He suffers more than a snake in an ant-hill, if the following questions are not immediately answered: "Who are you? Where do you come from? Where are you going? What is your busi-

ness?" &c. The great Franklin was well acquainted with this characteristic, and was therefore in the habit, whenever he proceeded to the eastward, and arrived at a place, to call together all the inmates of the house where he stopped, and tell them that his name was Benjamin Franklin, that he came from such and such a place, that he intended to go to another, that the object of his journey was so and so, and, finally, that he intended to return by such and such a route. This was an excellent way to prevent questions, and always insured him tranquillity. When travelling in a stage coach, nothing is more common than for one traveller to ask another the history of his life, and it is hardly possible to evade answering without incurring the displeasure of the whole company.

Our coach contained no less than nine inside passengers, travelling all the way from Portsmouth to Portland; before we had proceeded one-eighth part of the journey, we knew each other as well as if we had been educated in the same college. Inquiries were not limited to a mere personal biography: grandmothers, uncles, cousins, and aunts, were respectively brought into play, seasoned with appropriate anecdotes and comments.

Each narrative was always accompanied by the elegant expression, " says she," or " says he," generally exciting merriment with the auditory. To give a faint idea of the latitude to which curiosity is carried, I will report a short and humourous conversation which took place in the course of our journey between two gentlemen, immediately upon their stepping into the coach.

A. You come from Boston, I guess?

B. I left Boston yesterday.

A. You live there, I presume?

B. Not quite.

A. Perhaps from Cambridge, or Lowell?

B. (Did not answer immediately).

A. Well! from Lowell. Concerned in some manufactory there, I guess?

B. Just so.

A. How do the manufactories come on? Do they pay?

B. Tolerably well.

A. You have a large family, haven't you?

B. Not without.

A. Your father was probably also a manufacturer, I reckon?

B. Yes; you are right.

A. Pardon me, what was his name?

B. The same as mine.

A. Gilford, Dickens, or Gorum, perhaps?

B. No, Sir; neither of these names.

A. May I be allowed to ask who I am speaking to?

B. My name is . . . . . .

A. Really! Well, there was a gentleman of that name I knew ten years ago at Plymouth; he must surely have been your brother. Was he not?

B. No, but probably my cousin.

A. Cousin! then you have no brothers?

B. Yes, two.

A. They are also engaged in manufacturing, I calculate?

B. Only one of them.

A. And the other, what is he doing? Gone into business, I suspect.

B. He is a farmer.

A. Has he a large family?

B. A considerable one.

A. He must have a large farm, many sheep, cows, swine, geese, &c.

The questions and answers were thus interruptedly continued for more than half an hour, when A had at length exhausted his inquiries. B, who, to judge by his laconic answers, appeared little pleased with these fatiguing questions, now began to repay his

antagonist in the same coin, and did not leave off till A had given him a circumstantial account of his whole family, father, grandfather, great grandfather, brothers, sisters, cousins, and their relations, with anecdotes relating to each, together with the particulars of their occupation, income, property, &c. When the colloquy was concluded, both appeared heartily tired. I could not refrain from indulging in a hearty laugh, and should probably have continued it for some time, had not my neighbour in the coach thought proper to break it off, by placing me under examination. At length the stage entered Portland.

This rising town is the seat of the Legislature for Maine, and lies on a peninsula, extending into Casco Bay. A few handsome private and public buildings may be seen; but the streets are neither paved nor Macadamized, so that, although the summer was not yet over, they were in such bad condition, that passengers ran the risk of being every minute engulphed in a mud-hole. The trade of this place is considerable: the active population has particularly directed its attention to ship-building, for which it is distinguished. The principal exports hence are deal, timber, and fish. An observatory has

been erected on an eminence at one end of the town, from the top of which the prospect is very beautiful, and in clear weather the white mountains in New Hampshire may be seen.

One evening, during my short stay at Portland, I met a very well informed and experienced man, lately returned from a visit to the interior of Maine, where he had been examining the soil of some uncultivated and wild tracts of land, part of which he intended to purchase at an approaching sale, for the purpose of cultivation. "That portion of land," observed he, "which is situate between the rivers Penobscot and Kennebec, but particularly near Augusta and Hallowell, is so well cultivated and thickly peopled, that one can scarcely fancy himself in Maine. But, farther on in the State, neither the axe nor the plough has ever been used. Great treasures are still to be found in the immense forests and in the maiden soil. The climate is no doubt rather severe, and does not offer all the advantages of a Southern or Western one; but it is at least healthy, and does not weaken the body. In Maine, no emigrant can grow in a twelvemonth, but he is sure to do it in ten years. Why should it therefore be said, that because a man can earn an independence

in the course of one year in the South or West, it would be folly to settle in the North, and wait ten? What is gained in one respect is lost in another; for those who, in the first mentioned States, accomplish their object in one tenth part of the time, generally die ten years before those in the North. The emigrant may therefore choose between a short and pleasant life, and a long and laborious one. For my part, I prefer the latter."

The expression of these sentiments, which at first appeared to me as rather emanating from a partial source, induced me, nevertheless, to make further inquiry into the subject. Europe sends yearly shoals of emigrants to the United States. In the year 1833, there arrived at New York forty-one thousand seven hundred and fifty-two passengers, of which two-thirds may be said to be emigrants: if, therefore, we admit the number twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, and add thereto the same number, which come to other ports and from Canada, the aggregate sum of emigrants that annually resort to the United States will be about fifty-five thousand six hundred. Generally speaking, they possess a very small sum of money, after paying for their passage across the Atlantic, and with

it they proceed either to the West, South, or North, according to recommendations given by individuals they accidentally meet. Those who take their chance in the Northern States, such as New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, are for the most part deterred by fear of epidemics, pictured to them in the most discouraging colours, from visiting the Western or Southern States, as they are accustomed to severe climates. They purchase uncultivated land, either from government or private companies, at prices varying from two and a half to four dollars per acre: for land already cultivated they pay from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. Those again, who proceed across the Alleghany Mountains, buy lots at one and a quarter to two dollars per acre: it is land in a virgin state, intersected with hills, valleys, and swamps.

It is certainly an unquestionable fact, that land in the "far West," as it is emphatically called, is by far more yielding than that of any of the Northern States just mentioned. An acre gives there upon an average seventy bushels of wheat, or ninety of Indian corn; whereas, in the latter, it only produces half that quantity. Thus, the comparative production varies a good deal; the price of pro-

duce equally so. The facilities of transporting the latter down the large Western rivers to great markets materially improve the condition of the farmers, by insuring higher prices for their commodities: still, the distance and loss of time are of such great moment, that they are often obliged to submit to heavy deductions before the net proceeds reach their farms. Wood, cut on their premises preparatory to cultivation, yields nothing: to send it down one thousand, perhaps two thousand miles, before it becomes of any value, is an expense without any corresponding remuneration. But, in the Northern States, particularly in Maine, this is by no means the case. There, it is worth from three to three and a half dollars per cord. With the produce of the timber, always in demand in the neighbouring cold States, the prime cost of the property is paid. The soil, once cleared, generally yields, the first year, from twenty to thirty bushels of Indian corn, which, sold on the spot, fetches about fifty cents, and if sent to Boston, from sixty-five to seventy-five cents. This seems to establish the fact, that emigration to the Northern States is not so discouraging as has been represented. That it is a toilsome task cannot well be denied; but

settlers are, at least, exempt from sickness. By industry and perseverance, an independence may certainly be acquired, but it can only be effected in process of time.

In the Western States, again, emigrants have, in the first instance, to defray heavy travelling expences, before they arrive at their place of destination. They then must pay an exorbitant price for agricultural implements, always high in a distant and thinly-peopled country. Unacquainted with the climate, they invariably commit acts of imprudence. Destitute of means, whole families are obliged, at first, to live in the open air, exposed to the miasmas and vapours continually arising from the swamps. Diseases, often of a malignant nature, follow as a natural consequence. Deprived of medical assistance, they have to contend with their effects, and are at the same time obliged, with the sweat on their brows, to work for food! How often does the first year's experiment leave the settler a widower, childless, and fatherless! However, this dreadful state of sickness will gradually disappear, like a shadow, before the influence of civilization. As soon as the country becomes inhabited, the swamps drained and cultivated, and the

woods changed into fertile fields, the climate will become more healthy, and the emigrant be freed from this fearful scourge — sickness and debility.

The dread of fevers and agues, however, prevents many Europeans from settling in the woody parts of the Western Countries. In the Old World, nothing is more common than to hear objections raised against emigrations to the United States. The country is represented as being the abode of every species of disease. By degrees, this erroneous impression will be removed. Encouraging statements, I have no doubt, will be transmitted by Europeans, enjoying comforts and health in their new settlements; and the day will come when the children of emigrants, who have gone through the trying ordeal, will be exhibited as patterns of health and strength.

Among numerous objections I remember having heard in Europe against the tide of emigration, were certain difficulties mentioned as emanating from various States. The nature of these, taken in unison with the personal risk and trouble inseparable from emigration, were, according to the opinion of many enlightened men, sufficient grounds for the intended exiles rather to remain at

home in a state of poverty and misery, even with slavery and wretchedness as companions, than to take the chance of liberty and independence, since neither could be acquired, but at the evident risk of life.

No State, that I am aware of, throws any impediment in the way of emigration or colonization, except Massachusetts. There the laws are opposed to an alien holding land until he becomes a naturalized citizen. But, notwithstanding this exception, many foreigners purchase soon after their arrival tracts of land in the State. It is done by leases, for a period of ninety-nine years, equivalent to an actual purchase, in a country where property seldom remains long in the hands of one family. Massachusetts is, however, a State to which few emigrants resort. The land being poor, the major part of the population direct their attention to manufacturing pursuits, or quit for the Western Country. In States less populous, such as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Mississippi, &c., the Legislature gives every possible encouragement to emigration. The price of land is very moderate, and may be bought on credit by mortgaging it. It is, besides, an adopted rule in

these regions, that, whenever an emigrant arrives, for the purpose of settling, the whole neighbourhood assembles and assists in raising a temporary dwelling for him, that he may at least have shelter over his head for himself and family. This assistance, indispensable in a country where no workmen can be hired, added to the trifling amount of taxes, materially contributes to remove the first and greatest difficulties an emigrant has to encounter in a wild district. If he possesses property to the extent of one hundred dollars, he may, by hard labour and industry, the first year earn barely enough to support himself and family: the second he will do it easily; and the subsequent ones much better than he has been used to in Europe.

I have been assured that if a man proceeds to the States just mentioned, with a capital of two thousand dollars, he may purchase more land and houses than he will be able to manage. This sum might therefore be considered the maximum in the purchase of land in the uncultivated districts. Whoever embarks this amount the first year is looked upon as a very wealthy man. This applies to the most remote and still thinly-peopled States.

The price of beasts of burden, necessary for agriculture, varies according to the distance of the place from the ocean. Upon an average, thirty to forty-five dollars are paid for a cow, seventy to eighty for a pair of oxen, and ninety-five dollars for a strong working horse. But these high prices are not common; they can scarcely be considered as a criterion.

The principal produce is tobacco, cotton, rice, sugar, Indian corn, wheat, and rye. Tobacco grows mostly in Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, and Ohio; cotton in Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, South and North Carolina, and Florida; rice, in Carolina and Louisiana; sugar, in Louisiana and Florida; Indian corn in Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, and some of the Northern States; wheat, in Illinois, Missouri, and some of the middling States; rye, in the districts north of the River Hudson. In the Southern States, cotton, tobacco, sugar, and rice, are considered staple articles. In the Northern, again, Indian corn and wheat take the first place. I will advert to the first-mentioned articles in a future chapter, when speaking of the South.

The prices of the Northern produce, namely, Indian corn, wheat, and rye, are sub-

ject to great fluctuation in the Eastern or Western States, depending more or less on the contiguity of markets to the plantations. In the principal towns, bordering on the Atlantic Ocean, they have upon an average been for some time as follows: rye from the North from seventy to seventy-five cents per bushel; rye from the South sixty to sixty-five cents; wheat, ninety cents to one dollar; Indian corn sixty-five to seventy-five cents. In the interior, and in the Western States, where transport to a market is long and difficult, Indian corn has only brought fifteen to twenty cents. A great quantity of flour is made from wheat in the Central States, from Virginia to New York; the average price has, of late years, been six dollars and a half per barrel.

From Portland I returned direct to Boston. At an inn on the road, where we changed horses, a dancing party had just assembled, in honour of the termination of harvest. The entertainment, which is called "husking," is given by every farmer to his neighbours, who have assisted in plucking the ears of the corn-stalks.

The practice of voluntarily helping each other during harvest time is common in this

part of the country, and arises from the scarcity of labouring men all over the Union. They cannot be obtained for money in many places; I should say that they are scarce, when compared to the great population of the country. The reason lies in the very republican principle that every one aspires to the condition of master, for the purpose of enjoying an independent station, easily obtained. In the Northern States, exempt from slavery, the population has increased to so great an extent that salaried assistants must be found on any terms; but, the number proving insufficient, they often demand higher wages.

In the Slave States, on the contrary, it is considered degrading to a white man to do any work that might possibly be performed by a Negro. As soon as a European, and particularly an Irishman, arrives in America, he immediately tries to get employment either as a servant or an apprentice, driven to it by poverty; but it is almost without example that the same man, after having imbibed republican notions of equality, ever remains beyond a very short time as dependent on another, however well he may be treated by his master or mistress. His head filled with ideas of liberty, and a few dollars in his

pocket, he starts for some remote part, buys a tract of land for a trifle and on credit, cultivates it, or follows some profession on his own account. In the course of a few years he grows wealthy, and becomes perhaps in time a candidate for one of the highest offices in the State. It is not surprising then, that, with such prospects before him, a man prefers being master to servant; but, at the same time, wages consequently become high. Masons, carpenters, and joiners, are as much wanted in the country as in towns, owing to the number of buildings continually being erected. An able workman of that class earns at least one dollar per diem, and in many places in the country even two dollars and a half. A common workman in the interior, or what would be called a labourer, receives from ten to twelve dollars a month, besides board and lodging, &c., this only during the summer months: in winter he gets less, except in the vicinity of woods, where he is employed in cutting and transporting timber. An assistant gardener, who is acquainted with some other profession, receives about fifteen dollars a month.

I was told that this "husking entertainment" was a real treat to young people in the

country. As soon as the Indian corn is cut, and safely lodged in the barns, all the neighbours are invited to attend and pluck the ears. This operation is seldom performed without much mirth and hilarity, generally enlivened by the circulation of some excellent cider. When evening approaches, tables are spread with abundance of provisions of every description, and dancing only ceases when Phœbus greets the company. In this manner were these people engaged when I entered the ball-room. There was not a countenance that did not express artless joy; the motion of limbs, the clapping of hands, the bending of knees, the inclination of heads to follow time, all was in harmony with the smiles on the lips and in the eyes. Here was a perfect illustration of the pleasures of a country life, so happily portrayed by poets. Joy reigned without ostentation. There,

> Brown corn-fed nymphs, and strong hard-handed beaux,
> Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows.

But the horses were harnessed, the coachman cracked his whip. Each traveller hurried to the stage. Thus we left the dancing party, and entered Boston on the following day.

CHAPTER X.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that love,
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is Love's recess. BYRON.

No city in North America has more beautiful environs than Boston. One fancies himself actually brought back to garden-like England. Nature has no doubt vastly contributed her share; but the inhabitants of the city have also taken an active part in embellishing these beautiful, and in many places romantic, situations. The surrounding country is every where hilly and covered with wood. Cottages are seen in every direction, giving them at once a rural appearance. Woods, formerly wild, are now converted into parks, and so contiguous that the visiter may walk from one to another without perceiving that they are divided. Many of these country-seats resemble a terrestrial paradise. Those in particular situate on the still, elysian lake, Jamaica Pond, are the finest I have seen in

the New World. The lake itself is not very extensive; but its banks, its waters, possess something of so enchanting a character, that no stranger has yet been able to contemplate either without rapture. Surely, yes, surely, its former inhabitants, the Indians, must have fancied this the spot of some great Spirit: numberless times must they have kneeled down on the grassy banks and worshipped Him who lived near this abode. "He who hath loved not," says Childe Harold's immortal bard, "here would learn that love; he who knows that tender mystery will love the more, for this is Love's recess." This idea may very properly be applied to Jamaica Pond.

I one day visited the new cemetery, planned in imitation of that of Père la Chaise at Paris, distant about four miles from Boston. It is but lately commenced, but shows already what it is likely to be. Situated on Mount Auburn, an eminence of which it bears the name, this cemetery offers to the view a variety of objects seldom witnessed in similar places. Hence may be seen hills and dales, rivulets and fields, intersected with roads and pathways, named like the streets in a city. And, in fact, why should they not be so named? What is a cemetery but a town of the dead?

It neither wants buildings nor inhabitants: the latter are there — but silent. Each step we advance in this receptacle of the departed reminds us of our equals, slumbering in repose in their silent dwellings. Above their quarters we see names written in gold. Is there no intercourse between those who inhabit this mortal city? Silence itself! — is it not a painful language? Look at these weeping willows, these cypresses — what do they not announce? And this flower, but lately planted, spreading its fragrance through the air, this rattling and crystal-like stream, this plaintive tone of a solitary bird — is not all this a language that speaks to the heart? Death inspires here no dread: on the contrary, a glance at this beautiful cemetery almost excites a wish to die.

From the extremity of this eminence, Boston may be seen enveloped, as it were, in a dark fog. Neither bustle nor noise is perceptible. Here stands man alone in the presence of his Creator and his conscience. Above, nothing impedes the sight of the beautiful blue sky; beneath repose a world of equals. His eye is raised above the earth, and his thoughts are directed to regions where no looks have yet been able to penetrate. His breast,

hitherto filled with worldly passions, now heaves with sublime and holy feelings. The inscription, in bronze characters, at the entrance of this burying-ground, further reminds him that he must himself return to dust. His own shadow indicates his insignificance in the great universe. The whitened bones scattered over the ground tell him to what he also must come. But he is not deterred: his reliance above is strenghtened. In the depth of his contemplations he fancies Religion whispering to his beating heart in the echo of the breeze, or in the thrilling note of the bird. He breathes, he fancies, a freer air; he forgets that he is still a wanderer on the earth. But, in the midst of these meditations, the sun is slowly returning; his lengthened shades melt in the mysterious twilight; the darkness of night covers with her mantle cities and fields; trees are motionless; flowers bend their sleepy heads; birds seek their nests; the serpentine pathways are illumined by millions of stars emblazoning the firmament; close to the Mausoleum of Genius* the evening star is seen in all her splendour.

*Miss Hannah Adams, authoress of several highly esteemed historical works. This lady was the first person buried at Mount Auburn. She died in December, 1831.

Approaching night soon forced me to leave this receptacle of the dead. Often did I renew my visit, and was each time more delighted with the spot. It would have been impossible for the inhabitants of Boston to select a more suitable situation for a cemetery.

It was on the 29th of August that lectures recommenced at the University of Cambridge, distant about three miles from Boston. This is the oldest and richest academy in the United States. The buildings are of brick, without any pretension to architectural beauty, bearing rather a resemblance to old barracks. The library, as far as number of books is concerned, has not its equal in the country: the volumes are computed at forty thousand. There is also a collection of minerals, but it is rather insignificant. The number of students annually resorting to this place is about three hundred; they are at liberty to reside either in the houses allotted by the University, or may take lodgings in town. They pay twenty-five cents a-day for board, furnished by the institution. The usual age at the time of entering is about sixteen; it is then expected they should have some knowledge of Latin, Greek, arithmetic, geography, and history. Every one has the

privilege of conforming to the creed he thinks best, so that it may be said there is no prevailing religion at this University. At the expiration of four years the academical course is supposed to be completed; the student is then examined, and obtains the title of "Bachelor of Arts." He now enters active life at twenty; and may, three years after, without undergoing any further examination, take the degree of "Master of Arts," as it is called. I was told, that thirty years ago the number of students at this Academy was the same as it is now. This appears rather strange, considering the increase of population since that period; but it was explained to me in the following manner:—1st. In former times Cambridge was the only University in the country, whereas, now there are several others, among which is one in Newhaven, attended by five hundred students. 2nd. An opinion is prevalent, that a boy who has been several years at school has received a sufficient education, and does not require any more; that, instead of letting him proceed at the age of sixteen to the University to perfect his studies, it is preferable that he should learn a profession for his future support.

The ceremonies usual at the opening of the Academy commenced, at ten o'clock in the morning, by a procession to church, attended by the president of the University, the governor of Massachusetts, the professors, students, and strangers, invited upon the occasion. The church was already filled with spectators, and the upper seats occupied by ladies. The ceremony commenced by a prayer; after which the president invited the students, graduated as "Bachelors of Art," to deliver speeches. These orations were some in English, some in Greek, some in Latin, and all extempore. Each speaker had selected his own subject. One of them treated of radicalism, in a speech nearly interminable. Generally speaking, these orations were couched in such lofty language, and so many metaphors were introduced, that no one but the speaker himself could understand a word. When those who aspired to the higher degree of "Master of Arts" had also gratified the audience with endless speeches, the president, with much pomp, delivered their diplomas to about sixty graduates. A prayer concluded the ceremony; and the procession returned in the same order to partake of a sumptuous dinner, prepared in different sa-

loons. The whole company consisted of five hundred persons. Prayers were read before and after the repast; and at the end a psalm was sung. In the evening, the president received visits from all the individuals who had attended the ceremony, on which occasion both host and hostess displayed the utmost courtesy and attention in welcoming strangers.

At Quincy, a few miles from Boston, John Quincy Adams, formerly President of the United States, has taken up his residence *en retraite.* This veteran statesman quitted his office, as First Magistrate of the Republic, in the year 1828, and was replaced by General Jackson. He only occupied the Presidential Chair for a period of four years, or from 1824, having lost his re-election, in consequence, as was reported, of a secret alliance between him and Clay. The community, jealous of its privileges, cried aloud against the machinations of the Heir Adams, * as he was nick-named, whom they suspected had acted contrary to the spirit of the Constitution; and this objection was sufficient to raise the whole country against him.

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* His father, John Adams, was the only one of the Presidents who had a son. Hence he was called heir to the Presidential Chair.

All eyes were now directed to the hero of New Orleans, ever distinguished as a zealous member of the democratic party, and whose military achievements had already attracted the attention of the public. By this means, Adams lost all hope of being able to follow the example of his predecessors, in occupying the Presidential Chair, for a period of two terms, or eight years. From this exalted situation, to which Europe begins to look with admiration, he descended to the seat of a private individual in the House of Representatives. He, who by his veto could formerly frustrate the wishes of a whole nation, now only has a single vote in the Second Chamber, and passes summers alone with his wife, in the very same house where his father, John Adams, the former President, lived and died. *

This place of residence has altogether the appearance of a common farm-house, situated near the high road, shaded only by a few venerable trees, which add to the antiquity and gloom of the spot. The furniture is all

* It is a remarkable circumstance that two Presidents, John Adams and James Munro, died on the anniversary of the Independence: the former on the 4th July, 1829—the latter on the 4th July, 1832.

old fashioned — the drawing-room, for instance, being of red damask; and the walls ornamented with portraits of ancestors dressed in a kind of petticoat, and with powdered wigs. Mr. Adams was from home when I paid my visit, so that I had no opportunity of remaining long in a place with which so many agreeable recollections are associated. I met him, however, a short distance from his residence. The former President and Magistrate in the New World was seen walking with a knife in his hand, cutting willow-briars to make a stick! He is a man between sixty and seventy, but looks much younger. He is far from being tall; but has a fine open countenance, indicative of superior talents, which gains upon one by degrees. He recollected, with peculiar pleasure, Sweden, Stockholm, and many private individuals residing in that capital; and, on parting, left on my mind an impression of deep respect and veneration, which can never be effaced.

A few miles outside the Port of Boston is Nahant, a rock connected with the main land by a narrow promontory, where the inhabitants resort during the summer months, to avoid the oppressive heat. The waves of an

agitated sea beat constantly against the foot of this rock, sending their white foam high in the air, rendering the rugged sides continually damp. The musical sounds of retiring waves are as pleasing to a townsman as the sight of the manifold sails which cover the surface of the sea. But it is more with the view of inhaling fresh air that this spot is frequented. The first time I visited it, I found all the houses occupied by people who said they required to breathe a freer air than the city could afford.

Nahant is, in my opinion, rather an unpleasant place. A calm day is a rare occurrence: the wind is so sharp and piercing, that one fancies himself under a European sky in November. A few miserable trees, scarcely deserving the name, are all that can grow on these rocks; and they are likely to remain in their present immature state for centuries to come. Among the natural curiosities shown to strangers, is a crevice in a rock called "the Swallows' Cave," represented in the "Northern Traveller" as a phenomenon. I am far from being of the same opinion as the author of this publication, though the cave may possess interest with some visiters. *Chacan a son goût.*

In the evening a ball was given in the hotel. Dancing consisted almost exclusively of quadrilles, here called "Cotillions." Waltzing had but lately been introduced in society, in spite of strenuous opposition on the part of elderly ladies. At intervals it was resorted to in the course of the evening, but subject to many restrictions and exceptions. A young lady, for instance, would by no means consent to waltz with a gentleman whom she did not previously know; and many a prudent mother gave strong injunctions to her daughter not to permit the cavalier to approach nearer than a certain distance. But a practice which surprised me more than any other was, that one of the musicians attached to the band constantly called out to the dancers the different figures they were to go through. The individual selected upon this occasion was a true original. His under-lip appeared perfectly unconnected with the upper one: his eyes seemed to suffer from the light, for he seldom or ever opened them. The instrument on which he performed was a broken violin; and he often beat time so loud with one foot, that the music was drowned by the noise. His features remained all the time unchanged, something like those

of an Indian witnessing the representation of a tragedy for the first time. Without taking any notice of what passed around him, he called out as loud as he could, in a hoarse and shrill voice: "Advance!" "Retreat!" "Ladies' chain!" "Gentlemen's chain!" "Sideways!" and so on; until a double and long cadence announced to the company that the dance was at an end.

Report stated, that, not far from Nahant, a sea-monster had been seen. A number of persons positively asserted in the newspapers that they had, with their own eyes, seen the back of this stranger a considerable distance above the surface of the sea, enjoying the benefit of a sunny day. Guessings and calculations as to the nature of the monster were to be expected from a people ever anxious that every thing should be as clear as the sun at noonday. After much discussion, it was finally settled, that the animal could be nothing else but a sea-serpent. Incontrovertible proofs were adduced in support of this conclusion, and wŏe to him who ventured to question the existence of the animal! Some bold and incredulous individual hazarded, it is true, an assertion, that the pretended sea-serpent was nothing but a shoal of porpoises;

but this doctrine was soon overruled: and at present the fact of a sea-serpent having been seen in the neighbourhood of Boston is as well established in the minds of every one, as that mankind and animals in our days are only pigmies in comparison with the giants and mammoths of former times.

At Brighton, a small hamlet three miles from Boston, a cattle-fair is held every year in the month of October: it is renowned all over America. Cattle is sent to this place from the remotest parts of the country; I even remember having heard that a large drove of horned cattle, belonging to Mr. Clay, came to Brighton, all the way from Kentucky. In one single day, sales have been effected of no less than the enormous quantity of seven thousand hogs, eleven thousand sheep, and five thousand horned cattle. The fair had not commenced when I visited Brighton, but I found stalls and inclosures in every direction prepared to receive the animals on their arrival.

On returning from this excursion, I was overtaken by one of the most awful storms I ever witnessed. It came on so suddenly, that no person was prepared for it. A tolerably large proportion of hats took their departure

in the first onset, and the owners ran foul of each other in quest of their property, carried away by the violence of the wind. But what particularly attracted my attention was, that within five minutes the streets were filled with fragments of paper, sailing whichever way the eye turned, together with a variety of vegetables, pieces of linen, and other materials, entirely interrupting the view. I happened to mention this circumstance to one of the citizens of the place, and received the following remarkable answer: "No nation on earth," said he, "uses a hat for so many purposes as a Yankee: it serves him at once for a head-covering, a writing-desk, a larder, and a portmanteau. In it the merchant deposits patterns of various descriptions: the doctor uses it as an apothecary's-shop: the married man, returning from market, converts it into a depository for potatoes and other vegetables: to the traveller it serves as a knapsack. Nothing has been more severely censured among enlightened people than the reform lately introduced in the shape of hats. By the present fashion, it is next to impossible to put more in its inside than a pocket-handkerchief and a dozen of cigars. Should, unfortunately, the present form be still more cur-

tailed, then there will be no enduring the caprice of fashion, and who knows but a dreadful revolution may be the consequence!"

That this picture is somewhat exaggerated, cannot well be denied, but entirely without foundation it certainly is not. A hat has unquestionably more offices to perform in these States than in any other country. To stuff it with newspapers, letters, and cigars, is of common occurrence. Can it then be wondered at if, when a sudden gust of wind dislodges it from the head, a shoal of imprisoned objects should seek to take advantage of their liberty?

It was in the middle of September that with much regret I quitted hospitable Boston, on my return to New York. I directed my course through Pawtucket and Providence. The former place has considerable cotton-factories, worked by water-power from the river Pawtucket, which runs through the town, and forms the boundary between the States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Providence is the capital of the latter State, and about one mile distant from the mouth of the river. The town was founded as far back as the year 1636, by a puritan clergyman of the name of Roger Williams, who, on account

of his religious principles, had been exiled from Massachusetts. It was then called by the Indians Mooshausick, but changed by him to Providence, in commemoration of his wonderful escape from persecution. The town is mostly built of wood, but has a gay and lively appearance. The cotton-factories established in its vicinity have greatly contributed to its rise as a trading place. Blackstone's Canal, uniting Worcester and Providence, commences in the latter. Among the improvements, from which great results are expected, may be mentioned two railroads now constructing between Boston and Providence and Providence and Stonington, which, when finished, will considerably facilitate the communication between New York and Boston.

One of the finest and most comfortable steamboats in America, the President, was then lying at the wharf, ready to start for New York. I hastened on board, and shortly afterwards the wheels were put in motion. It was not long before the capital of Rhode Island disappeared from our view, and, with the rapidity of lightning, the President passed ships, headlands, and villages. A few miles from Newport, Mount Hope appeared in the distance, the last stronghold of the vanquished,

but magnanimous, King Philip. No Indian was ever more dreaded by civilized man. A century and a half has now elapsed since this hero of Pokanoket fell a victim to his own race, but even to this day his name is respected; and the least object supposed to have been touched by him during his life-time is considered by every American as a valuable relic of antiquity. This extraordinary man, whose real name was Metacom, succeeded his brother in the government of the Wampanoags. The wrongs and grievances suffered by this brother, added to those which he had himself experienced from the English colonists, induced him to engage in a war, with the design of driving all the intruders from a country of which they had obtained possession only by cunning and violence.

Had this contest terminated as he expected, America would, perhaps, at this time, be inhabited by the Red men of the wood. The issue might, perhaps, have been less doubtful had not one of his followers defeated his plan by a premature explosion, and before he had had sufficient time to summon and concentrate his warriors and allies. From this time no smiles were seen on his face. But, though he soon perceived that the great enterprise he

had formed was likely to be frustrated, yet he never lost that elevation of soul which distinguished him to the last moments of his life. Ever indefatigable and undaunted, he flew, armed with a tomahawk, from race to race, encouraging those whose firmness began to waver. By his exertions and energy, all the Indian nations occupying the territory between Maine and the River Connecticut, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, took up arms. Every where the name of King Philip was hailed, accompanied as it was by murder and flames.

But fraud and treason soon accomplished what open warfare could not effect. His own followers gave way to numbers; his nearest relations and friends forsook him; almost alone, he still defied the power of his adversaries, and, when least expected, rushed in among them like a lion springing from his den. He—the last offspring of a mighty race of chiefs—driven from the abode of his ancestors, without subjects, abandoned by allies, hunted like a deer, exposed to hunger and thirst, hardly venturing to lay down his royal head on a solitary rock in the forest, when a ball at last struck his heart—was still the same fierce hero who once commanded a vic-

torious army of thousands of warriors. Philip fell as a traitor, and his head was carried round the country in triumph; but posterity has done him justice. Patriotism was his only crime, and his death was that of a hero.

Without stopping at Newport, another fashionable watering-place, I continued my journey to New York. A short distance from Newport, our steamer was obliged to stand out to sea for several hours, in order to double a point called Point Judith, before arriving at smooth water, between the banks of Rhode Island and Connecticut, on one side, and those of Long Island on the other. Here is the entrance to East River, one of the inlets to New York. In fine weather, this trip is extremely agreeable. Numberless church-steeples, villages, and country-seats, embellish the scene in rapid succession. Here and there, lighthouses are seen, and, at short intervals, steamers, apparently in a blaze. By the aid of a beautiful moon, we perceived countless sails ploughing the deep, whilst her dazzling light played on its surface.

Towards morning we approached a place, which, owing to its shallowness and rocky stiuation, is considered very dangerous by navigators. The celebrated Knickerbocker,

in his History of New York, affirms that the Devil himself had been seen in that neighbourhood, sitting on the back of a hog, playing the violin; and that he fried fish to announce the approach of a storm: in consequence of which, the Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam called this pass Hell Gate, which name it still bears.

The steamer, however, fearlessly pushed through the narrow passage, and successfully repulsed the waves that opposed her progress. High rose the sea, but she pursued her way, and steered not an inch from her course. It was then high tide, it is true; but, on several subsequent occasions, when passing the same way, I never perceived that the whirlpool at Hell Gate had any particular effect on the speed of the vessel. It is not near so dangerous as that at Bingen, on the Rhine.

The President arrived at New York before any house was yet open, so that the passengers had the pleasure of perambulating the streets a few hours, until half-sleeping porters thought proper to leave their comfortable beds and admit the weary travellers.

CHAPTER XI.

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge.

WASHINGTON.

NEW YORK was now what it had formerly been. The cholera had subsided, and with it the dulness and panic it had occasioned. Broadway, as usual, was crowded with pedestrians and equestrians. Wall Street exhibited its regular quota of anxious men of business; brokers were seen fagging and bustling about, as if emerging from a vapour-bath. Numbers were flocking to the Banks, either to make deposits or to withdraw them. Pearl Street was literally blockaded by goods and carts. Every corner presented an auction of some kind or other. Omnibuses were racing in all directions. Around fruit-stalls were grouped amateurs of pineapples and melons, anxious to gratify their appetite, long checked by the presence of the cholera.

Dinners, balls, and suppers, were the order of the day; and it seemed as if people were determined to indemnify themselves for past privation by present enjoyment. Niblo's Garden and the theatres proved insufficient to hold the numbers that thronged to them. Lottery contractors availed themselves of the medium of the press to congratulate the public on the disappearance of the epidemic, and invited their customers, while yet fresh from the country, to make a speedy investment in the lucky wheel. *

Doctors' gigs — the only vehicles lately parading the streets — were now intermingled with carriages of every description; and their emaciated horses began to show life again. Apothecaries'-shops were deserted, whilst the dealers in rice smilingly calculated the large profits they had realized.

At one o'clock, P.M., it was hardly possible to get along in the most frequented streets,

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* In no place have I seen so many Lottery Offices as in the City of New York. They are numberless in Broadway. Their puffing exceeds all belief. Each collector called heaven and earth to witness that he was the luckiest among his worthy colleagues. One of them went so far as to affirm, that he had paid prizes to a larger amount than would liquidate all the debts of bankrupts in the United States. This is carrying things a great length. The Legislature of New York has at last enacted a law, prohibiting all lotteries after the 1st January, 1834.

owing to the number of belles and dandies occupying the pavement. When three drew near, it was advisable to remain in the house ; for, at this time, all the gold-making, light-footed, mercantile fraternity were seen hastening home ; and it is at all times a dangerous experiment to obstruct the course of voracious stomachs and thinking heads. Who could have supposed that a city, deserted but a few short weeks before by nearly its whole population, and its trade reduced to a state of complete stagnation, could so soon have been resuscitated ?

Opposite to New York, on Long Island, is a small town called Brooklyn, which, though only divided from it by the river, may be said to be a faubourg. Cleanliness is certainly not one of its characteristics : the streets are covered with mud, and it may be called the focus of Irishmen.

Part of the United States' Navy is stationed at one end of Brooklyn : it is less considerable than at Charlestown, but this station appears the more important of the two. Several men-of-war and frigates were laid up under covered buildings, and a few new ships of the latter description were ready to be launched. The quantity of naval stores was also consi-

derable. It was here that the steam-frigate Fulton unfortunately exploded in 1829, by which accident many persons were killed.

The Americans have seven stations for their navy, viz. Portsmouth, Charlestown, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Norfolk, Pensacola. The whole number of ships amounts to forty, seven of which are men-of-war, ten frigates, fifteen corvettes, and eight schooners. Of these, only twenty-one were laid up in 1832: the remainder were in commission in the Mediterranean, West Indies, South Seas, and Coast of Brazil. Five new ships and seven frigates were, about this period, on the stocks.

The United States' Navy is under the immediate direction of the Secretary of the Navy at Washington. The highest rank in the service is that of captain or commodore: the question of appointing admirals has been long agitated, but was not finally settled when I left America. Of captains there are about forty belonging to the service, and their pay, when on duty, is from two to three thousand dollars a year.

The American naval officers are in general perfect gentlemen. By being a great deal in active service, they have seen much of the

world, and, on board their ships, or wherever they are met on shore, show a degree of tact and good breeding, which redounds much to their credit. Like all seamen, they are frank, liberal, and stanch in their friendships. I had frequent opportunities of associating with some of these officers during my residence in America, and still retain the highest respect for their merits, and gratitude for attentions almost lavished upon me. A foreigner is never considered a stranger among them. Their artless and upright manner of acting inspires confidence at once. Rudeness and pride do not exist among them, from the youngest officer to the commodore of a squadron. With such seamen, it is not surprising that the Navy of the United States gains daily more and more respect among other nations.

About fifteen miles on the other side of New York, in the State of New Jersey, is a small manufacturing place called Patterson. A railroad had been commenced, but was not yet half finished, so that I had to pass over an extremely rough road on my visit to this place. The town, with a population of eight thousand inhabitants, has within twenty years risen from nothing. Cotton goods are

here manufactured. The factories, seventeen in number, contain thirty thousand looms, working two million pounds of raw cotton annually. There are besides several sail-cloth and nail-factories.

Patterson is situated near the River Passaic, by whose aid all the works are carried on, and which afterwards precipitates itself down a perpendicular rock seventy feet high. This cataract is not particularly distinguished for its mass of water or elevation, but merely for the picturesque beauty of the surrounding scenery. It is Trenton in miniature. The stream meanders slowly and half dormant between two banks covered with verdure, and expands its smooth and crystal surface over a clear rocky bottom, till it approaches an opening in the same rock. Through this opening rolls the whole mass of water, as if from a narrow path down a dark, and from above invisible, precipice. So near are the walls to each other in some places, that the water fills the whole channel. Above, a noise is heard proceeding from below, not unlike thunder at a distance. The spray envelops in an incessant vapour this slippery, and to weak nerves really frightful, precipice.

Report states that this spot was, a few

years ago, the theatre of a horrible catastrophe. A clergyman, dissatisfied with his wife, I cannot recollect exactly for what reason, pushed her down the precipice. When the water reaches the bottom of the pit, it rolls foaming and agitated a few hundred yards between the close rocks, beneath a feeble bridge thrown across the precipice by the hand of man: it then takes a sudden turn in nearly an opposite direction to its former course, and insensibly disappears between bushes and shrubberies, below which are seen the factories, that are put in motion by its agency.

In the month of October every year the city of New York has an exhibition of American manufactures, patronized by a society called the American Institute. Its avowed object, as the prospectus states, is to promote and encourage within the State of New York, as well as in other States, native industry in agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and mechanical arts; and to further improvements in all branches, by the distribution of rewards to those who make any such improvements, or excel in any of the said branches. The exhibition first took place in the year 1828, and has since been

continued annually. The number of members amounts to three hundred: out of these, four presidents are chosen (one for each of the four branches) who award the prizes. Every American citizen has the privilege of sending goods of home manufacture to this exhibition. But, when the exhibition is over, the goods must be taken away by their owners.

It is to be regretted that the funds of this useful and excellent society do not permit purchases of the exhibited goods, independent of the prizes awarded, so that a regular collection might be made, which at all times would prove interesting. Upon the present plan, it is next to impossible to ascertain what progress has been made in the manufacturing of an article in the course of a twelvemonth; it requires the aid of a good memory to pass a correct opinion in this respect. I saw a great number of works in wood and iron, glass, woollens, and cotton goods, models, and machinery, all finished in a style and with a correctness reflecting the highest credit on the artisans, and proving the wonderful progress that the country has made: not having, however, seen any other exhibition, I cannot hazard an opinion which de-

partment in particular had made the most improvement within a year.

In one of my rambles through New York, I happened one day to approach a house, from the interior of which I heard a kind of soft noise. Curious to ascertain the cause, I entered. On stepping in, I found myself in the midst of one hundred and fifty black children, all of whom turned their large white eyes towards the stranger as he entered. It was a free-school for Negroes. The teacher, an uncommonly active and clever woman, managed this whole Negro flock very decidedly. The little rebellious urchins looked up to her with a confidence, which proved at once that she filled her situation with dignity, and that she was rather a tender mother than a severe instructress. Her look was sufficient to bring any little naughty girl to reason, and a word from her lips struck with awe numbers of noisy boys quarrelling about the space of a quarter of an inch on their forms. Gentle reproof was the only correction adopted by her. The children, educated free of expence, are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, religion, and sewing. At sixteen or seventeen they leave the school, when some are put to the trades of masons, chimney-sweeps,

carpenters, or smiths; others again become seamen, cooks, and servants. The girls all go to service. To aspire to something higher in society is quite out of the question, although they are free-born citizens; and the law makes no distinction between a black and a white man in the filling of the most important offices. The prejudice, however, against their colour is so strong, that a white man would rather starve than accept a menial office under a black. To become masters of sloops or other vessels, or to be master in any profession, is therefore an impossibility. They have the privilege, since the year 1829, of voting in the State of New York; but, even in this respect, they are treated rather with a stepmother's hand. To be eligible to vote, a Negro must possess an unincumbered property of two hundred and fifty dollars; whilst a white man, in the same State, is only required to be twenty-one years of age, and to have resided one year within its limits. To be worth two hundred and fifty dollars is not a trifle for a man doomed to toil in the lowest stations; few Negroes are in consequence competent to vote. They are in fact very little better than slaves, although called free.

I counted about one hundred and fifty children in the school; but the instructress informed me that their number often exceeded two hundred. Any one may go or stay away, as he thinks proper: it is therefore difficult to ascertain the number of daily attendants.

This school is conducted on a system of its own, not unlike that of the Lancasterian. The children are kept in the strictest subordination, and the more advanced in knowledge teach those who are less so. This useful institution, as well as another of the same kind, is under the patronage of the "New York Manumission Society," which educates in this manner more than seven hundred children of the African race. The members of this laudable and benevolent association belong chiefly to the Society of Quakers, those real friends of mankind.

In the year 1832, there were, in the State of New York alone, nine thousand six hundred organized school districts, educating four hundred and ninety-four thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine children. Besides these, the same State counted fifty-five gymnasiums, intended to form teachers, and four universities: the former were attended by three thousand seven hundred students, the

latter by more than five hundred. Further, in every village and town, private schools for children of both sexes are established, all numerously attended; and, if a calculation were made of the total number of young people receiving instruction within the State of New York, the result would be, at least, five hundred and fifty thousand, or about one to three and a half of the whole population. Since the year 1816, when the present system of education was first adopted, the number of school districts has increased from two thousand seven hundred and fifty-five, to nine thousand six hundred; and of school children from one hundred and forty thousand one hundred and six, to four hundred and ninety-four thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine; consequently, there is an accession in the course of sixteen years of the former, six thousand eight hundred and forty five; of the latter, three hundred and fifty-four thousand eight hundred and fifty-three. In the higher classes of learning, the following changes have occurred:—

In 1790, when the whole population of the State did not exceed three hundred and forty thousand one hundred and twenty, there were only one university and two gymnasiums, with

about forty students in the former, and about one hundred and fifty in the latter. In 1810, when the population of the State amounted to nine hundred and fifty-nine thousand and forty-nine, there were two universities, and one medical university, and twenty-five gymnasiums, with two hundred and twenty students in the universities, and one thousand four hundred and ninety-five in the gymnasiums.

In 1830, when the population had risen to one million eight hundred and sixty-eight thousand and sixty-one, there were four universities, besides two medical universities, and fifty-five gymasiums. The number of students in the former amounted to five hundred and six; in the medical, to two hundred and seventy-six; and in the gymnasiums, to three thousand eight hundred and thirty-five.

The expences of public schools are defrayed by a school fund, raised by taxes and local contributions. The school fund was first collected from the citizens as far back as the year 1809, but did not accumulate to any degree of importance till 1816, from which period the commencement of the system of education may be dated. This school fund now possesses a capital of two millions of

dollars, the interest of which, and the voluntary contributions of parents and guardians, together with a tax levied on every citizen, amounted in the year 1832 to one million four thousand and eighty-two dollars and forty cents. Of this sum, three hundred and forty thousand one hundred and seventy-nine and a half dollars were expended in fuel for the different schools, and in the purchase of books; and six hundred and sixty-three thousand nine hundred and two dollars and ninety-five cents in salaries to teachers. The whole amount of annual expenditure for the schools in the State of New York is made up in this way, that when the State has contributed its share, or, what amounts to the same thing, when the school fund has paid the interest accrued, the citizens are taxed to furnish an equal sum, and to build schools and provide fuel; whatever money is afterwards required to cover other expences is raised from the parents and guardians of the children. The State has thus only to pay one-tenth part of the charges: about three-tenths are raised by taxes, and the remaining six-tenths are defrayed by the children themselves.

I annex an important and interesting docu-

ment, extracted from a periodical, published at Boston, under the title of "Annals of Education," showing not only the number of young people educated at Schools and Universities, but presenting a point of comparison between the school education in the United States and that in Europe, and also between the higher degree of education at Universities in America and other countries on this side of the Atlantic.

The State of New York stands foremost on the list of school children. It counts in the proportion of one to three and a half of the number of its inhabitants; the New England States one to five; Pennsylvania and New Jersey one to eight; Illinois one to thirteen; Kentucky one to twenty-one, and so on. By way of comparison, I may just mention, that Würtemberg has one to six; Bavaria and Prussia one to seven; Scotland one to ten; France one to seventeen and a half; Russia one to three hundred and sixty-seven!

But, if the United States take the lead with regard to school education, they are far from occupying the first place in academical instruction. Scotland has there the advantage. The Eastern States of America belong to

the first class in this respect, and emulate Baden and Saxony. The Middle States are upon a level with Würtemberg, Sweden, Portugal, and the Low Countries. The Southern, again, are upon a par with Switzerland. Finally, the Western may be classed with Denmark, Naples, and Austria. The States lately peopled in the West are about equal to France and Ireland, and Russia leaves the latter at an awful distance.

UNITED STATES.			EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.		
	Number of Students.	Proportion to the Population.		Number of Students.	Proportion to the Population
Massachusetts	770	1 792	Scotland	3249	1 683
Connecticut	327	1 960	Baden	1399	1 816
New Hampshire	241	1 1118	Saxony	1360	1 1040
Vermont	186	1 1509	England	10549	1 1132
Maine	238	1 1611	Hanover	1203	1 1303
New Jersey	193	1 1661	Bavaria	2593	1 1312
South Carolina	325	1 1789	Tuscany	909	1 1402
Pennsylvania	688	1 1928	Spain	9867	1 1414
New York	986	1 1940	Prussia	6236	1 1470
Rhode Island	50	1 1944	Würtemberg	887	1 1731
Maryland	175	1 2554	Sweden & Norway	2687	1 1732
Virginia	457	1 2650	Portugal	1604	1 1879
Kentucky	249	1 2766	Low Countries	2998	1 1979
Georgia	173	1 2985	Sardinia	1722	1 2420
Mississipi	45	1 3040	Switzerland	767	1 2655
North Carolina	233	1 3170	Denmark	578	1 3342
Tennessee	211	1 3245	Naples & Sicily	2065	1 3590
Ohio	285	1 3290	Austria	8584	1 3760
Louisiana	46	1 3335	France	6196	1 5140
Delaware	23	1 3336	Ireland	1254	1 5767
Alabama	84	1 3634	Russia	3626	1 15455
Missouri	28	1 5003			
Indiana	65	1 5101			
Illinois	28	1 5624			

A statement like the preceding can never be expected to be so accurate as might be wished, containing only the number of those who study at public institutions. It is well known that many young people in Europe receive a highly finished education, without ever visiting these public places: this is equally the case in the United States, particularly among those who study the law. Another circumstance, which renders these calculations questionable is, that nothing is more common than to have the names of double the number of students that are actually present at the University inserted in the rolls. But, setting all these difficulties aside, I still believe that the above table is as near the mark as can possibly be expected.

A liberal form of government depends, in a great measure, on the enlightened state of the people: hence education, in the United States, is nearest the heart of every American citizen impressed with a love of his country. He dreads no dissolution of the Union, so long as the facility of learning keeps pace with the increase of population. He looks upon education of so much importance, that, if any individual in the community should happen to disregard that object, he thinks he

deserves to be visited by such a variety of reverses as to make it incumbent on him, if not for the sake of the public good, at least from motives of self-interest, to give his children or pupils the first rudiments of a common education, such as writing, reading, and arithmetic.

Although this opinion seems pretty general in America, and all voices are loud in favour of the system of education, yet there still exists not only a great reluctance on the part of parents to send their children to schools, but also a real want of schools and teachers. To remedy the former evil, a Society, under the name of "American School Agents' Society," has been formed for sending agents in various directions into the interior, for the purpose of persuading parents and guardians of the utility of education and improving schools.

In the city of New York there is a Society exclusively occupied with this object. The want of schools and teachers is supplied by the indefatigable exertions of several religious sects; and in the mean time the end is partly accomplished by the existence of Sunday schools, where every charitable person may give instruction, and by which disinter-

ested assistance thousands of children have been taught to read, write, &c.

According to authentic accounts, however, the number of children in America, deprived of the means of education, is about equal to that of the more fortunate who obtain it. More than one million is stated to be the number of the former. Of these, two hundred and fifty thousand are to be found in Pennsylvania, eighty thousand in the State of New York, (thirteen thousand alone in the City of New York). In Indiana, it is contended, there are twenty-two thousand children, and in Illinois twenty thousand, who cannot read; and nearly the same number of full grown persons in the same situation. New Jersey has eleven thousand five hundred children without any kind of education, and in Kentucky, in 1833, about one third of all children were in the same lamentable condition.* Here is a wide field for Philanthropy to exercise her love for mankind.

Invited to attend a meeting of the American Bible Society, which assembles every month, I had an opportunity of seeing and forming acquaintance with some of the best informed and most benevolent characters in New York.

* Annals of Education, September, 1833.

This Society, considered the most extensive in America, has nearly nine hundred auxiliary Societies, and was instituted in the year 1816. Its income amounted in 1832 to the considerable sum of eighty-four thousand nine hundred and thirty-five dollars and forty-eight cents, of which one half was received for the sale of Bibles and Testaments. The Society prints all its books at its own expence, and has seventeen printing-machines, worked by steam. The secretary attached to this institution assured me that one thousand Bibles might be printed in a single day if necessary. All these Bibles and Testaments are very neatly printed, and published in different forms, to suit all ages and all classes. A Bible in the English language may be obtained at from forty-five cents to one dollar fifteen cents; and the expence of a Testament in the same language is from nine cents to sixty cents. Besides these, the Society publishes Bibles and Testaments in English and Gaelic, and in the French, German, Dutch, Spanish, Irish, and Indian languages. A resolution was passed by this Society, in the course of 1832, appropriating the sum of thirty thousand dollars to printing and circulating the Holy Scriptures, not only among

native Americans, but also among foreign nations. One third of this amount alone was set aside for the purpose of translating the Bible into the different Indian tongues spoken in the United States. Several parts of the New Testament are already translated and distributed among the Indians in the West; and it may be mentioned as a remarkable circumstance, that auxiliary Bible Societies have lately been formed among the Chickasaws and the Cherokee nations, which are making incredible progress. A translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew was then preparing for the last mentioned nation; and, when completed, an edition of three thousand copies was to be printed in a small place called New Echota. This Bible Society printed in the year 1832 a smaller quantity of Bibles and Testaments than usual, in consequence of the large stock on hand. It amounted to only ninety-one thousand one hundred and sixty-eight, which, added to those previously issued from the press, formed an aggregate of one million five hundred and thirty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-eight Bibles and Testaments, printed since the organization of the Society in 1816.

CHAPTER XII.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity.

POPE.'

IT was towards the end of October that I bade adieu to New York, and set out upon my long intended journey to the South. My first visit was of course to Philadelphia. A steamer hurried me from New York to New Brunswick, in the State of New Jersey, in about four hours. From the latter place, all the passengers were conveyed in a number of stage-coaches over a plain and uniform country, and on a very indifferent road to Trenton, a distance of twenty-seven miles, in the course of five hours. To enumerate how often the drivers indulged in a drop of the "inviting liquid" is a task I could not undertake with any degree of accuracy; but that it was an event of frequent occurrence I can assert without fear of con-

tradiction; so much so, that the patience of the travellers was often put to the test. Prayers, threats, oaths, and blustering, were all in vain: the "knights of the whip" were insensible to remonstrance, or pretended to suffer under the influence of deafness. Three times the coaches were changed, and three times ten, at least, if I mistake not, the horses were watered, till at length we obtained a sight of the small town of Trenton, on the River Delaware.

It was early in the afternoon when we arrived; but, the steamboat having already taken her departure for Philadelphia, and the landlord of the hotel finding it in perfect accordance with his interest to keep the passengers over night, spared no pains to convince us that it was literally impossible to proceed any further that evening. For my part, I did not much object to remain till the following morning, although, to speak with the veracity of an historian, the prospects within doors were not altogether of the most promising character; but a young dandy from New York, one of the exquisites of Broadway, who had travelled in the same carriage over the rough road, made out a long list of grievances and objections as to the comforts and

conveniences of the bed-room; and concluded a very eloquent appeal, by insisting on an immediate retreat from quarters absolutely irreconcileable with the ideas of a "perfumed and accomplished gentleman." So great was his perseverance, and so impressive were his oratorical powers, that a charitable coachman who happened to be present was at length induced to listen to a proposal, the tendency of which was to take us the same evening to Philadelphia. We took leave, in consequence, of our landlord, who was highly dissatisfied with the effect produced by the eloquence of the dandy.

It was midnight before we reached our place of destination. To find accommodation at such an unseasonable hour is a thing I have been taught by woful experience never to expect in America. Upon this occasion, I had to enjoy the benefit of a nocturnal drive through the streets of Philadelphia, from house to house, without a chance of success — alone, and unacquainted with the place — till daylight at length began to dawn upon me. An honest watchman (to the credit of the profession be it mentioned) at last took compassion on me, and indicated a house where I could at least, as he observed, get shelter for

the night. But rest was out of the question. A creaking bed, a broken pane of glass, with a pair of inexpressibles filling the gap, and a confined atmosphere, formed the sum total of my comforts. Add to this, the size of the room, more suited for a dwarf than a full-grown person, and it is, after all, but an imperfect picture of my lonely lodging. By way of a substitute for a candle, a dismal lamp was handed to me, from which issued a smell so obnoxious to the spiders and rats (co-occupants with me of this cage) that these little animals were actually taken ill with it, and kept in [illegible] till the sun at length broke [illegible]. To lie down in such a place, [illegible] with fatigue, is easily done; [illegible] in the morning inspires re[illegible] a serious stamp. A glance at the [illegible] around is enough to banish [illegible] no time, as may be sup[illegible] of my comfortless [illegible] to Head's Hotel, the [illegible] in the United States.

[illegible] I may be allowed the ex[illegible] city. Like a young and [illegible] she takes peculiar care of her [illegible] endeavouring to please [illegible] appears as clean and bright

as if a personage of note were expected. The exterior walls of the houses are washed and scoured; as to the streets, they are proverbially clean. Every thing announces wealth and comfort. There is certainly nothing extraordinarily grand; but on the other hand nothing mean. No palaces are observed; but, again, no wretched dwellings. Here the real and true republicanism is exemplified: it is as distant from democracy as from aristocracy. The inhabitant himself, the easy, though not purse-proud Quaker, bears the stamp of it. The only possible fault that might be advanced against the aspect of this city is its uniformity and sameness. This is perhaps fatiguing to eyes accustomed to the crooked streets of Amsterdam and Hamburg; but the latter are again as disagreeable to him who resides in the parallel streets of Berlin or Philadelphia.

The city is situated on a narrow stripe of land between the Rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, and built in squares. The streets are either in a line with the rivers, or at right angles with them: the former are numbered 1st, 2nd, 3rd street, and so on; the latter, again, bear the name of trees, such as chesnut, walnut, &c. The city is least in-

habited on the Schuylkill side ; but, from the gradual increase of population, it may be inferred that this part will be also built upon in a few years.

It cannot, with propriety, be said that Philadelphia is a great commercial city. She has, it is true, both foreign and inland trade; but the vicinity of New York is a great obstacle to her aggrandizement. A large proportion of her business with Europe is transacted through the medium of New York; and, in spite of all efforts, she cannot possibly cope with her too powerful rival. The locality of Philadelphia is an insurmountable impediment in this emulation : both rivers are closed by ice during the winter months, rendering access impossible; whereas, the entrance to New York is open the whole year round. The Delaware is particularly adapted for navigation ; it is navigable about thirty miles above Philadelphia. The Schuylkill is chiefly used for the transport of large quantities of coal, forming one of the principal branches of commerce in the State. This coal is extracted from extensive mines in the upper part of the country, which yield very abundantly, and it is obtained without much difficulty. It is very hard in its composition,

and ignites very slowly. It is a common practice to mix it with Liverpool coal, and the heat is then great. The price is much lower than that of Liverpool coal.

But, if Philadelphia cannot boast of an extensive trade, she may justly be proud of the literary talents she possesses, and of her public and benevolent institutions. No city in the Union, not even excepting Boston, can venture upon a comparison. The American Philosophical Society, and the American Historical Society, are two learned academies, counting among their members men in all parts of the world, and ranking highest on the list of all literary institutions in the United States. The first owed its origin to the indefatigable exertions of Franklin, and has subsequently ranked among its presidents men of the highest standing in literature and knowledge. The actual president is the well-known and venerable patriarch, Mr. Duponceau, who, at the age of eighty, has not yet given up the occupation of writing, or of promoting the welfare of the Society. In the prosecution of this object he has a powerful assistant in Mr. Vaughan, another gentleman of eighty, whose urbanity and attention to every foreigner visiting Phila-

delphia has been the theme of universal panegyric.

It was by this respectable individual I was one evening introduced to the "Wistar Parties," as they are called, meetings which are held every week at the residence of one of its members. Here both scientific and literary men meet; every one, in fact, that Philadelphia contains, laying claim to genius or talent.

The intention of these *réunions* is to bring together individuals of different occupations, from which, no doubt, there results much good. It is only to be wished that, with a view to accomplish the object, the members would assemble a little earlier in the evening, and not convert useful meetings into fashionable *soirées*, commencing about midnight. The evening is spent in conversation on different topics, embracing both the productions of the literary world, the latest inventions, and the politics of the day.

Among public benevolent institutions, the Sunday School Association, the Pennsylvania Hospital, and the House of Refuge, may be particularly mentioned.

The usefulness of Sunday schools is no longer questionable with those whose thoughts have been seriously occupied with the plan of

education in America. Philadelphia is their head-quarters. The Sunday School Association there established is not only connected with all the other associations of the same kind, but prints, on its own account, a number of useful books on religious subjects, adapted for children, in which particular care is taken to exclude every thing that might appear unpalatable to the different sects in the country. A Methodist may therefore make use of them, as well as a Baptist or a Unitarian. By the sale of these books the Association nearly defrays its own expences: each member pays, besides, a trifling sum, sufficient to make up any little difference that might arise. Any well-known respectable person disposed to sacrifice a few hours on a Sunday to the instruction of the school is at liberty to do so. It is a voluntary choice, without any kind of remuneration.

The Pennsylvania Hospital, instituted in the year 1751, by voluntary subscriptions among the citizens, was originally intended as a receptacle for unfortunate lunatics, and those afflicted with any disease not contagious. It was opened to the public in the year 1752; from that period to 1832, no fewer than twenty-nine thousand six hundred and

sixteen patients have been received and taken care of, of whom fifteen thousand two hundred and ninety-three were so destitute that they had no means of paying; and fourteen thousand three hundred and twenty-three contributed towards the expence. Of this number eighteen thousand four hundred were completely restored to health, and three thousand one hundred and eighty-eight died in the hospital. The number of lunatics, during the same period of eighty years, amounted to three thousand seven hundred and eighteen, of whom five hundred and thirty died at an advanced age or from accidental disease, and one thousand two hundred and eighty-nine were cured. At the moment I write, there are about two hundred and forty patients, more than one half of whom are insane; these are treated with a tenderness and mildness, which cannot be too much commended.

The Quakers, who have always taken an active part in the direction of this institution, have invariably recommended a mild treatment towards the unfortunate beings suffering under mental aberration; and this humane system has now been pursued for the last thirty years. Here, as well as in the prisons, the superintending officers are strictly

enjoined to treat the individuals under their care as parents would their children. Not only must they abstain from every thing bordering on cruelty, but they are expected to speak in a friendly manner, to reason with them on the real cause of their malady, to inspire confidence by salutary advice, and, finally, to try to prove to them that the present mode of treatment will lead to their perfect recovery. That this mild method actually exists in this lunatic asylum cannot be doubted; for in no madhouse — and I have visited a great many in the course of my travels in Europe—have I seen insane persons so quiet and calm as in this. I could no where discover the appearance of chains; and yet it was contended that no danger was to be apprehended from the raving of those labouring under what is called *mania a potu*, or *delirium tremens*, the highest stage of insanity. Experience has proved, that occupation or labour produces a salutary effect on those not arrived at this degree of mental alienation, and is, in addition to a mild treatment, unquestionably the safest and speediest remedy for this dreadful malady.

"Where recovery is possible," says the printed description of this Hospital, "it is

effected by labour; and, where it is nearly hopeless, labour gives at least a sound sleep and general composure, seldom found in the indolent lunatic." The men are employed in weaving, wood-cutting, and so on: the women sew, spin, knit, &c. Books and newspapers are given to those disposed to read. Even music is encouraged among them; and the visiter is not unfrequently struck with surprise, on hearing the sound of flutes and pianos in these, of all on earth, least harmonious corridors. But the most incredible part of all is the introduction of the game of chess among the insane. It borders almost on madness to assert, that a person, suffering under an alienation of mind, can possibly sit down to a similar game, and, left to himself, form plans of attack and defence. More rational is it to suppose that a being so circumstanced would be the last for whom the game of chess could be a pastime. None requires more attention, more reflection, and yet numbers of lunatics are seen playing at chess!

The building, however, is rather too small and confined for the purpose; and many inconveniences, I was told, were incurred daily, in consequence of the insane being under the

same roof with those afflicted by other diseases. The repeated fits of laughter and noise of the former continually disturbed the latter, who required unbroken rest. But, independently of this, the proximity had in reality a baneful effect on the physical recovery of the sick. The mirth or laughter of a maniac is at all times awful, and dejects the strongest mind; but, when it is within the hearing of an invalid, it makes a still deeper impression, for his mind is already dejected, and this additional pressure renders him still more miserable, and may eventually check a perfect recovery. It ought, therefore, to be a subject of serious attention with the benevolent inhabitants of Philadelphia to build a separate asylum for lunatics, and appropriate the Pennsylvania Hospital exclusively to bodily diseases.

In the middle of the square of this Hospital is a bronze statue in honour of the immortal Quaker, William Penn. The pedestal is of white marble. Penn is attired in the same costume that he used to wear in his life-time; the square-cut coat, long waistcoat, and cocked hat, have always a peculiar appearance, and particularly so when copied in bronze or marble. His features are in perfect harmony

with the character which he displayed. Every time I took a view of this statue I fancied that I recognized more and more the friendly Quaker, landing on the shores of the Delaware, and bargaining with the Indians for that very piece of land now bearing his name. He holds the conventional document in his hand—a memorable epitaph of Penn.

In a separate building, not far from the Hospital, may be seen one of West's most admired paintings, representing the Redeemer healing the Sick in the Temple. The artist made a present of this picture to the Hospital, in consideration of his being a native of Pennsylvania. It was impossible to make a more appropriate and handsome donation: its exhibition insures an annual income of four hundred dollars, and has, since its first exposure to the public, yielded an aggregate sum of twenty thousand dollars; in truth, no trifling gift, still increasing in value every year! The picture is of great size, and all the figures are as large as life. Several groups are admirable, particularly those in the foreground. The principal characters, however, are here, as in every one of West's paintings, handsome, but without expression.

The House of Refuge, as it is called, is one of the most useful and benevolent institutions in later times. Prison-reports of various countries relate with horror the very lamentable consequences which have resulted from indiscriminate intercourse between young offenders and those whose whole career has been a series of crime. Levity may, in the first instance, have prompted the former to the commission of petty offences: by daily associating with the latter, and listening to their counsels, they become initiated, and crime insensibly loses its blackness. They now learn things of which they were before ignorant, and are led from step to step, till murder at last crowns the work, and the scaffold ends a wretched life.

To prevent the contamination of the young by old and experienced delinquents, Houses of Refuge have very properly been instituted. They are neither prisons nor schools, but partake a little of both. Children of either sex, who have committed and been convicted of offences, are not only received here, but even those who, through misfortune, the influence of demoralizing example, or the negligence of parents, are found strolling about town and country, ready to perpetrate any criminal act

for which opportunity may present itself. The objects are, therefore, two-fold — to punish those who have already been guilty of crimes, and to guard against the commission of more. Punishment is, however, not the main intention. The infliction of stripes is only a temporary remedy, leaving hardly any impression on the unfortunate being to whom they are applied. Education and reform are the real object of the House of Refuge.

It was in the city of New York, as far back as the year 1825, that the first institution of this kind was attempted. Philadelphia followed the example three years subsequently. Citizens, whose feelings were alive to the sufferings of unfortunate children, united, and formed a society, which built at its own expence the present House of Refuge. The State sanctioned this charitable institution, and enacted a law, setting forth that all convicted delinquents, who were minors, should be sent, not to prison, but to the House of Refuge. But, although the State has given this private undertaking the form of a public institution, yet it possesses no control over its affairs. It is under the direction of the people; and that the management in such hands tends materially to its prosperity is

proved by the flourishing situation of several institutions similarly circumstanced, and by their beneficial effect on young people.

When a child is sent hither by a Judge, no time is fixed for the duration of the detention: how, in fact, could this be done? It is not within the sphere of man to decide beforehand what period is required for the proper and suitable education of a child. It depends entirely on the difference of dispositions. The managers of the institution are the best judges when liberty ought to be restored: and they have, in consequence, authority, if a liberated child does not answer the anticipation entertained of its moral improvement, to take it back again. But this guardianship ceases altogether as soon as the individual becomes of age: if then detected in any criminal act, it is handed over to the prisons.

On entering this school of reform, the child is informed of the rules which must be observed, and the two following simple maxims are deeply impressed upon his mind: Never tell a falsehood — Do the best you can. The name is then entered in a book, and the child is introduced into the first class. In fifteen hours of the twenty four, he is instructed in various things, attends to work, &c. Four

hours are allotted to school, and eight to the pursuit of some profession — for example, shoemaking, carpenters' work, tailoring, and so on. For each meal he is allowed half an hour, and the remaining hours are devoted to rest. A short time is granted for recreation and gymnastic exercises. The children have separate bedrooms, and are thus cut off from all communication, which might lead to demoralizing consequences.

The children are divided into classes, according to their behaviour and advancement in knowledge. Promotion or degradation is considered sufficient to maintain discipline. The rewards are suitable for children, and flatter their vanity, while they encourage a continuance of good conduct. A premium, to which great value appears to be attached, is the appointment of monitor, whose duty it is not only to superintend the other children, but to attend to their personal cleanliness and that of the rooms. Punishment consists in being degraded from the higher to the lower class, privation of recreation, solitary confinement in the day-time, curtailment of food, and, finally, in case of great extremity, whipping. Every evening, the children are summoned before the manager, to give an account of

their conduct in the course of the day. The result of the investigation is entered in a book kept for that purpose, where each child has an account current. At the end of the week the balance is struck, and if the credit-side (speaking in the language of an experienced bookkeeper) be in favour of the child, he is rewarded with books, paper, pocket-handkerchiefs, &c.; if, on the other hand, he happens to be debtor, degradation follows, and loss of supper on Sunday evening, or something to that effect. Upon some occasions, the children are even allowed to sit in judgment on those who have committed an irregularity. Twelve jurymen are then appointed, and deliver their verdict with a solemnity proportionate to the gravity of the offence, and the sentence is immediately carried into effect.

When the child recovers his liberty, the manager always takes care to obtain for him some employment, either as servant, apprentice, or agriculturist. A residence in town is avoided as much as possible. On leaving the institution, he receives, as a present, a Bible, together with written advice how to behave in future.

That this system produces incalculable benefit cannot be denied. According to

reports made of the behaviour of the children after regaining their liberty, I find that about two-thirds conduct themselves reputably. With such results before me, I cannot help admiring a plan, which not only corrects faults and dangerous propensities, but inculcates, at the same time, a taste for regularity, industry, and propriety; which gives useful knowledge, and enables the child subsequently to support himself in the path of virtue.

I was, however, informed that to reform children after the age of sixteen is a task of great difficulty. Theft is the prevailing offence among boys sent to the House of Refuge, and immorality that of the girls; these two crimes, it appears, leave the least hope of amelioration. Yet daily experience shows that it is not impossible.

The House of Refuge at Philadelphia cost originally about sixty-five thousand two hundred and thirty dollars; and the yearly expences amount to twelve thousand, including salaries to officers and superintendents. The amount of the children's labour is only two thousand dollars; the difference of ten thousand being made up by the institution. The yearly deficit is owing to the children not

being kept continually at work, as practised in prisons; but this is, after all, a minor consideration, if the great object is attained. The ten thousand dollars are richly repaid by the redemption of fifty children—reclaimed, and changed into useful members of society.

Besides the institution here alluded to, I ought not to lose sight of several others equally benevolent, all of which I was fortunate enough to visit during my residence in Philadelphia. To enter into a detail of them all would exceed my limits; and being, moreover, nearly upon the same plan as similar institutions in Europe, with which the public is acquainted, it is unnecessary to refer to them further than by mentioning their names. At the head of the list I will place The Widows' Asylum. This excellent and well supported institution is followed by The Orphans' Institution, Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Magdalen Institution, Asylum for the Blind, Naval Asylum, &c.

No city in the Union has such beautiful Banks as Philadelphia. The United States' Bank, generally called the Mother Bank, is an edifice of fine effect, situated in one of the principal streets in the city. The architectural part is copied from the Parthenon at

Athens. The portico is of marble; and the pillars of the Doric order. The interior, however, is not in harmony with the exterior. There, every thing appears rather heavy, mean, and less pleasing to the eye, probably to serve as a contrast to the exterior, which partakes, at least, of the classic, if it is not altogether faultless. The Pennsylvania Bank is another building shown to every stranger. It is much smaller, does not strike the eye so much as the former, but has unquestionably a neater and more suitable appearance. The façade of this Bank, as well as that of the late Mr. Girard, is of white marble, without any pretension to Italian architecture.

The new Mint was not yet finished when I visited Philadelphia; but a fugitive glance convinced me that it will be upon a grand scale, combining taste and convenience. This is the only city in the Union where coin is struck.

In a long gallery, called The Arcade, is Peale's Museum. The contributors to this interesting collection count among their number many natives of the country, now no more. A great many objects of curiosity may be seen, particularly implements of the Indians settled on the western shores of the Mississippi. But what attracts the particular attention of every

visiter is the almost perfect skeleton of the mammoth, not long ago dug up in a distant part of Pennsylvania, at the expense of Mr. Peal. The few bones wanting to complete the whole frame are hardly perceptible, except upon close inspection. An elephant placed beside this gigantic animal appears as diminutive as a calf beside an elephant. The shape or figure is, however, not unlike the latter, although the dimensions of the bones and joints are three times the size.

The Indians have a singular tradition with regard to this animal, which deserves to be quoted: "About ten thousand months ago," it states, "it pleased the Great Spirit to drown in one day all living animals, with the exception of the mammoth, who, closely pressed by the rising waters, took refuge on the top of an elevated mountain. But the flood reached this retreat at last, when the animal began to scream so hideously, that the Spirit himself was frightened, and saved it from perdition. This is the reason why, of all gigantic animals which inhabited the earth before the Deluge, the mammoth is the only one of which any traces are left."

A few steps only from this Museum is the Statehouse, justly celebrated in the annals

of American history, as being the place from which emanated the declaration of independence. This old building is of brick, still of its pristine colour, with two wings, distinguished only by a peculiar simplicity in the architecture. Age has given it rather a dismal appearance; but even this proved gratifying to my eyes, particularly when travelling in a country where every thing is new and fresh, and where antiquities are as scarce as young cities in Italy, sprung up from nothing. Historical recollections, moreover, attach to this building so much interest, that it is next to impossible to approach it without reverence. It was within its precincts that America shook off her fetters. Here it was, also, that the first impulse was given to the extraordinary revolution which ended in the total emancipation of the Colonies. It was here, in short, that a handful of bold patriots, by a stroke of the pen, risked the chance of an ignominious death as rebels, or the immortal glory of heroes of liberty. It was here that the signatures were affixed to an Act which has already had, and will for ages to come, have an immense influence on the destinies of the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

Narrow is thy dwelling now! dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before!

OSSIAN.

THE environs of Philadelphia are really of the most enchanting character, particularly those in the vicinity of the Schuylkill, whose romantic borders cannot but be highly admired. The country is intersected with villas vying with each other in beauty. To point out any one in particular would be doing injustice to all the rest. Two I visited, belonging to Messrs. Pratt and Borie, from which I enjoyed a most extensive and beautiful view of the Quaker City. To my great astonishment, however, I was told that these mansions are hardly ever inhabited. Every thing on earth is subject to some objection: even in the midst of the finest wheat, thistles will sometimes grow — so with the elysian

shores of the Schuylkill. An unwholesome and fatal miasma rises invariably from this seducing stream, and woe to him who ventures to settle in its neighbourhood! A cadaverous look soon replaces the wholesome complexion, and health flies away in the midst of enjoyments of an enchanting nature! This lamentable circumstance reduces property in these parts to little or no value; the villas are compared to the prohibited fruit, the tasting of which entailed death. They appear like places lately visited by the plague, or neglected by owners too fond of a town residence. Each bower bore the stamp of desertion, and the footpaths were covered with grass. The works of man had a dead appearance in the midst of lively nature.

But Philadelphia's boast, that of which the inhabitants may justly be proud, is the waterworks at Fair Mount, which supply all parts of the city with abundance of excellent water, for the consumption of private houses, as well as for the cleansing of the streets, and for extinguishing fires whenever they happen. The eminence, called Fair Mount, lies close to the city, and rises from the banks of the Schuylkill. A place more suitable for this purpose could not have been selected. The stream

is conducted through a dam to a kind of basin, near the foot of the eminence, where several large wheels are worked by the mass of water. These wheels, in turn, put in motion a number of pumps, the aggregate power of which is so great that, when all the wheels are going, a quantity of water, equal to seven millions of gallons, is raised in the course of twenty-four hours. Upon the eminence, the water is collected in reservoirs, containing nearly twelve millions of gallons. It is conducted hence to the city by means of pipes, which, like the veins in the human body, serpentine in various directions; it is at last brought to the houses, and circulates under the streets. By this excellent arrangement, plugs, placed purposely at regular distances, need only be opened, and all quarters are supplied. This simple aqueduct cost the city no less than one million seven hundred and eighty-three thousand dollars: the annual expence, which is proportionably trifling, is borne by every housekeeper, who has on the other hand the great convenience of water in every part of the house, even in the garret. In fine, nothing in or about Philadelphia deserves more to be seen than these water-works.

The new prison is also worthy of the attention of every stranger. I shall pass over any detail of this institution for the present, intending in a future chapter to treat more at large on this subject, pointing out the difference between the penitentiary system adopted here and that which goes under the name of the Auburn system.

Very often it occurred to me, during my travels through the United States, as a singular circumstance, that I hardly ever discovered any public monument in commemoration of Franklin. Statues, busts, and portraits, are everywhere seen of Washington — even the names of Lafayette and Kosciusko are not forgotten by grateful Americans. But Franklin, the great Franklin, has not received that tribute to which his memory is unquestionably entitled. In a dark corner of a smoky tavern in the country, or as a sign-post, his head may sometimes be seen suspended ; but this honour is any thing but enviable, particularly when it is taken into account that the likeness to the original is in general so questionable, that both painters and landlords are obliged to write beneath the ugly countenance in large gold letters : " This is Benjamin Franklin." — I expected to find in Philadelphia a

variety of memorials relating to him: but even here the memory of this extraordinary man has been treated with a niggardly hand. His remains are interred in a churchyard in the middle of the city. I hastened thither, in full expectation of finding a splendid monument raised by the American nation. I saw only a flat stone over his grave, with this inscription:

BENJAMIN
&
DEBORAH
} FRANKLIN.
1790.

This simple and unostentatious epitaph, although unexpected, leaves nevertheless a deeper impression on the mind than the most costly mausoleum would produce. The life of Franklin, like his marble, was without pretension. The name alone, Benjamin Franklin, is it not a speaking monument? He who was content with a frame-house during life-time was too great a man to court, after death, a marble tomb. As a private citizen, he returned to the same mother earth that witnessed his birth, and for whose prosperity he had lived. Near his silent grave now stand the children of his revolutionary brethren, watching its sanctity, as if it were the property of the whole

nation. And such it is in fact. The dust which covers America's first and greatest philosopher undoubtedly belongs to the people. The simplicity of the grave is its greatest ornament. Woe to the hand that would destroy its effect by an attempt at splendour!

A portion of the United States' Navy is stationed at the southern extremity of Philadelphia. The largest man-of-war probably in the world is building here, and is justly shown as a prodigy. It is enclosed in a wooden shed, on the roof of which is a reservoir of water in the event of fire. When launched, she is intended to carry one hundred and forty-four guns, and will be named the Pennsylvania.

The President and Vice-President of the United States are, as it is well known, elected to their respective offices for a period of four years. In Pennsylvania, the election takes place in the following manner: four months before the duties of the office are entered upon, electors are chosen by the people, who afterwards vote. A similar day of election took place on the 2d of November in Philadelphia. The friends of the respective candidates, Jackson, Clay, and Wirt, had, during the preceding week, used every exertion to influence voters to avail themselves of their privilege. No

pains had been spared, and no inducement neglected. In England, where I have likewise attended popular elections, the zeal of the friends of the candidates is certainly very great; but in America it is carried to a still higher pitch. Both old and young, poor and rich, men and women, feel such an intense interest in the issue of the contest, that the least result which an impartial foreigner can possibly expect is, the dissolution of the Union, effusion of blood, and civil war. Whichever way I turned, I heard the severest censure directed by one party against the other. In one place, appeared a number of Clay-men attacking and tearing down the hickory trees.* In another, a numerous and savage mob was seen dancing round similar trees erected in the streets, calling out — "Jackson for ever!" Not far off, a procession of anti-masons, to whose party the last-mentioned candidate belonged, was seen moving and laughing at their antagonists. In another group, were observed a number of the most

* A kind of walnut tree, distinguished for its toughness and durability. President Jackson went always among the lower classes by the name of Old Hickory. The reason is variously stated. Some pretend that he obtained this nickname after a victory gained at a place called "Hickory Ground." Others assert that the quality of the wood is applicable to his character. I cannot say which of these versions is the correct one.

influential politicians in the city, haranguing the people on the brilliant prospects of their cause, the certain defeat of their opponents, the matchless qualifications of their candidate, and the duplicity, vacillation, and deception, of the other two. It was evident, that the prevailing policy was to keep up party-spirit by holding forth encouragement, and to acquire new adherents, either by the propagation of false statements or by attempting to frighten the opponents.

The State of Pennsylvania is divided into certain districts, where elections take place on the same day. Philadelphia constitutes a district of itself. The city, however, is so extensive, that it is necessary to subdivide it into wards, to facilitate the elections. Commissioners from each ward assemble in the Statehouse at eight o'clock in the morning of the day appointed. Each of them had his own particular box placed near the avenue of trees fronting the house. The voters approached these boxes whenever they wished to give a vote, and delivered a printed card, on which the name of the electors was inscribed, and signed by the voter. It being understood that none except those who belong to the ward of which the box bears the

name are allowed to vote, it may be supposed that the person who receives the vote must know the respective voters. But, if any doubt arises as to the eligibility of the party, the commissioner has the privilege of insisting upon his oath, and the production of receipts for paid taxes. Before the boxes thronged a number of people belonging to the three aspiring candidates, distinguished only by the different names on voting cards, and which were pasted on boards and carried about in the shape of flags. Some of these cards had the portraits of the candidates for the presidency; on others were written or printed eulogies of them. The conflict near the boxes was often attended with bloodshed, and several of the combatants were carried away from the field of battle wounded and disfigured. These fights continued the whole day uninterruptedly; and about ten o'clock at night the boxes were shut up, when a retreat was effected by the straggling party to other parts of the city. The uproar spread in every direction; yells and discordant sounds were heard in all parts; the arrival of an enemy, or of the plague, could not have caused a greater disturbance. I took a walk late in the evening to look at the

different transparencies which each party had exhibited before their committee-rooms. An attack, perfectly organized, took place on one of these rooms, and the assault was only repulsed by the besieged after a most obstinate resistance, when about fifty wounded were left on the field of battle. These scenes did not end till morning.

On the following day, the inhabitants of the city were officially informed that the anti-Jackson party had a majority in Philadelphia of about one thousand nine hundred votes. Returns were also transmitted from different parts of the State in the course of this and the following day, showing the issue of the election; but, when all these were summed up at last, Jackson's party appeared to have the ascendency, and his election in Pennsylvania was consequently secured. This result, quite contrary to the wishes of the majority in Philadelphia, did not, however, create any disturbance among the party who but a few evenings before had displayed an almost revolutionary zeal in the cause, and actually shed blood to secure victory over the Jackson men. On the contrary, they heard the announcement of their defeat with a composure worthy of imitation; I observed

even some, who had commanded at the late attack on the committee-room, laugh at the issue of the election. This singular circumstance was often adduced to me as the perfection of the electioneering system. A strong feature in its favour it undoubtedly is; but to say that the system is altogether perfect is an assertion by no means admitted by all enlightened citizens in America.

Does a country in reality derive any benefit from elections which leave an equal power in the hands of the rich and the poor? Is it reasonable, that an individual, whose interest it is to maintain order and peace in a State, who has every thing to lose and nothing to gain by convulsions, should have no more to say than the less fortunate, who only knows by reputation the candidate he is going to vote for? To answer this question in the manner I often heard borders in a great measure on chimera. I was told, for instance, that every citizen in the United States has more or less reason to vote in an independent way; the facility of gaining a livelihood being so great, that free men must of necessity take some interest in the tranquillity and prosperity of the country—that education is a sufficient guarantee against the influence

of bribery and corruption. I certainly am not of this opinion, and have only to adduce, in support of my dissent, the result of the elections of late years. The Constitution may perhaps be literally the same as in the time of Washington; but democracy has recently made such extraordinary strides, that former apprehensions of aristocratical ascendency have now been converted into a dread of mob-rule.

At the Presidential Election in 1828, numberless Irish emigrants had great influence on its issue; in 1832 also the poorer classes determined the result. This progressive power among the lower masses is the more to be apprehended, as a corresponding and equally rapid accession among wealthy and enlightened citizens cannot possibly take place. What will be the consequence? If ever the beautiful republican ship should strike on a shoal, it would be at the period of a Presidential election.

No State has so democratic a Constitution as Pennsylvania. To be qualified to vote, it is only necessary to reside within the limits of the State, and pay a few taxes. I was told, but I am not quite sure if the statement be correct, that with a view to strengthen a

certain party in the State, a number of people were engaged to settle within its territory, whose taxes were paid for them. Thus, a great many voters were secured, who at the subsequent election proved of essential service. This, however, does not apply to every State. In some, a residence of two years is required before the privilege of voting is granted. In others, again, it is necessary to be a resident only six months to become an eligible citizen.

Pennsylvania ranking as the second State in the Union with respect to population, and sending no fewer than twenty-six members to Congress, great importance is naturally attached by each party to obtaining her suffrages. No exertions, as it may be supposed, are left untried to secure this object, which, once attained, is adroitly used to influence the elections in other States. In the State of New York, the elections took place three days later than in Pennsylvania. To encourage their friends in New York to greater exertions, and to determine those who were yet vacillating the victorious party in, Pennsylvania sent off extraordinary messengers, who travelled with the rapidity of lightning. This prudent and deep-laid scheme

had the desired effect. Both these principal and influential States declared in favour of General Jackson. The force of example operated on the minor ones, and the election was conclusive.

As a native of Sweden, the city of Philadelphia could not fail to inspire me with intense interest. History records that, during the reign of Gustavus Adolphus the Second, deservedly surnamed the Great, a colony of Swedes was sent out from the mother country, and settled on both banks of the Delaware. This part of the New World appeared to them so inviting and delightful, that they gave it the name of the Land of Canaan; and to the spot where they landed that of Paradise. How much is it not to be regretted that posterity, regardless of the past, should allow these elysian fields to be so completely neglected, and wrapped in the mantle of oblivion, that not a trace can now be discovered! The only thing now known of this terrestrial paradise on the shores of the Delaware is, that its situation was near Cape Henlopen, a short distance from the sea. The colonists purchased tracts of land of the Indians, occupants of these parts, and threw up a few fortifications, namely, Fort Chris-

tina,* Fort Elfsborg,† and New Gothenburg.‡

The Dutch, whose principal city was then New Amsterdam, (afterwards called New York,) pretended that the country round the Delaware belonged to them, having paid it a visit before the arrival of the Swedes: this insinuation, however, did not prevent the latter from settling; nor could this pretension be supported afterwards, for the Indians had totally destroyed all the fortifications erected by the Dutch, and murdered the garrisons. The Swedes now kept peaceable possession of the country, and passed their time, according to traditions on record, with little or no care. William Penn speaks of them thus: "They are a plain, strong, industrious people, yet have made no great progress in the culture or propagation of fruit trees, as if they desired rather to have enough than plenty or traffic. As they are people proper and strong of body, so they have fine children, and almost every house full; rare to find one of them without three or four boys, and as

* Of this fortification there is no trace. It was situated near Wilmington, twenty-seven miles south of Philadelphia.

† Fort Elfsborg was near Salem Creek, east of the Delaware.

‡ New Gothenburg, or Tinnicum, between Fort Christina and the present city of Philadelphia.

many girls; some six, seven, or eight sons. And I must do them the justice to say, I see few young men more sober and laborious."

It was in the year 1655 that this happy and contented little colony was attacked by the Dutch, conducted by Stuyvesant, who, in a sanguinary battle, eulogized by the immortal Knickerbocker,* vanquished his enemy, and obliged the colonists to submit to the Dutch authority. But this victory was of short duration; for, in the year 1664, both banks of the Delaware fell into the hands of the English, who became rulers of the Swedish emigrants. But the latter preserved, to the latest times, the customs and manners brought from Sweden, and continued to have, up to the year 1831,† Swedish clergymen residing among them. Their number amounted, in the year 1700, to about one thousand two hundred, all speaking the Swedish language: in another century this number had so sensibly diminished, that divine service was no more performed in the ancient mother tongue. Even the Lutheran religion ceased at length to be preached to the offspring of Swedish emi-

* Knickerbocker's History of New York, by Washington Irving.

† This year died in Philadelphia the last Swedish clergyman, the Rev. Doctor Nicholas Collin, loved and respected by both countrymen and strangers.

grants, being replaced by the doctrines of the English Protestant Church.

In the account transmitted to England in 1683, William Penn thus expresses himself: "The Dutch have a meeting-place for religious worship at Newcastle; and the Swedes three, one at Christina, one at Tinnicum, and one at Wicacoa, within half a mile of this town." The last mentioned church at Wicacoa,* which in Penn's time was only half a mile from Philadelphia, is now within the limits of the city. It is a simple brick building, not painted, something like a country church in Sweden, and erected in the beginning of the sixteenth century on the same spot where the former church stood. The inside is painted white, without ornaments. Above the altar is the pulpit, which, as well as the organ-loft, was covered with black when I visited it, as a token of respect to the memory of the Swedish pastor, who died in the preceding year. Some of the remains of former clergymen are interred beneath the altar, among which are those of Anders Rudman and John Dyllander, whose memories have been honoured by tablets. On the right side, near the wall, is a simple monument of marble, to the memory of

* An Indian name, signifying pleasant place.

Doctor Collin's wife: the husband also reposes beneath. In the pulpit and near the altar, I discovered several Bibles and psalters, printed in the Swedish language, during the reigns of Charles XII and Frederick I. None can vote in this church unless he can trace his origin to Sweden.

Behind the church is the cemetery, on examining which I found a great number of names unquestionably Swedish, such as Gestenberg, Swänson, Lungren, Robertson, Jonson, and so on; others again, evidently of Swedish extraction, although corrupted in America, as, for instance, Williamson, Meddermark, &c. Several families are still extant in Philadelphia, but they are so intermixed with others that no accurate statement as to their number can be obtained. They have completely adopted the customs of the country, and cannot even in their appearance be distinguished from native Americans. They delight, however, in conversing about Sweden —as if the love of country still ran in their veins—and never deny hospitality to any one who intimates that he comes from the land of which the Swedish bard * thus speaks:

The rock yields steel, and heroes know to handle it.

* Esaias Tegner.

My stay at Philadelphia this time was very short: winter approached with rapid strides, and the journey I had in view was pretty long, and required a considerable portion of time. A steamboat transported me from the friendly city: passing many tracts formerly belonging to the Swedish Colony, I also left behind, in the course of a few hours, Chester, (formerly called Upland); further on, Christiana; and arrived at Newcastle, (Fort Kasimir of old) from which a railroad has recently been made, running to Frenchtown, on the River Susquehanna. The banks of the Delaware, south of Philadelphia, are low and marshy; the soil is, however, productive, and yields rich crops. The railroad from Newcastle, though only sixteen miles in length, passes through two States, Delaware and Maryland, the former being, after Rhode Island, the smallest State in the Union: the population in 1830 was only seventy-six thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine. Delaware belongs to the number of States chiefly occupied with all kinds of manufactures; the communication has lately been greatly facilitated by the opening of canals, uniting the River Delaware with the Chesapeak.

The journey over the railroad did not take

more than seventy minutes. At Frenchtown I went again aboard an excellent steamboat, which brought me in five hours to Baltimore. The Susquehanna is the largest river in the Union: it takes its rise in the State of New York, and meanders in various directions partly through that State, partly through Pennsylvania, and partly through Maryland, till at length it empties itself into the Chesapeak, after travelling more than five hundred miles.

CHAPTER XIV.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.

GOLDSMITH.

BALTIMORE, in point of size, is the third city in the Union. It is situated on the River Patapsco, which discharges its waters into Chesapeak Bay. The inlet to the port is narrow, fortified by two projecting points of land opposite to each other, one of which, called Fort McHenry, is mounted with heavy cannon, to protect the city in case of necessity.

When our steamboat, with the rapidity of lightning, entered the harbour, amidst boats, steamers, and ships, and I saw the multitude of steeples, domes, and monuments, rising above the houses, in the form of an amphitheatre, I could not help expressing my admiration to a young American, close to me on deck.

"Every stranger is delighted with this place," answered he, "and I don't wonder at it. There is something so pleasing in the exterior of Baltimore at first sight, that it is impossible not to like it: the splendid public buildings, the beautiful churches, the interesting monuments, so gratifying to every American, the convenient and handsome private houses, have given to this city a name it richly deserves, and which none in this hemisphere, not even excepting Philadelphia, can dispute. It is known by the name of Monument Town. But, after all, these are not the principal attractions in Baltimore, those of which every citizen justly boasts. Hospitality, politeness, and unsophisticated manners, are the distinction to which the city lays claim."

This picture was, in truth, very correct. It is not the exterior beauty of the ornamental part of the buildings, or the regularity of the streets, that I now admire in Baltimore, after having visited and become better acquainted with it; it is the sociability, the free and easy manners, of the citizens, their extreme politeness to strangers, and the unostentatious information so generally diffused among them, which have left an indelible impression

on my mind. I have never yet met a foreigner who, after visiting Baltimore, does not speak of it with rapture. / But why repeat a fact so universally admitted? Who can feign ignorance of its attractions — of its amiable and beautiful women? Both have passed into a proverb in America, as well as in Europe, and are therefore nothing strange to those who may feel disposed to follow me in my proposed peregrinations.

Among buildings, justly deserving to be noticed, are the Cathedral, the Unitarian Church, and the Exchange. The first, in particular, the Roman Catholic Church, is the largest in the United States; the exterior is, unquestionably, the handsomest of all, the American Protestant churches being generally remarkable for their simplicity and bare white walls. A dome, with a skylight, gives to this church a most agreeable light; and Guerin's celebrated picture of Christ's Descent from the Cross, presented by Charles X., ex-King of France, and the many little chapels, always found in Catholic churches, together with the marble altar at the choir, and the ornaments, tapers, and flowers on the altar — all, in short, forms a singular contrast with the neighbouring Unitarian church,

where the utmost simplicity prevails, and which is nevertheless as imposing to a true Christian as a temple decorated with paintings and images, lighted by a multitude of tapers, and filled with incense.

The monument of Washington, the only one of its kind worthy this great man, consists of a large marble column, with his statue on the summit. The pillar is one hundred and seventy-five feet high, twenty in diameter at the base, and fourteen at the top; the statue alone is fifteen feet high. The sides of this column are perfectly smooth, though the original intention was, I believe, to decorate it, in imitation of Trajan's column at Rome, with a bas-relief, representing scenes from the life of the American Cincinnatus. That this project was not carried into effect is universally regretted, and, I fear, it is no longer thought of. The monument, however, is on the most elevated and conspicuous part of the city, in Howard's Park, at the end of Charles Street, and offers the finest view of Baltimore, the river, and the country for several miles round.

Another monument also adorns this city. It is erected to the memory of those Americans who fell in the battle with the English

before Baltimore in 1814. There is always something so interesting in the public expression of gratitude and respect for services rendered to the country, that even the most trifling monument seldom fails to excite a lively impression in all Americans. They retain, with feelings of gratitude and pride, the names of men who have, in a moment of peril, saved country, contemporaries, and an unknown posterity. Far be it, therefore, from me, like many other preceding travellers, to censure this monument as heavy and tasteless! Let it not be forgotten, that it was raised by surviving parents, children, relatives, and friends; it was not the united efforts of a nation. Whatever defects it may possess, they must vanish before the eyes of all spectators disposed to view it in this manner; and, if this piece of sculpture cannot be compared to many masterpieces with which Italy abounds, it answers at least its purpose perfectly well, and this, I believe, is the limit of its pretensions.

During my short stay in this city, a death occurred, which caused as much sensation and regret all over the United States, from Maine to Louisiana, as when a beloved and esteemed Monarch in Europe dies. Charles Carroll, of

Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Act of Independence, on the 4th July, 1776, expired in the month of November, 1832.

The event was certainly not unexpected, as his age was nearly a century; but whoever had seen the aged man in later years, surrounded by a numerous family circle, in which he shone with so much lustre, and heard him speak of the State fabric, to the erection of which he had lent his aid, could not help venerating the aged patriot. He might be compared to a link between former times and the present. Although he did not fill any public station subsequently to the year 1801, yet he was not forgotten by his grateful countrymen, for whose liberty, independence, and prosperity, he staked life, property, and glory.

This circumstance alone, that he was the last of the bold revolutionists who separated the Colonies from the Mother Country, would have been sufficient to illustrate his name for ever. His star continued bright after all the others had set; and the rising generation looked up to it with an almost religious veneration.

Carroll's career was fertile in events: with delight, yes, I may add, with the fire of youth,

he recalled to memory, but a few days preceding his demise, the many important epochs he had witnessed, and how, regardless of consequences, and only acting for the public good, he had hazarded his own immense estates, for the honour of being foremost in the ranks of those on whom the world then bestowed the epithet of rebels. His long career gave him, moreover, an opportunity of seeing his young country twice engaged in a sanguinary contest with the modern rulers of the ocean, and yet able, a few short years afterwards, to pay off the greater part of a considerable national debt.

Destiny, however, did not permit him to descend to the tomb before the dreadful voice of rebellion in South Carolina reached his ears. The flame of discord, always destructive to a republic, kindled before him when on his death-bed. Carroll trembled at the idea of witnessing the annihilation of Washington's magnificent work; from his pale lips parted a sincere prayer to Him, to whose bosom his affrighted spirit soon fled.

Thus died Carroll, he who, like a true virtuous Roman, answered a man, who rather sarcastically observed that, of all the signers of the Act of Independence, Carroll hazarded

the least by the insurrectionary step against the lawful government, inasmuch as many persons in America bore the same name, and the English rulers, if victorious, would have had some difficulty in finding which Carroll it was: "Is it so?" said he: "then I will add another name to the one I already possess." And the sentence was hardly finished, before he wrote, in the important document, immediately after his name, the words: "of Carrollton," which addition has since been censured by people unacquainted with its origin, who have accused him of harbouring aristocratical notions under a republican exterior.

At his death, however, all private rancour ceased: friends and foes hastened round his grave to pay the last tribute of respect to departed greatness. The newspapers in Baltimore, as well as in other cities, were bordered with black in token of mourning, and all united in the expression of grief for the death of the deceased.

One of the journals inserted the following poetical lines to his honour, which I cannot refrain from copying: they may be called his epitaph, and certainly are not destitute of merit:

THE LAST OF THE ROMANS,
THE LAST OF THAT
SACRED BAND,
WHO, IN THE DARKEST HOUR OF THEIR COUNTRY'S STRUGGLES,
PERILLED THEIR LIVES, THEIR FORTUNES, AND THEIR
HONOUR,
FOR HER FREEDOM: —

CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON,

The venerated and beloved,
The virtuous and the wise,
The patriot and the christian—
IS NO MORE!
He has gone down to the grave,
Full of days, riches, and honour.
Of no distemper, of no blast, he died,
But fell like autumn fruit, that mellow'd long;
E'en wonder'd at, because he dropp'd no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he fifteen winters more,
Till, like a clock worn out by eating Time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

I fully anticipated witnessing a funeral different from the ordinary ones in America. We Europeans take it as a thing of course that the obsequies of a great man should be in proportion to his character. My residence in the United States had then been too short for me to imbibe other notions. When, therefore, informed that the body of the deceased was to lie in state, that the public authorities were to attend it to the last place of rest, and that even the President and the Secretary of State were expected from Washington, to follow in the procession, I naturally concluded

that the whole ceremony would be conducted upon a scale of magnificence similar to what is observed with us. Under this impression, I proceeded to the residence of the deceased. Two staves covered with black crape were placed at the entrance of the house, and in front of it, half a dozen black women were playing as if nothing had happened. Their mirth and wild gestures actually excited my anger before I entered the gate; but this was a mere prelude to the indecorous, I may almost add, scandalous scene I subsequently witnessed in the room containing the remains of the great patriot.

The body was wrapped in a blue morning gown, and laid on a simple bed, in the middle of an apartment, which had probably been a parlour in the life-time of the owner. The bed was covered with a white sheet, overhanging the sides. Round it, were four tapers burning, and at the head a crucifix, to show that the deceased was of the Roman Catholic faith. The room bore not the slightest indications of mourning: all moveable furniture had been taken away; but curtains of the gayest colours were left, and produced a strange contrast to the silent victim of death, but a few paces

distant. I found the room filled with spectators, the greater part of whom appeared to be Americans. They crowded round the body, and pushed each other, at the same time uttering reproaches, and laughing. For a long while I could not get near; but I felt indignant at witnessing a scene of merriment, and on hearing unbecoming observations close to the bier of a departed fellow-creature. They went even so far as to examine the morning-gown, to touch the lifeless body, and to place their hands on the forehead. I shuddered at this levity, and turned round in hopes of seeing some person belonging to the house, who could put a stop to these improprieties. I soon found an individual, appointed to superintend on the occasion — and, as long as he remained near the deceased, none dared touch him; but his presence did not silence the indecorous language and laughter, which continued all the time that I was in the room. When I surveyed the high forehead of the deceased and his noble features, I could not help fancying that he assumed a look of displeasure. Low, indeed, must he be sunk, who can joke and smile at the sight of a corpse. On the contrary, what an instructive and improving lesson is it not to him, who, by the

side of a lifeless fellow-creature, pauses in his ardent career, and reflects seriously for a moment, before he himself sets out on the long journey whence no traveller has yet returned!

But, if this preliminary ceremony displeased me, I was not the less disappointed on the following day, when the funeral took place. There was certainly a procession, but without order, without the least magnificence. The President, in signifying his regret at not being able to attend, despatched a few soldiers, with a view perhaps of giving greater *éclat* to the ceremony by the exhibition of elegant uniforms. I need only mention, that of the number of persons who accompanied the hearse a very small proportion were dressed in black. The majority were attired in grey, brown, or blue small-clothes and coats; some had white hats, a few even caps, and all carried umbrellas, to shelter themselves from the heavy rain falling at the time. At the cathedral the procession was received by the archbishop and a number of assisting functionaries, who went through the usual ceremonies practised by Catholics. No funeral oration was delivered; but, in its stead, pieces of solemn music and a kind of requiem were sung by a numerous band

of amateurs, which produced a very impressive effect. When the service was concluded, a hearse conveyed the body to one of Carroll's estates, where it was deposited in the family vault.

Baltimore, although the largest city in Maryland, is not the capital of the State. Annapolis, a few miles to the south, and situated on Chesapeak Bay, has the honour of being the seat of the Legislature, without deserving it. It is a very insignificant place, with barely three thousand inhabitants; whereas, Baltimore, according to the last census in 1830, contained eighty thousand five hundred and nineteen souls. In the year 1820, the number amounted to only sixty-two thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight, consequently, there had been an accession in the course of ten years of no fewer than seventeen thousand seven hundred and eighty-one.

The prevailing religion is the Roman Catholic, which has been unremittingly maintained since the period of the first colony under Lord Baltimore. There are several other sects, such as Unitarians, of whom there is a great proportion; but, upon the whole, it may be said that the population of

the State is almost exclusively Catholic, which is easily perceptible to any sharp-sighted stranger, this religion, it will be admitted, having certain characteristic features, more or less affecting the mass.

Traffic in slaves is permitted in Maryland, and carried on to great profit, particularly among the tobacco-planters in the interior. No baneful effect on the manners is, however, observable, until one approaches the southern parts of the State. In Baltimore, for instance, you perceive not in the streets that slavish ignorance and indifference, painted, as it were, on the features of the lower orders in the South: here are still numbers of free servants, who exercise a powerful influence over the less fortunate, who are slaves. In the more enlightened and respectable circles, prevail a frankness, liberality, and hospitality extremely pleasing to every stranger; and, at the same time, this good nature and kindness among masters entirely remove the humiliating part in the situation of a slave, and so reconcile him to his fate that he forgets his debased condition Any person, ignorant that slaves exist, would never be able to discover it, nothing in the houses or streets giving the slightest indications of it. A European,

proceeding no farther south than this city, will certainly return under the impression that the situation of a slave is far from degrading. This discovery, to the shame of mankind be it said, is not made till you enter the State of Virginia. The principal exports from Maryland are wheat and tobacco, both of which are sent in great quantities to almost every part of the world. Baltimore is distinguished as a particular market for these goods; they are brought thither with extraordinary facility, through the agency of rivers, railroads, and canals. A company has lately been formed, whose object is to carry into effect one of the most gigantic projects in modern times, namely, a railroad, not less than three hundred English miles in length, to facilitate the communication between the eastern and western parts of America. This undertaking once accomplished, Baltimore will gain an incalculable accession of articles for export, and also an additional source of wealth and population. I will resume the subject of this railroad in a subsequent chapter.

At length, I quitted Baltimore, on my way to Washington, the capital of this immense Republic. The road leading to it passes

over a hilly and sandy, though in many places picturesque, country. No tobacco-fields were observable, the soil in this part not permitting the cultivation of the plant; it is only in the interior of Maryland that it can be brought to perfection.

It was on a rainy, disagreeable, and uncomfortable November day, that I arrived at Washington. The first object which struck me at a distance was the Capitol, the wonder of America, where the members of Congress assemble. The situation of this edifice is on an eminence at one end of the city, facing the President's house at the other extremity: both are connected by a long and wide avenue, a mile in length, the only regular and close-built street in the city. The stage moved slowly and cautiously over an infinity of rubbish, stones, and deep holes, as the avenue was then undergoing repair. Few people were to be seen, and those consisted chiefly of slaves. Not a living being could I observe: there was none of the noise, confusion, and bustle, characteristic of a capital. Hardly a coach could be perceived: if one did appear, it was empty, or the driver was indulging in a comfortable nap on the box. In the streets, or rather roads, traversing the avenue

which I entered, solitary houses were here and there observed, distant several hundred yards from each other. I could scarcely believe my eyes: I fancied myself in a village. Is this Washington, said I to myself, the capital of another hemisphere? My features must have expressed what passed inwardly, for an American, who happened to be in the same coach, asked me, half-smiling, whether, with my European notions of a metropolis, I was not rather disappointed in my expectations? He concluded these inquiries by adding in a serious tone: "Simplicity is the motto of a Republic. What you see is a true illustration of it. What can be more grand than that a country so extensive as the continent of North America should not require a larger spot than this for a capital?" I made no answer to this remark, just recollecting one of Washington Irving's expressions—"Washington, this immense metropolis, which makes so glorious an appearance on paper."

Congress had not yet met, nor had any of the persons to whom I had brought letters of introduction arrived from the four-and-twenty different States, to pass as usual the winter here: I had therefore no reason to remain longer than over-night. On the following

morning I embarked, in company with a few friends, on board an excellent steamboat, and proceeded down the Potomac to a place called the Creek, distant only nine miles from Fredericksburg, a small but flourishing town in Virginia. The trip down this beautiful river was delightful beyond description. As soon as we left the district of Columbia, which contains only three cities, Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, (belonging to no State in the Union, but under the immediate rule of Congress at Washington,) the banks took the form of hills rising one after another as they followed the course of the stream, and appeared in many places, particularly at a distance, not unlike the waves of the ocean. Few rivers in America have left a stronger impression upon me than the enchanting Potomac. It was at once a grand and interesting sight: although the chill of autumn had already stripped the forests of their foliage, it was easy to discern what a variety of trees adorned the shores.

Potomac river divides the North from the South, and forms the boundary line. Maryland and the district of Columbia on the north side still preserve the aspect of a northern climate: Virginia, again, sighs under the burning heat of a southern sun, but, never-

theless, boasts of natural grandeur. The Potomac, taking its source among the majestic Alleghany Mountains, proudly rolls its mass of water a distance of three or four hundred miles, conscious that it may one day perhaps form the boundary between a Northern and a Southern Republic. But its greatest ornament, its greatest glory, is the unostentatious and hardly perceptible tomb of him — the last Roman on earth — him whom republican America idolizes, and whose memory even monarchical Europe venerates. The spirit of Washington still hovers over the beautiful regions, by himself selected and so beloved in life: and the Potomac, to embellish the scene, washes with her waters the foot of Mount Vernon.

I did not stop to undertake a pilgrimage to the tomb of the great man: the time was too short, and my intention was to return to Washington in the following spring. Mount Vernon, surrounded by small woods and parks, and still occupied by a namesake of Washington's, soon vanished from my sight, as well as Fort Washington, formerly called United States' Fort, situated on a rock on the opposite side. From the initials of the words United States' Fort, the English used to call

it, in derision, Uncle Sam's Fort. This explanation of the words U. S. is now generally known all over America; in the western parts, in particular, it is so common to say Uncle Sam, instead of United States, or the government at Washington, that scarcely any other denomination is ever heard.

On arriving at Fredericksburg, I lost no time in taking advantage of the stage on the point of starting for Richmond. Here I was soon reminded of another circumstance, namely, my entrance into the Southern States, by the execrable condition of the public roads. The traveller has to choose between two alternatives—to be shaken to pieces, or be ingulphed in deep mud-holes. The roads are made of trees laid crosswise, emphatically called corduroy roads. It would, in many places, be quite impossible to effect a passage, if this precaution were not adopted, the soil being so soft, that the least rain is sufficient to make them impassable: the clay is often three feet deep, the wheels stick fast in it, and the carriage is consequently upset.

If the timber, thus laid across the roads, had been cut, and so placed as to fit, it would answer the purpose of a well constructed bridge; but, in so young a country as Ame-

rica, this cannot be expected. The trees are laid on the ground in their rough state, with the branches only cut off: in a thousand places the inhabitants had not even given themselves time, or perhaps voluntarily neglected, to take off the small boughs, so that it not unfrequently happened that, owing to these leafy branches becoming entangled with the wheels, the trees on the road were displaced. The question then naturally arose, which was the stronger — the wheel or the branches: but never did the driver attempt to check the speed of the horses, from apprehension that the coach would go to pieces. This idea seldom enters the mind of an American coachman; nevertheless, there is no country on earth where this precaution would be more advisable than in the southern parts of the United States, still so thinly peopled, that you may travel miles and miles through forests, without discovering a human habitation where assistance could be procured in case of necessity.

The cause of this indifference to horses and coaches is, that all stages carry mail-bags, which, according to contract with the post-office department, must arrive at their destination at a given time, otherwise the contractor

is liable to a considerable fine. To evade this result, he gives the drivers strong injunctions to make all possible haste, let the consequence be what it may: they therefore proceed with the utmost celerity, regardless of the danger of breaking down coaches or killing horses. The consequence is, that accidents too often occur; and, on such occasions, if a carriage or team cannot be found in the neighbourhood, the driver takes the mail-bags, throws them upon a cart, and thus continues his journey, leaving the unfortunate passengers in the middle of the road, in a bog, or in a forest, many miles from any habitation.

To similar and numberless other inconveniences is a traveller exposed in the South; and, if he is lucky enough to arrive at the place of his destination alive, or with unbroken limbs, he may indeed think that he has had a narrow escape. I must, however, confess that accidents occur less seldom than might be expected on such roads, and which are hardly ever repaired; and the materials of which the coaches are built are so strong and tough, that holes, timber, stumps, roots, or trees, have seldom the power to break them. To the eye they appear very heavy and substantial, and to my taste far from handsome:

the iron alone, which is used for one, would be sufficient for two in England. No doubt they are perfectly suited to the roads: the springs, for instance, are almost always of leather, able to resist any shocks. It would be as impossible for an English carriage to be used here without being broken to pieces, as for English horses to trot on such roads, or for English coachmen to drive.

If railroads be desirable, they are certainly so in a superlative degree from the beginning of Virginia to Louisiana. Probably, many years will not elapse before such may be constructed in this tract of country by enterprizing Americans; and whoever then travels from Richmond to New Orleans, by way of Charleston, and will take the trouble of reading this brief description, (the remembrance of which almost makes me shudder) will in all probability not refuse a sympathizing thought to those, who, in former times, to the imminent danger of life, and under numberless inconveniences, performed this journey once, but certainly would not willingly undertake it a second time.

CHAPTER XV.

That feeling which tells him that man was never made to be the property of man.

SHERIDAN.

RICHMOND is the capital of Virginia. Few cities in the Union can be said to have a more beautiful and picturesque situation. It is built on a chain of hills, between which James River, navigable to this place, rolls its silvery waters. The public buildings, such as the Capitol, the Court House, and others, are erected on elevated points, and visible in every direction; their exterior, which would produce effect any where, contributes to embellish the whole. The bustle in the lower part of the town proves the flourishing state of the city; manufactories and institutions of various kinds add to the general activity, and give life to the picture.

I visited one day the Capitol, as it is called, or Statehouse, occupied by the Legislature of

the State, not then sitting, but which generally meets on the 1st day of December, and is, as in all the other States, divided between a Senate and a House of Delegates. The first is composed of thirty-two members, elected for four years, one fourth of whom are changed annually, and the latter, of one hundred and thirty-four members, elected every year.

This edifice is situate on an eminence in the upper part of the city, and modelled after the well-known *maison carrée* at Nismes in France. Eight Ionian pillars adorn that part of the building fronting the lower end of the city. Two entrances, in opposite directions, lead to a kind of vestibule, in the centre of which is a marble statue of Washington. It is made the size of life, and represents him in the same simple garb which he was accustomed to wear. There is something so unpoetical in a coat in reality, that it is hardly possible for a sculptor to give to a statue of marble, dressed in the *costume de Marquis* of the seventeenth century, that life and spirit, which can alone impart a natural air to a cold and inanimate piece of marble; but, notwithstanding this drawback, the spectator is gratified in beholding this piece of sculpture. I do not question the merits of the execution; it has

been conducted with talent, and a due observance of the ancient and modern rules of the art; I am, however, of opinion, and I hope the artist will kindly excuse what I advance in a spirit of candour, that it is the noble, well-known features, which, rather than the general treatment, must at first glance strike every one who attentively examines the statue. Washington had a peculiar, open, noble, distinguished, and ever-composed countenance: both sculptors and painters have succeeded in copying it without difficulty. So also with this statue: all those who have seen it, and known Washington during his life-time, are of one opinion that the sculptor has admirably executed the head: all portraits, busts, and statues of him that I have seen are perfect likenesses. The attitude, besides, is very natural: he rests his right hand on a stick, and the left on fasces. A plough is placed close by, and a sword hangs upon it, as symbols of the warrior and the agriculturist.

Immediately behind the palace of the Legislative Body is the Courthouse. The exterior is the most imposing part of the building: the façade has four rather handsome pillars of the Doric order, and the whole is crowned with a dome. The interior contains

nothing remarkable, except a few portraits of Washington and Lafayette.

During one of my rambles in the city, I met with one of the most affecting mausoleums I had seen since my arrival in America. In an open colonnade, near the front of the Episcopal Church, and directly opposite to the entrance, is a sarcophagus, on which a great number of names are inscribed. It is a monument commemorative of a dreadful event which occurred here on the never-to-be forgotten evening of the 26th of December, 1811.

On the same place where the church and the monument now stand was formerly a theatre, where the first and most enlightened society in Virginia once found an agreeable recreation. A play was performed on that very evening, the name of which I cannot recollect, but which was extremely popular at the time. Many of the first families in town attended the performance: the house was filled with all the talent, beauty, virtue, and knowledge, that Richmond could boast of. In the midst of the performance, at the moment perhaps when the feelings of the audience were excited to the highest pitch — for thus Fate often sports with men — a loud cry of "Fire!" was heard. Panic-stricken,

the whole assembly rushed towards the doors; but — great God! shall I continue to describe the last act of this tragic scene? Enough — they met the flames at the entrance — few ventured to brave them — some flocked together — their piercing cries and lamentations reaching even the ears of friends and relatives who had remained at home — smoke and flames enveloped the house sooner than could have been expected — a low murmur was heard from the interior of the building — relatives and friends rushed franticly to the spot — a thunder-crash suddenly drowned the roaring of the fire and the crackling of the beams — the smoke took another direction, as if in fear — a single immeasurable flame rose towards the dark heavens, and its light was more than sufficient to show to the horror-stricken multitude that walls and roof had irretrievably buried the unfortunate victims in their ruins.

A church was afterwards erected on the ruins of the former theatre; and, to remind those who enter the temple to worship God that about one hundred and twenty fellow-creatures here met a premature death, this monument was placed so conspicuously before the gate to the church that no one can go in

without passing it. What an awful memento to sinners of the suddenness of death, often occurring when least expected, and in the midst of earthly enjoyments! With what excited feelings must not the citizens of Richmond visit this simple temple, and hear the consoling doctrine proclaimed; they cannot fail to recollect that all that now reminds them of those whom they bewailed is a common mausoleum, with a few black names cut in the stone! Yes, this monument speaks a powerful language to all hearts approaching this place consecrated to death. Let no one visit Richmond without performing a pilgrimage to this simple, silent, but yet eloquent mausoleum.

Another sight of a different character presented itself shortly afterwards, during my stay in the capital of Virginia: for the first time in my life I witnessed a scene, alike degrading to mankind and abhorrent and disgusting to the friends of humanity. Who can doubt that I allude to the slave-trade? The newspapers had several days previously inserted an advertisement to nearly the following effect:

On Saturday next, at nine o'clock A.M., will be sold by public auction the following excellent and good-looking Negro Slaves, &c.

Betsy, a Negro woman, twenty-three years of age, with her child Cæsar, three years old. She is a good cook; understands washing and ironing, and is warranted sound.

Julia, a Mulatress, thirteen years old; an excellent hand in the fields; strong and hearty; has a trifling blemish in one eye, otherwise warranted.

Augustus, a Negro boy, six years old; a good subject for a servant. Faultless.

The above slaves will be sold, without reserve, to the highest bidder; and the buyer may have one, two, and four months' credit, on offering unexceptionable paper, &c.

I was not behindhand, as it may be supposed, in attending the auction: among a variety of other saleable articles, such as pots, pans, beds, chairs, books, &c., the unfortunate slaves were sitting close to each other, all as decently dressed as might be expected from persons who are considered by their equals as mere animals. The mother, with the child in her lap, was the first who drew my attention. She had seated herself, or rather the vender had placed her, in such a situation that any one entering the store could, without difficulty, see both her and the child. Speculators went round and surveyed the unfortunate group with looks of curiosity and scrutiny, as if it had been some masterpiece from the chisel of a Canova, a Thorwaldsen, or a Byström. These cold-blooded and unfeeling beings treated the slaves with an indifference, a roughness, which made me shudder. Not

only did they put questions which would have made any female blush in whatever situation, but which, on the present occasion, were still more offensive — not only did they divert themselves at the expence of the slaves, and indulge in *bons mots*, as piercing to the heart of every feeling man as the point of a dagger — they even examined them with the same scrutinizing eye as they would horses brought to market, inspected their teeth, eyes, feet, and shoulders; felt their sides, and finally pronounced their opinion "that they were tolerably good slaves, capable of doing much work."

The only one of these Blacks who appeared to feel her degraded situation was poor Betsy. Her eyes were constantly fixed on her infant; and if at times she lifted them up, it was at the commanding request of some buyer, desirous of ascertaining if they were strong enough to support work night and day; but the moment she had complied with the injunction, she looked down again on her babe, and answered every question without again raising them, or even casting a glance on the inquirer. This, however, was not the case with the other slaves: they laughed good-naturedly at every jest, looked upon the inspection as

extremely foolish, and their large white eyes sparkled like brilliants in their heads with delight at the lively and witty talk of the "Gentlemen" who had come all the way from the country for the purpose of purchasing human creatures! Julia indulged in innocent playfulness, ignorant of the real character of the scene: the more harshly she was commanded the better she was pleased.

But the time for sale approached. Several buyers had assembled in the store, anxious to overbid each other for the possession of the Negroes. The auctioneer invited them to come out; and on a table before the door, in the middle of the street, one of the slaves at a time was exposed for sale. Betsy and her child had the honour of occupying the first place in the catalogue. Close to her side stood the auctioneer on a chair, and round them a number of people who, partly from motives of curiosity, partly from a desire to speculate, attended on the occasion. In the crowd I discovered at least a dozen Negroes and Negro women, who stopped in passing to gratify their curiosity. They appeared to listen with an extraordinary degree of attention to the progress of the sale. I could not avoid sympathizing with them, in

witnessing the expression of feeling they showed towards their fellow-creatures.

"This proves sufficiently," said I to myself, delighted at the discovery, "how erroneous and incorrect the opinion is, that the Negro race is only a link between man and brute animals; and that these unfortunate natives of Africa are only half men, not much better than a certain species of apes!"

At that moment, I heard, to my horror, a burst of laughter from the crowd. I looked round, and observed all the surrounding Blacks indulging in so hearty a laugh, that I was nigh being smitten with the same fit, so ridiculous was the scene, and so many contortions did the various faces exhibit. Full of surprise, I inquired the cause, and was informed that one of them had happened to make a most striking and ludicrous remark, respecting the mother then about to be sold. Can there be anything more unfeeling, more unbecoming, than that persons, themselves slaves, who have often gone through the same ordeal of being sold like beasts, and who are consequently thoroughly acquainted with its iniquity, that these persons should jest and laugh at the natural horror and timidity felt by a mother at the time of sale?

"A woman to be disposed of!" commenced the auctioneer, with a loud voice; "who will start a price? She is an excellent woman, without blemishes! And a boy into the bargain! What shall I say for mother and son? Two hundred and fifty dollars. I thank you, Sir. Two hundred and fifty dollars once. Will any person give more than two hundred and fifty? Why, gentlemen, this is as cheap as cattle; look at her eyes, limbs, &c. Shall I say two hundred and sixty? Much obliged to you. Two hundred and sixty are offered, once. Two hundred and seventy-five dollars did I hear? Gentlemen, it is the cheapest lot I ever sold. Only two hundred and eighty dollars for the very best cook, laundress, and seamstress? Is she to be knocked down for a paltry two hundred and eighty dollars? Going for two hundred and eighty dollars. Three hundred dollars, two voices: I am glad to see you get into the spirit, gentlemen. Three hundred and ten is offered, once. Three hundred and thirty — three hundred and thirty-five — three hundred and forty: going for three hundred and forty. Really, gentlemen, I am astonished; allow an experienced cook to be sacrificed for only three hundred and forty dollars! By Jupiter,

and all the gods in Olympus! such a woman as this for the trifling sum of three hundred and forty dollars! I beg you for a moment to reflect, gentlemen! and a boy into the bargain!"

Here the auctioneer was stopped by one of the buyers, a man whose features from the beginning had inspired me with horror, and who now, with the indifference and *sang-froid* of a real assassin, made the following observation: "The boy is good for nothing; he is not worth a day's feed. If I buy the mother, I will sell the brat immediately, at a cheap rate, to the first comer."

I cast a glance at the unfortunate mother, to observe what effect this barbarous expression might produce. She uttered not a word; but her countenance denoted profound grief and resignation. The little innocent child in her arms fixed his large dark eyes upon her, as if to ask, "Why do you weep, mother?" and then turned astonished towards those who witnessed this touching scene, with an expression which seemed to say, "What is the matter? What have ye done to my mother, since she is crying so bitterly?" I shall never forget this moment; it confirmed me for life in my

former abhorrence of the traffic in human flesh.

The auction continued:—"Three hundred and forty dollars — three hundred and fifty, three hundred and fifty dollars — a better woman has never come under the hammer, I feel well satisfied — three hundred and fifty dollars for a woman worth at least six hundred dollars — three hundred and sixty dollars — going for three hundred and sixty dollars — three hundred and sixty dollars, once, twice, thrice — going for three hundred and sixty — for three hundred and sixty — going—going—going—for three hundred and sixty dollars — three hundred and sixty dollars, I say — make up your minds, gentlemen — you will lose her — going — going — gone. She is yours for three hundred and sixty dollars." A blow with the hammer concluded the bargain; the victim descended from the table, and the buyer carried her off.

None of the speculators had uttered a single word during the progress of the sale. When they overbade each other, it was not done in the customary way by means of words. They nodded to the auctioneer, who rolled his eyes round the assembly, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another. Each movement

with the head had probably a peculiar signification, for the intention of the speculator was never mistaken, and he added, accordingly, five, ten, fifteen, or twenty dollars to the bidding.

The other slaves were disposed of in the same manner as poor Betsy. Julia fetched only three hundred and twenty-six dollars; and Augustus one hundred and five dollars. Both were bought by the same individual who purchased the first lot. He appeared to be a young farmer, and I was assured that such was his occupation. I rejoiced at least to think that these unfortunate beings had not fallen into the hands of a regular slave-trader. True enough, his looks denoted the delight he felt at having made an advantageous bargain ; but he treated his acquired property with mildness, and never addressed the slaves in a harsh and humiliating tone.

It may, perhaps, not be irrelevant to the subject to say a few words here of the condition of the slaves in North America, their intellectual capabilities, the danger and impossibility of a sudden emancipation, and the advantages likely to result from the system of colonization.

The first rule which every owner of slaves

has prescribed to himself, with a view to treat the Negroes properly, has been: "Let the light of education never dawn upon them. Keep them always in a state of complete ignorance. Let them never know aught of a happier existence than the slave life they now lead."

This maxim, so unworthy of enlightened minds, and so irreconcileable with the liberal principles of a free country, is, nevertheless, still prevalent in all the Slave States. It invariably guides the conduct of the planters, whose conviction seems to be irrevocable that a spark of light disseminated among slaves would be equivalent to a supply of arms, which they would immediately turn against the white population. This belief has entailed the most disastrous consequences, and been highly detrimental to the moral condition of the unfortunate Negroes. Born of parents, as raw and ignorant as savages, from whom they learn nothing but vice, they live days and years, without being able to understand any of those manifold natural wonders with which they are surrounded—without knowing for what purpose they are brought into the world—often without suspecting the existence of God. Their religion hardly deserves that

name. Many a savage Indian in the wilds west of the Mississippi has better ideas of a Supreme Being, and greater veneration for the Creator, than a Christian slave, as he is called, in the Christian land of the United States.

The greater part of the Negroes profess the creed of the Baptists, at least such is the case in the States situated on the eastern coast of the country; but many are found who have no religion whatever, who do not know what it signifies, who are perfectly callous on the subject. Do the owners of slaves, similarly situated, it may be asked, know this state of things? I started this question to a well-informed man in Virginia, and received the following answer. "They are perfectly well aware of it, but care not a straw about it; for they think it better not to stir the ashes; the least spark may cause the greatest conflagration."

It is very seldom that a slave has learned to read: his knowledge of the Bible is confined to what others, more fortunate than himself, teach him — persons who, from being white, assume the exclusive privileges of thinking for and instructing the Blacks. Missionaries have certainly endeavoured to circulate

among the slave-population religious tracts composed solely for this purpose, and written in a style suitable to individuals of so little information as the Negroes; but, as I stated before, few are able to avail themselves of the gift, and the object in view is far from being accomplished. In many places through which I passed, and where numbers congregated on Sunday evenings, I sometimes found one that could read. On him devolved the duty of reading aloud some religious tract, or a passage from the Bible; but I must in candour confess that this desirable thing was of rare occurrence. Upon nearly every occasion, I found the slave more disposed to indulge in some noisy amusement, which generally ended in drunkenness and riot, and destroyed all consciousness, at least for the moment. "Their moral condition," said a slave-proprietor to me, "is better or worse in proportion to their vicinity to high roads, where they come in contact with white men who, one way or other, spoil their morals."

To judge from what I have seen in America, I am inclined to think that slaves, generally speaking, are well treated by their owners. Exceptions there are, no doubt, from this rule: what else can be expected from persons

who, like the speculator at the sale just mentioned, unfeelingly observed: "If I buy the mother, I will sell the boy immediately at a cheap rate to the first comer?" These examples of cruelty on the part of slave-owners are, strange enough, almost exclusively traced to persons brought up in the Northern States under early impressions of horror for slavery, who, from infancy, have shuddered at the very name of slave, and have been in the habit of hearing nothing but curses and execrations launched against heartless slave-proprietors. When these once settle in the South, they are obliged to procure slaves for the cultivation of their land, &c. for Whites look upon it as a dishonour to work wherever slaves can be found; but, unaccustomed to treat them in a proper manner, and never forgetting how much labour a man is able to go through in the North, they require of the slave as much willingness and activity as of the free servant. When this disposition is wanting, natural to a being obliged to work, and who, on that very account, does no more than he is actually compelled to do after all—but an inconsiderable portion when compared with the labour of a free man in the North—they then believe it to be the effect of indolence, and have recourse to the mistaken system of

compulsion, in order to force him, by the infliction of corporal punishments and the severest treatment, to work more assiduously.

In States where the servants are free, very few are seen in families: this want of domestics is owing to the facility which every free man possesses of supporting himself in most parts in an independent way, as master instead of servant. One is therefore obliged to be satisfied with few attendants; but these few must do every thing that is wanted. In the Slave States again, where hands are abundant, the same work which is performed in the North by one man is divided among several: this is not taken into consideration by the planters from the North, who require that every slave shall contribute as much as the free servant. From this misconception, barbarous acts, which would otherwise never be thought of, are perpetrated. These, however, I am happy to add, seldom occur. Of the disgusting and humiliating scenes, and the unnatural cruelties practised by slave-owners in former times, there are now very few instances. Complaints of ill-usage towards servants are by far more common in certain despotic countries of Europe.

One of America's most humorous authors,*

* J. K. Paulding, author of The Dutchman's Fireside.

in a work lately published, intitled "Westward Ho," has given a lively and true picture of the difference between the life of a slave and that of a free man, and proves, in a masterly manner, that the situation of the former is by far not so deplorable as it is generally imagined to be. An old slave, he says, accompanied his master to Philadelphia, where a man in good circumstances tried to persuade him to desert, and by that means obtain his freedom. Pompey — this was the name of the slave — felt a strong inclination to have a taste of liberty; but observing, shortly afterwards, a few poor begging, wretched, and swearing Negroes, enjoying the sweets of liberty, he declined the offer, and hastened home to his master, to beg that he would buy the unfortunate free servants, and take them along with him to Kentucky.

If this anecdote is not exactly founded on fact, it has at least the colour of probability, for I once heard a slave in Alabama utter the same sentiments respecting free servants.

That, consequently, good and tender masters are to be met with, and that they are more numerous than is generally believed in the Northern and Eastern States, admits of no doubt. It is, moreover, their interest to

treat slaves well. In many places, no inspectors or Negro drivers, as they are called, are to be found. Planters prefer looking after them themselves; but when this is not practicable, either from absence or other circumstances, they invariably choose persons of mild and humane dispositions. Slaves have, however, always the privilege of making their complaints or addressing petitions direct to the masters. Corporal punishments are still in use; but I have been positively assured that they are annually on the decrease, and only resorted to on occasions when slaves show symptoms of obstinacy or insubordination, and cannot possibly be brought to a sense of obedience by mildness and friendly advice; but, even then, the correction is far from severe. Upon the whole, they are well dressed and fed, and in many plantations treated as if they formed part of the family. The children play undisturbedly with their young masters: they are never put to work until arrived at an age when labour cannot prove injurious to their constitutions.

At break of day, slaves generally rise as soon as the sound of a bell announces the time of leaving their resting places. The day's work might easily be performed by a white man in

half the time, for with them rapidity of motion is out of the question. The setting sun is a signal for retreat to their huts, which are built of logs, and close to each other. The slaves are always so divided that married couples with their children live separately from the others, and the single in distinct houses, each sex apart. When age renders them unserviceable, they are taken care of with paternal tenderness. Then every one is allowed a hut and a small piece of ground, with which he must support himself; but, although this is a more independent life than the former, they almost invariably prefer continuing slaves to the end of their existence, to avoid the necessity of thinking and providing for themselves—without which, as free persons, they would certainly starve.

A slave, well treated, seldom runs away; if ever he takes this step, he is either impelled by seducing promises, which he is too weak to resist, or acts under an erroneous impression of his duties as servant. In the first case, he soon finds his mistake; and then it is not unusual for him to return to his former master, and beg as a favour to resume the place he left from thoughtlessness. In the latter case again, he deserts, encouraged by

religious fanatics, whose blind zeal induces them to propagate doctrines, inculcating that a slave is as much entitled to freedom as his master, and therefore there is no harm in taking that which by right belongs to him. That these men, instead of doing good, actually cause a great deal of evil among the slaves, is a fact fully demonstrated, of which I will by and by adduce proofs.

The idea that a free man must support himself without the aid of others is a powerful effect on beings unaccustomed, perhaps, their whole life-time, to think about their own maintenance. Many of them will not, at any price, accept liberty as a gift, and would, if emancipated, give themselves up to the first bidder. How many instances are there not on record, of slaves, who, after recovering their freedom, return to their former masters! The following anecdote, known all over America, the truth of which is unquestionable, illustrates the correctness of the preceding remarks:—

In one of the southern States died, a few years ago, a rich planter, who, happening to be without heirs, ordered in his will that all his slaves, to the number of several hundred, should be set at liberty, and his whole pro-

perty divided among them. The executors appointed by the will bought large tracts of land in Ohio, divided them in equal shares among the slaves, built houses on each lot, and arranged every thing so comfortably, that the cultivation of the soil was the only thing that remained to be attended to. The slaves were sent thither, and obtained their liberty. The charm of novelty at first pleased them; but, by degrees, even this grew wearisome. They were obliged to think of the wants of the morrow, and to become initiated in an art perfectly new to them—that of economy. Fatigued with the blessings of liberty, which they did not know how to appreciate, and which varied so much from their notions of happiness on earth—which, be it said, *en passant*, only consist in idleness and a life without care—they lost no time in emigrating from their new colony, and returning to the State whence they came, where they voluntarily offered themselves at a sale to the highest bidder. Only a few had sense enough to remain in Ohio, and to devote themselves to agricultural pursuits.

I have before observed, that missionaries from the northern States display a mistaken zeal in the cause of humanity, by endeavour-

ing to induce slaves to desert their owners, and that this zeal, so far from promoting the desired end, entails the most pernicious consequences. A disposition to disobedience and irritability among the slave-population towards the planters is too often manifested; and this feeling is so strong, that it may one day burst out in an open and sanguinary contest, in ferocity and barbarity, perhaps, not dissimilar to the Sicilian Vespers. The planters again, with a view to prevent desertions, which make considerable inroads on their property, adopt the greatest precaution to prevent slaves from having the least communication with itinerant missionaries, and thus defeat the hopes of the friends of humanity of seeing a due sense and love of religion inculcated in the minds of slaves. Some are even obliged, by way of example, to inflict corporal punishments, thus again disappointing the sanguine expectations of philanthropists to see this mode of correction abolished.

Another evil results from this irrational zeal: the slave recovers his liberty—but with it no property. In what manner is he all at once to support himself? I admit that he can work, and thus earn a livelihood; but is it to be expected that a being, unused to think or

work for himself, shall of a sudden become sensible of the necessity of it? And, even if he does, is it to be supposed that he can immediately find an occupation, the produce of which will be sufficient to satiate craving hunger? Persecuted, moreover, by his former master, he is obliged for several days to continue his flight under the greatest privations to avoid a re-capture; in this emergency he can earn nothing. Is it then to be wondered at if these unfortunate victims of mistaken ideas are induced to commit thefts for the support of nature? Would to God they were never tempted to commit greater offences! Daily experience proves, however, that crimes of the blackest dye are perpetrated by runaway slaves; there is hardly a newspaper published in a State bordering on one in which slavery exists, that does not record atrocities of which these desperate and deluded beings are guilty. I could bring forward many more facts to establish the uselessness and danger of this interference of missionaries; but my preceding observations will, I hope, have represented the matter in a clear and intelligible light.

A man, therefore, brought up as a slave, and without any other notion of education

than passive obedience, cannot be expected to govern himself, and does not understand the value of liberty. If all his passions, repressed by the yoke of thraldom, are at once let loose, his want of judgment encourages him to rush into momentary excesses, by way of indemnity for past sufferings. Passions are the only Supreme Being he worships, and, with a view to the gratification of them, no sacrifice is too great for him. He is ignorant of the Bible — it is only through the medium of others that he has heard of its Divine doctrines — he cannot read; and if he could, his mind is too uncultivated to allow him to surrender all the temptations and enjoyments of liberty to what he considers as the severe dictates of the Christian faith. He thinks that he has already suffered sufficiently under the lash of obedience. "Now is my time to do what I please," he contends; and his unbridled and irrational acts are in harmony with such dangerous axioms. In short, the emancipation of a slave, destitute of instruction, who cannot read, and who never learnt to think for himself, has seldom any other result than to incumber the community with a free man, who, from want of discrimination, commits lawless offences, for which he is amenable to

justice, and punished. In this manner, from being an unfortunate creature, pitied by all, he becomes a culprit, held in general abhorrence.

It is not my intention — God forbid it should be so! to advocate a non-emancipation of slaves; I only mean to say that giving a man liberty does not conduce to the object in view, if other means are not adopted previously, to enable him to become, in the course of time, a useful member of society. This can only be effected by a suitable education.

Many Americans are of opinion that Negroes are differently organized from white men. Such a supposition is evidently false and ungenerous. The Negroes are not deficient in any of the properties which distinguish the Whites: they are sunk in a state of apathy, attributable to their slavery as well as to our prejudices. I often heard instances adduced, clearly showing that the Blacks had a good fund of feeling, and that they might be placed on a level with the Whites. The unhappy contempt invariably entertained for them by the white population in Slave States produces the effect that no action, no expression, however noble and great in its tendency, is taken notice of by the free. This

prejudice is carried so far, that even the indigent Whites, who, in the sweat of their brow, must toil for food, and often perhaps beg for it, treat them as mere animals. In the playhouses, and in all places where public entertainments are given, they are separated from all other living beings by boxes exclusively allotted to them, in which a White would abhor to be seen. In New Orleans, this aversion is even extended to those descendants of the Negroes, who, by a mixture of several generations with Whites, have become almost white. Is it, then, surprising, if these debased and oppressed creatures, who never hear any thing but commands, who only behold cold and repulsive countenances, who are aware that all the world knows their degraded situation, and who are themselves shut out, as it were, from society — that these go, if I may use the expression, half sleeping through life; and that, totally indifferent as to the present and the future, they become perfect fatalists? "When my hour is come, I die," said one of them to me, when I asked his opinion of life and death; "it is, therefore, immaterial what I do."

But, it may be asked, cannot a general

emancipation be effected by an indiscriminate liberation of the slaves on the part of the owners? Assuredly, the object would then be attained; but another evil would at the same time occur, of too much consequence to be overlooked — the total ruin of the Slave States. As long as wages for free people remain so exorbitantly high as they now are in America, and as long as the difficulty exists of obtaining a free workman — the one a consequence of the other — the planters cannot possibly do without their slaves; for, deprived of their services, they can neither cultivate cotton, sugar, rice, and Indian corn, nor deliver these articles of necessity at so cheap a rate as at present. As the riches of these States consist in the produce of their soil, there would not only be a general ruin and distress in these parts, but the measure would also have a material and baneful effect on other States consuming the above-mentioned products.

But if, under these circumstances, an immediate emancipation of slaves is not advisable, what measures can be adopted to accomplish the so-much desired object, cessation of slavery? As dangerous and impracticable as emancipation now would be, as easy and unhurtful I believe would it prove

at a future day, if the event be prepared beforehand with wisdom and due consideration. And this might be effected, if the Legislatures of the Slave States were to decree that only a certain number of slaves should be permitted to remain in each State, and that the yearly surplus, over and above that number, should be purchased and exported to a free colony. By the adoption of this expedient, the black population would be effectually kept in check — (in the two States of Louisiana and South Carolina, it is now more numerous than the White) — and remain stationary, whilst the Whites are gradually on the increase. I will here quote, by way of example, Virginia, which, according to the last census, contained little less than one fifteenth part of the whole white population of the United States, more than one-seventh part of free Negroes, but again between one-fourth and one-fifth part of all the slaves in the Union. In this State, the annual increase of slaves is between ten and eleven thousand. Of these about six thousand are sent for sale to other States; the remaining five thousand would therefore be the number for Government to dispose of. If purchases were made, particularly of children, the sum would be

inconsiderable; and, making an average calculation of about one hundred and fifty dollars for each, the whole amount would only be seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. These slaves should afterwards be conveyed, either to Liberia, or some other place in Africa: the expences for sending them out, and for their support in the colony for a few months, may be calculated at one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, or about twenty-five dollars a-head.

One of the principal objections to this project, is the difficulty in which Virginia is placed of laying out so large a sum as that first mentioned; the latter, again, can easily be set aside by Government for this purpose. Several proposals have been made to obtain the considerable appropriation of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and among others, that of making those funds available which the Federal Government receives annually from the public tracts of land situated in the Western States.* The revenue amounts

* The old venerable Ex-President Madison, still living in retirement in Virginia, is of this opinion, and has, in a letter written not long ago, expressed himself in the following manner: "In contemplating the pecuniary resources needed for the removal of such a number to a great distance, my thoughts and hopes have been long turned to the rich fund presented in the Western lands of the nation, which will soon entirely cease to be under a pledge for another object. The great one in question is truly of a national character;

to three millions of dollars. If Virginia, which now possesses a larger proportion of slaves than any other State, more than Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, and Louisiana, put together, and more than four times the number of any of them, receives seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and the other Slave States in the same proportion, the whole sum will not amount to three millions. No appropriation, however, of this kind had been made when I quitted America.

If the slaves are prevented, by this or any other expedient, from increasing in number, and if, in the mean time, Missionaries or other Christian teachers are allowed unmolested to disseminate among the remaining slave-population the seeds of a true and intelligible religion, at the same time that, quoting passages from the Epistles of St. Paul, they promulgate maxims, having for their tendency that the servant must obey his master — if this simple plan were followed, the slave-owners would not be every moment in peril

and it is known that distinguished patriots, not dwelling in slave-holding States, have viewed the object in that light, and would be willing to let the national domain be a resource in effecting it. Should it be remarked that the States, though all may be interested in relieving our country from the coloured population, are not equally so, it is but fair to recollect that the sections most to be benefited are those whose cessions created the fund to be disposed of."

of their lives, nor would those States where no slaves are found be engaged in continual disputes with those in which they are permitted, on the subject of cruel and unnatural treatment; the slave himself would have a clearer idea of many things to which, as a man, he is entitled, without losing that affection for his master, or attempting to acquire liberty by violent means, which he would not fail to do when once acquainted with his rights.

In the South, I heard continual complaints respecting the unnecessary interference of the Northern States, in regard to the condition of the slave-population in the former — and their injurious and blind zeal in wishing immediately to redress this unfortunate state of things. A great deal of bad feeling has in effect been excited between the North and the South on this subject; and upon various occasions, of the most trifling nature, the slave question has been submitted for consideration, and this, too, with a warmth that often gave rise to altercations. All this will, I hope, soon disappear, in proportion as the communication between all parts of the Union is facilitated, so that the Southerns may intermix with the men of the North, and the latter have

more frequent opportunities of visiting the plantations of the former, and of ascertaining, by ocular demonstration, whether the slaves are really so miserable as they are represented to be. The zeal of the Northern States has, meanwhile, had this effect, that the Southern have been roused from their lethargy. The slave-trade is now become more than formerly a subject of discussion; and the owner of several hundred is at all times as ready to discuss the question relative to emancipation, as the individual to whose mind the word slave only conveys something degrading and sacrilegious. It is therefore to be hoped that the day is not far distant when slaves shall cease to exist in the United States, when freedom shall be given to them, and not kept by violence from them.

CHAPTER XVI.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate:
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face.
BYRON.

VIRGINIA tobacco is an article so well known all over the world, that I was not a little anxious to become acquainted with the method of cultivating it, and to examine some of the manufactories where it is prepared for the use of man. The soil in this State appears to be peculiarly adapted to the growth of this plant, which thrives here better than in any other part of the Union. Yet, with all its fertility, it is considered a bad plan to grow crops of this plant on the same ground for several successive years. Wheat and Indian corn are generally planted the year after a tobacco crop: in many places it is cultivated only once in three, four, or five years. I was a

prised to find the dwellings belonging to the greater part of these tobacco-plantations in a dilapidated state, more resembling the ruins of some old mansion than the residence of rich Virginia planters. The reason assigned was, that the cultivation of tobacco absorbs so much time that none is left for the repairs of the house, or for attending to other branches of agriculture.

During my stay in Richmond, I visited one of the most eminent tobacco manufactories in the city. Three hundred slaves of both sexes, with their children, were working in it; they were hired by the proprietor at so much a year. The wages varied according to the strength and capacity of the slaves; for a young and strong man, for instance, eighty or one hundred dollars were paid, and for a child about half that sum.

America consumes a vast quantity of tobacco in chewing; the manufactory which I visited appeared exclusively occupied in preparing it for this purpose. The first process devolves on the oldest Negroes, who assort the different kinds of leaves. The stalks are then taken out, and the tobacco rolled on a table till it has acquired the necessary form. I shudder, when I think of those excessively dirty

hands which handled the very tobacco that was soon after to be chewed by elegant amateurs. The most disgusting part, however, of the whole preparation was the manufacture of the tobacco of inferior quality, consisting of the refuse which had been thrown aside, on which the workmen were trampling and spitting the whole day, until it had formed a uniform and disgusting mass: it was then swept into another still dirtier room, and there rolled till it became of the required shape. The process ends in the usual way by sweating, after which the article is packed in cases and barrels. It is only necessary to witness these preparations once, to take a dislike to tobacco for life.

From Richmond I proceeded to Norfolk, and visited, in the course of my journey, several places which even to this day, although in ruins, revive recollections of the noble Pocahontas. The banks of James River are hilly, and covered with bushes and trees almost to the water's edge. Here and there may be seen a few Negro-plantations: their miserable huts, at small distances from each other, continue along the shore. Of James Town, the first English settlement in the United States, no trace is discernible, and of

the many hospitable mansions of which Virginia formerly boasted, very few are left. A traveller, bearing in mind what this State once was, cannot help viewing every object with interest. From remotest times, history represents its inhabitants as distinguished by a chivalrous spirit; and this feature, more and more developed in the course of events, is now perceptible in a tendency to aristocracy. I mean only with regard to manners — for in other respects the Virginians are perfectly republican. During the revolutionary war, this State was not backward in sending her sons to fight the battles of the country: since then, it has furnished no fewer than four Presidents. In our times, Virginia still retains an important rank in the political relations of the Union, and Americans attach great hopes to her energy, in case of need.

The city of Norfolk is situated on the east bank of the river Elizabeth, opposite to two small towns called Portsmouth and Gosport, the latter remarkable only as being a station for part of the United States' Navy. Norfolk is a seaport, carrying on some trade, but to no considerable extent. The chief branch of business consists in timber, from the interior

of the country, suitable for naval purposes, and contracts for this article to no small amount are made with Government for the use of the fleet. About a mile from the city, on a point of land, a marine hospital has lately been established, which deserves to be visited by every traveller.

The stage was at the door. Nine strangers, crowded together in the uncomfortable and heavy carriage, soon began to complain of the narrow space allotted to each for the convenience of their legs. My travelling companions and myself had, unfortunately, too much luggage, a circumstance that gave rise to a very animated debate between us and the owner of the stage ; but, on putting the question to the vote, we carried it *nem. con.* by paying a few dollars extra. At length we started.

Norfolk might still be seen at a short distance behind us, when one of the travellers called out that all the trunks and portmanteaus were unfastened, and that the least jolt of the coach would infallibly send them into the middle of the road. As the sky announced an instantaneous storm, threatening to soak all our carpet-bags, knapsacks, parcels, &c. our voices united in one common request, that

the driver should immediately stop and look after them. He obeyed the mandate only in part, by pulling up his horses, adding an observation still foreign to my ears, but with which I became more familiarized in my subsequent travels through the United States, particularly in the South and West, namely, "that, as to looking after the baggage, it was no business of his." This explanation informed each of us that he must henceforth be on the *qui vive*, and attend to his own property. In the midst of a drenching shower, we were obliged to alight, and fasten the trunks ourselves, standing ankle-deep in mud; but to shelter them against the rain was entirely out of the question. They were left to their fate; and I need not assure the reader that they were filled with water before we arrived at our journey's end.

Not far from Norfolk, is a very large marsh called The Dismal Swamp. The road led through only a corner of it, so that I cannot assert that I have seen the whole of this swamp: but, were I to judge from what I did see, I should pronounce the Dismal Swamp to be one of the most desolate places in the world. Nature appeared really in mourning. The marshy soil was every where covered with

bushes; and here and there cypresses, symbols of death, raised their gloomy heads. The ground was so saturated with moisture, that each footstep of the horses made a deep impression, which was immediately filled with water. Trees, half-decayed, lay about in all directions, and millions of frogs were leaping sportively across them, at the same time rending the air with their discordant notes. In some places I discovered a kind of grass or weeds growing, but weak and unhealthy. Branches of trees formed a haunt for hawks, falcons, and eagles, which diverted themselves by flying from tree to tree, whilst uttering shrill and deafening screams. The air itself was damp and cold. In the interior of this swamp, there are said to be several dry spots, where runaway Negroes have taken up their residence, and where they spend the remainder of a miserable life. Many are born there, but more leave their bones behind in this marshy and pestilential soil. Some time ago, a regular hunt took place after the deserters; but the inaccessibility of the spot to persons unaccustomed to this labyrinth proved an insurmountable obstacle, and prevented the pursuers from penetrating into its innermost recesses. Many of the unf

fugitives were, however, killed, or made prisoners: others hardly ever venture out of their hiding-places, and, rather than lose life and liberty, pass their time in the greatest misery, with but a scanty subsistence. It is thought that but few now remain in this swamp.

A canal has lately been cut in this neighbourhood, which unites Chesapeak Bay and Albemarle Sound, in North Carolina. Norfolk expects to derive great advantages from this communication, and time will show whether these anticipations are well founded or not.

Not far from a small place called Somerton, we entered the territory of North Carolina. The road was execrable, and consisted of deep sand, and bottomless holes, and here and there artificial corduroy roads, generally in so indifferent a condition, that they drew down the severest animadversions of the travellers. By way of change, streams and rivulets were sometimes crossed by swimming, and the numberless rivers in ferry-boats, or rather canoes, which invariably filled with water before we reached the opposite shore. Bridges were, no doubt, seen, and even frequently; but their dilapidated state

made it more hazardous to traverse them than to take the chance of fording the stream.

The country presents a very monotonous appearance, consisting only of plains and woods. No mountains are visible; even hills are scarce. The wild forests seem to be endless, and sometimes reminded me of those in the North of Sweden, with the exception that American woods are composed of a variety of trees, such as oak of different kinds, cypresses, cedars, pines, &c., which is not the case with us. The soil is very poor, being chiefly sand, with a small proportion of good earth. The scattered plantations in these ill-favoured parts bore evident marks of the poverty of their owners; and, on more than one occasion, I felt persuaded that the poor condition of the people of North Carolina had not been overrated. All the houses near the roads deserve no other name than that of huts. Built of the trunks of trees, the branches of which are not even cut off, laid loosely on the top of each other, so that the ends only join, they afford but a wretched shelter against the inclemency of the weather. On the outside of these huts is a chimney made of brick, which gives a still more miserable appearance

to the building. Fences are seen in abundance; and every cultivated field has its inclosure. The planks or stakes are laid horizontally on each other, without being bound or nailed, and form angles with other planks also laid horizontally, thus making a solid support for the whole. Before many of the dirty houses, numberless peacocks strutted in full parade, displaying their plumes of all colours. They are raised in unusual numbers in this State, and the people carry on a kind of traffic, though not a very profitable one, with them, the price of such a bird being only one dollar.

The interior of the houses was destitute of every kind of comfort. In many places no furniture was to be seen. Instead of candles, splinters of lighted wood, carried in the hand, were used, and, to my great surprise, negligently thrown by the Negroes into a corner of the room, close to the wooden walls. Drinking-glasses did not belong to the catalogue of necessaries in these habitations; goat-horns served as a substitute. But even these may prove acceptable, if the traveller has but a sufficient supply to fill them, which was not the case in the parts of the country which I visited.

Fields and meadows were scarce and far from rich, so that cattle looked poor and lean, and milk could not be obtained for several days. These circumstances may account for the continual emigration from North Carolina to Georgia and Alabama. On the following day, I met numbers of poor people on their way to these States, after having converted their little all into tangible property. They travelled mostly on foot, sometimes on horseback or on mules, accompanied by a waggon, covered with canvass, and containing, besides women and children, some miserable articles of household furniture. At night they bivouacked in the woods around a large fire, which formed a singular contrast with the sombre appearance of the forest.

Many of these emigrants return to their former homes poorer than they left them. Their scanty resources are generally insufficient for the purchase of good land in Georgia and Alabama. Obliged to be satisfied with inferior lots, mostly in the hands of speculators, they soon perceive that the soil is not better than what they have left behind. Disappointed in their expectations, they return to their place of nativity, after having spent their little property in travelling and other

expences, and gained nothing but woful experience. This is a sad picture, but it will be easily recognized by any one who has visited North Carolina.

I saw very few living creatures on the road, as the number of travellers is very inconsiderable; both men and women journey on horseback. But, independently of these, I met scarcely any one except a Negro now and then, who, half naked and sleepy, was wandering in the woods. A white pedestrian I never observed during my whole journey through the Southern States. Near a church, situated in the midst of a wood, not far distant from the road, where divine service was performing when I happened to pass, I counted not fewer than a thousand saddle-horses, besides a few sulkies, a species of vehicle used all over the United States. All the horses were tied to trees, but not a creature was in attendance to look after them.

Indian corn was chiefly cultivated in these parts. Cotton-fields are not seen till you approach Fayetteville. Stumps and dead trunks of trees are invariably left standing in the fields, and give a wild appearance even to cultivated Nature. One night, our road led directly through a field of Indian corn, covered

with the withered and dry stalks of a former crop, the whole looking as if it had been the prey of a great conflagration. The objects appeared so dark and gloomy, that it influenced, in some measure, the spirit of the travellers, and for a while we suspended our contemplations. Forests of lifeless trunks and half burned stumps met the eye in every direction; and in the moonlight these might be taken for a phalanx of ghosts. We pulled up the windows of the coach, and continued silent.

The heat and confined air obliged me at length to let down a window, and, to my great surprise, I suddenly perceived an extensive field, perfectly white, as if covered with snow. The first impulse was that snow had actually fallen, and the lateness of the season rendered this supposition probable; but the day had been remarkably warm, and the atmosphere was still rather oppressive, two circumstances little in harmony with a fall of snow. The whole seemed like a dream. Rubbing my eyes, I attempted to awake one of my neighbours, with a view to point out the singularity of the scene. He did not answer my appeal, and his oppressed respiration removed all doubt as to his being under

the uncontrollable power of Morpheus, alike unable to enjoy the beauty of a fine landscape, and to answer questions. My curiosity was therefore highly excited, without being able to satisfy it; and it was only after the lapse of a few hours that I was informed that the snow-covered ground, as I fancied it, was nothing but a cotton-field, the first I had ever seen.

Cotton grows on short stalks, in pods or balls, which burst, like the buds of flowers, when the cotton is ripe. In the spring it is planted as thickly as possible; but, as soon as the plants grow up a little, the field is cleared of weeds, and they are left at a certain distance from each other. The flower is yellow, red, or white, according to the quality of the cotton; the best is snow-white, and in appearance like the lily. Like the sunflower, it follows the direction of the sun: in two days it generally withers. Negroes are employed in gathering and collecting the cotton in baskets, after which it is put into an iron machine in the form of a wheel, worked by horses, which separates the cotton from the seed. In this wheel there are several parallel spouts, set with small teeth, before which the cotton is laid, and by

the motion of the wheel it is drawn between them, and then passes through the spouts till the seed is completely separated from it.

The cotton is now received into another wheel, also worked by horses, which cleanses it from every species of impurity by means of fine brushes placed within it. A press is afterwards employed to pack it into bales, and in this state it is sent to market. In many places it is usual to manure the fields with the seed not used for sowing; but of late years experience has taught the planters to set a higher value on it, as it contains a considerable quantity of oil, which is extracted by pressure, and is suitable both for burning and painting. This oil may, in the course of years, become an additional source of wealth to the planters.

At length, late in the evening of the third day, I arrived at Fayetteville, a small town in North Carolina, which may be said to have seen its best days. It owes its origin to a certain period of the last war, when the English were stationed in every direction off the coast, and all commerce with the interior was carried on through this place. Considerable capital was soon brought into play; and from an insignificant spot it gradually rose into a

town of some consequence. But a conflagration of unusual violence unfortunately checked this prosperous career, and, on the 29th of May, 1831, reduced to a heap of ruins a town which it had taken a number of years to erect. By this sad calamity more than seven hundred houses were consumed, and the loss was estimated at nearly a million and a half of dollars. Strenuous efforts are making by the sufferers to rebuild the town; but the dwellings are scattered, and means are wanting to restore Fayetteville — at least for years to come — to its former splendour.

On the following day, about noon, I departed in another stage, determined not to stop until I reached Charleston. I found the country of the same character as to the north of Fayetteville: plain, woody, and sandy, it possessed the same features as the former, with the sole difference that swamps occurred very frequently, and rendered the journey any thing but pleasant, if not dangerous. This was particularly the case on the frontiers of North and South Carolina, between two small places called Lumberton and Marion, where the coach was continually in water, which rose in many places above

the axletrees, threatening more than once to invade the coach itself. Nothing is more common, after heavy rains, than for the water to penetrate into the carriage; and passengers, to avoid drowning, are then obliged to have recourse to the roof. We luckily escaped this inconvenience, although continually on the alert to effect a retreat through the windows; but our trunks and portmanteaus were completely soaked. What particularly contributed to render this journey hazardous was, the constant crossing of rivers, intersecting the country in every direction. Many of these streams are very extensive, especially the Great Pedee and Santee, both of which in Europe would be considered large. The banks of these rivers, as well as those of the minor streams, Black River, Lynch River, &c., are of a very pleasing aspect, and afford a great relief to the eye, previously fatigued with the sight of swamps and plains of sand. Covered with wood to the water's edge, they rise and fall in a thousand different undulations, thereby intercepting the prospect in many places.

In passing Great Pedee, we embarked in a real Indian canoe, made of a single tree, which contained five passengers, the driver,

a boatman, and a quantity of luggage and mail-bags. The current was so strong, and the boat so heavily laden, that the least motion by any member of the company would infallibly have precipitated the whole into the stream. But the boatman, who never ceased recommending us to preserve the equilibrium, steered us safely to the opposite shore, although guiding the bark with only one oar, which he used so dexterously, as to avoid several shoals and rocks in the middle of the river.

The following night I effected another passage, not less perilous than the preceding: between Georgetown and Charleston there are two rivers, the Great and Little Santee, united by a canal. The country between them is nothing but a swamp, so excessively low as to be inundated by the water of the streams. When this is the case, no traveller can possibly pass, unless he chooses to proceed by the canal. In the day-time this is attended with no inconvenience; but the necessity of effecting the passage in the darkest part of the night, still more obscured by a dense fog, and this too in a ferry-boat, the bottom of which was so decayed that the water rushed in every minute, deprived me,

I candidly confess, of all the gratification I should otherwise have derived from the sight of so characteristic a landscape. Two Negroes, the one lame, the other with but one arm, formed the complement of rowers.

On the arrival of the stage, they were roused from a sound slumber, and appeared to be half asleep during the whole passage; indeed I fancied at times that I perceived symptoms of snoring: but, whether this was founded in reality or the effect of imagination, I will not pretend to determine, for they never discontinued rowing until the steersman, also of the African race, in a loud voice informed them that we had arrived at the place of destination. To be able, however, to steer the course in the dark, across large rivers, and through a narrow canal, required no ordinary acuteness on the part of the steersman, however experienced and well acquainted with the localities. The dense fog prevented him from distinguishing any object at a greater distance than a boat's length from us, and the unsteady reflection of the evening star in the water was the only mark which guided and enabled him to calculate the direction he ought to follow. This calculation proved correct in every respect, and we at length reached

the opposite shore without the slightest accident.

The country south of Fayetteville to the vicinity of Georgetown is poor, and regarded by agriculturists as unfit for cultivation. The rich soil generally found in the Western States induces numbers of farmers from parts less fertile to resort thither, and to leave all land neglected which requires many hands and more labour, on account of its poverty. The price of land in this part has, in consequence, considerably decreased, no more than forty or fifty cents being paid for an acre covered with wood. If I may credit what was said, I should be inclined to think that the soil is not so indifferent but that it might, by industry and perseverance, be rendered productive. I believe, moreover, that, with very little exertion, the swamps might be drained, and converted into fruitful fields. In this conclusion I am the more confirmed, when I take into account the statements of experienced and respectable persons in the neighbourhood, who admitted that the sand is merely on the surface, and that, if the furrows in ploughing the fields were made deep enough, a large proportion of good earth would be thrown up, capable of producing

Indian corn, potatoes, &c. The population in these parts consists chiefly of the offspring of emigrant Highlanders.

The forests are of great extent; to the traveller they appear endless. Of the different kinds of wood with which they abound, oak appeared to me to prevail; of this species, the varieties were very numerous and such as I had never seen, being distinguished by a trifling difference in the shape of the leaves. Near Georgetown, the well-known live oak, so suitable for naval purposes, grows in great abundance. It is only found near the sea-shore; the leaves are slender and pointed. There is, also, in the Southern States, a species of fir, which is peculiar to this part of the country. To the age of three years it is one of the most splendid plants that can be seen, and would be a real ornament to any park. The trunk is perfectly straight, with a thick crown at the top; the whole resembling a young palm-tree. It is usual in the spring to set fire to the brushwood, which has sprung up in the preceding year, with a view to make room for grass and to give it additional vigour; this operation, however, destroys great quantities of young firs, and oak-trees take their place. The same thing occurs if a

number of the latter are cut down: firs in turn rise on their ruins, precisely on the same spot. Besides these principal species of trees, I saw considerable quantities of evergreen hollies, with their red berries, cypresses, laurels, junipers, &c. all intermingled in the woods.

In the course of this journey, I had frequent opportunities of seeing rattlesnakes, which are found in great abundance in the Northern woods. Their bright eyes sparkled among the bushes, which concealed every other part of them from view; but they were generally discovered, when stretched out on the ground, taking the benefit of a sunny day. In this attitude, they are absolutely harmless, as they cannot bite till they have formed a ring or circle, thus affording ample time for escape. The most dangerous enemies of this venomous animal are deer and hogs: the former never come near unless it is stretched out, when, with the rapidity of lightning, they jump on its head, and trample it with their fore-feet till life is extinct. The hogs again give the snake a regular chase; it does not possess sufficient strength to penetrate their hard hides, and vainly diffuses its poison over the bristles: the chase is never given up till

the snake is dead, when they devour it in the most voracious manner. Another species of snakes, called moccasins, is often found in the woods: they are larger than the rattlesnake, equally venomous, but more dangerous to man on account of their giving no warning before they bite. Many remedies for the bites of these animals have been tried, but none have yet effected a cure, or saved the life of the patient. The Indians pretend to be acquainted with a method of healing the bites of poisonous serpents; and experience has shown that, if any thing can effect a recovery, it is their simple application. The following is one of their remedies. Take an herb called gold of the earth, or golden rod, lay part of it fresh on the wounded part, make a kind of tea of the remainder, and let the patient frequently drink of it. Administer afterwards a copious dose of salts, and then a few drops of turpentine. The slough will, by degrees, assume the colour of the snake, and drop off of itself. This remedy is said to have been very successful: recovery, however, is hopeless, if the snake in biting has punctured a vein. No human power can then rescue the victim from death; to assuage the excruciating pain is the only thing that can be accomplished.

Many experiments have been made to discover the best means of defence against venomous serpents. I heard a farmer in North Carolina assert that if the hands are rubbed with an herb called the rattlesnake masterpiece, or the root of it is kept in the pocket, any snake will drop down as if dead, and writhe in excessive pain, like a worm in an anthill. I could not ascertain what herb it was, nor do I know if he meant the leaves of white ash, which are said to have a wonderful effect on the rattlesnake. The following experiment was lately made; and, as I entertain no doubt of the authenticity of the statement, I here report it. A few sportsmen were chasing a deer, and happened to fall in with a rattlesnake. Having heard of the effect of the ash leaf on this animal, they hastened to cut off a couple of branches from trees within their reach, one of ash, the other of sugar-maple. Armed with these, they approached the snake, which immediately prepared for battle, hissing with rage. I will finish the story in the words of the narrator himself:

"I first stretched forth the branch of the ash, and rubbed the body of the animal gently with the leaves. It immediately lowered its

head to the ground, stretched itself out, instead of coiling itself up, fell backward, twisted, and threw itself into every possible attitude except that of a circle, and appeared to be in the greatest agony. Satisfied with the trial, I laid the ash aside: as soon as the snake perceived this, it again rose, and resumed the same threatening posture as before. I now held out the other branch. In an instant it threw itself upon it, concealed its head among the leaves, and drew back, and re-commenced the attack, advancing its whole body with the celerity of an arrow. After repeating this several times, I suddenly changed the branch, and again rubbed it gently across the back with the ash leaves. No sooner had I done this than it fell backward a second time, and no more ventured to look at its enemy. Curious to see what effect blows from this weapon might have upon it, I struck several times at its slippery body, expecting to see the animal foaming with rage: but the blows did not produce the effect I anticipated; they only served to increase its uneasiness and pain. At each blow, the snake buried its head as deep as it could in the sand, as if to find a passage under the earth, and thus escape its enemy."

But I must resume my narrative of the journey to Charleston. Towards evening, the day following our departure from Fayetteville, we arrived at a small place called Georgetown, on the river Great Pedee, not far from the sea. It was here I first discovered a rice-field, which appeared to me to look like one of oats; the plant itself is not unlike the latter. All rice-fields are in low situations, and require to be often under water, which circumstance occasioning great dampness, the neighbourhood of the plantations is extremely unhealthy, and often fatal to the miserable slaves, who are frequently obliged to stand up to the middle in water.

The stage stopped at a distance of about two miles from Charleston, where the passengers embarked in a boat, rowed by six Negroes, the merriest slaves, without exception, I ever saw. The numberless anecdotes with which they amused us proved sufficiently that these beings, at least, were not unhappy under the yoke of thraldom. Their songs continued till the boat landed us at the port, after having passed the bay between Charleston and the sea, which forms the entrance to the city. The sun had just risen, when I found myself in the streets of Charleston.

CHAPTER XVII.

Le meilleur de tous les plans de finances est de dépenser peu, et le meilleur de tous les impots est le plus petit.

SAY.

CHARLESTON is the second city in size in the Southern States; it counted in 1830 a population of thirty thousand two hundred and eighty-nine souls. Its advantageous situation on an isthmus between two rivers, the Ashley and Cooper, at a small distance from their outlet into the sea, places it in the rank of the most considerable city for commerce, with the exception of New Orleans, south of the Potomac, a rank which I firmly believe it will continue to occupy for a long period. Viewed on the map, the city bears a strong resemblance to New York, but in reality there is no comparison. Charleston, closely examined, has an old and dilapidated appearance,

whereas New York is quite the reverse: there, every thing bears the stamp of freshness. What contributes to give Charleston a different feature is the piazzas and balconies attached to every house; and these, in addition to the trees planted in the streets, called Pride of India, soon inform the visiter that he is arrived in a southern latitude.

The houses are chiefly of brick, and plastered: heat, heavy showers, and dust, have, however, taken off the plastering in many places, so that the buildings have a very shabby appearance. This was particularly observable in the churches, the exterior of which indicated only misery and destruction. Almost every house has a garden adjoining, filled with flowers, shrubs, and trees, peculiar to these warm regions; many flowers were in full bloom, although the month of December was at hand. Few streets are paved; they are consequently in a very bad state after the least shower; but, generally speaking, they are regularly planned and tolerably wide.

The climate of Charleston, in winter, is as pleasant and healthy as it is oppressive and dangerous in summer. During my residence there in the last month in the year, the most delightful summer heat continued uninter-

ruptedly, so that great-coats were absolutely useless: many of the principal inhabitants have never used these superfluous articles. At certain periods, however, the city is considered extremely unhealthy: those who can afford it then remove to the plantations, or visit the Northern States. Even a residence at the former places is, during the great summer heat, attended with attacks of dangerous fevers, attributable to vapours rising from the rice-fields and swamps: the rich planters then lose no time in returning to the city. Thus, removals take place from the beginning to the end of the year, to avoid infection.

The principal exports from this city are cotton and rice, immense quantities of which are shipped for Europe. The well known Sea Island cotton is chiefly exported from this place; it brings considerable sums into the State. Nothing but bales of the latter article and barrels of rice are seen in the lower part of the city; the streets and quays are sometimes so filled with them, that the agility of a sailor is required to effect a passage. The ear is continually annoyed with sounds proclaiming the price of these articles, and merchants and dealers are incessantly engaged in drawing samples from the bales, for the pur-

pose of trying the goodness of the article, by pulling out long threads between their fingers, or dipping their hands into the barrels of rice, to examine its whiteness and purity. This branch of commerce has been for a long time, and still continues to be, a source of great wealth to the merchants of Charleston: but its prosperity is not proportionate to that of other cities. Many reasons have been assigned for this stationary condition, and among others, the vicinity of the rival city of Savannah, which possesses the advantage of a water-communication with the interior of the country, and has consequently a locality preferable to that of Charleston. To remedy this disadvantage, a railroad has lately been commenced between the latter city and Augusta, from which beneficial results are expected. This railroad was expected to be finished the following year, and I have yet to learn whether the anticipations so fondly entertained have been realised or not.

St. Andrew's Society is a benevolent institution, having for its object the education of poor children. It has branches in all parts of the Union, and is reported, much to the credit of its members, to do a great deal of good. It has a large building in Charles-

ton, where public assemblies and meetings are held.

I attended one of the latter, convoked to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, the account of whose death had but recently reached the city. Several orators, natives of South Carolina, had here an opportunity of giving specimens of innate eloquence. The extraordinary talents of the deceased as a poet and novelist were represented in colours which soon drew the most enthusiastic applause from all parts of the hall, and clearly evinced a disposition on the part of the audience warmly to contribute to the proposed subscription for raising, in some conspicuous place in the city, a marble bust in commemoration of the Scottish bard.

Among the speakers, none produced so powerful an effect on the audience as General Hayne. This remarkable personage, the boast of his native city, has lately played an important part during the eventful period of the Nullification project, and is now Governor of South Carolina; he is in the prime of life, with the vigour of youth and a seductive eloquence, and will always prove a dangerous antagonist to any enemy who may attack him. His language is pleasing, but vehement.

Frequently, when the subject is interesting, he raises his voice to an astonishing pitch, and thunders in the hall till all the members tremble.

As a public speaker, General Hayne is exactly the reverse of what he is in small and familiar circles; there, he is hardly to be recognized. The violent declaimer, whose looks, like the thunders of Jove, breathed only fire and flame, is the mildest and most modest of men in society. His voice there might be taken for that of a diffident youth; and his eyes, which at other times seem to threaten a whole community, are fixed on the ground. It appears as if the oratorical chair produced a magic effect on a man naturally mild, and had the power of converting, at certain periods, the peaceable citizen into an ambitious military chieftain. Generally adored by the State over which he rules, and admired for his talents even by those opposed to him in politics, Hayne is one of the gre men now living in America, and will one no doubt, shine in the page of history.

At this period, the attention of the wh Union was directed to the State of So Carolina. A voice was there heard, who threatening language, like a black cloud, t

precursor of thunder, spread over the horizon, and chilled the blood of many an aged man. Numbers of deep-thinking statesmen had, undoubtedly, predicted a similar explosion of discontent in the Southern States, particularly in South Carolina, excited by what was called "The American System," which consisted in affording protection to home manufactures, and encouraging internal improvements, at the expence of trade; but, by skilful management, this explosion had for a while been checked, and it was hoped that the first impulse in the South had somewhat abated, when, all of a sudden, accounts arrived that a Convention had been convoked at Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, the members of which assumed the name of Nullifiers.

This party, in a mass, showed at once a hostile attitude to the Federal Government. Its first step was to issue a proclamat[ion] dated in Novembe[r] in w[hich] the m[em]bers declare, "that [the] unj[ust] and unconstitutional [acts of] Ma[y] 1828, and the 14th July [1832] the power conferred on [Congress] the inhabitants of the State [of South Carolina] in Convention represented, d[o] that these acts, tariffs, or law[s]

void: that, from the 1st of February next, the people are absolved from paying any duties, and that all those who hold any civil or military office in the said State must, within a certain period, swear that they will obey, execute, and defend, these regulations. And we declare, moreover, that we are firmly determined to abide by, and carry into effect, the tenor of this proclamation — that we will not suffer any act of violence to be exercised against us by the Government of Washington: that we will consider any violent aggressions as attempts to force South Carolina to secede from the Union; and that the people of this State, in the event of secession, will consider itself free from all political connection with the other sister States of the Union, and organize a government of its own, and act in the character of a free and independent State."

Proclamations were, moreover, issued by the same Convention to the people of South Carolina, as well as to those of other States. In the first, it was attempted to be proved that the new tariff, adopted by the Congress of 1832 as law, to take effect in March 1833, was altogether unjust and contrary to the principles of a free government: that, if car-

ried into execution, it would seal the fate of South Carolina, by reducing it to poverty and misery. The following are briefly the arguments adduced:

"The Government of the United States is altogether what is called a Federal Government—an alliance between different Sovereigns. The Federal Constitution, again, is a compact, a confederation, a union, by which so many independent States have mutually agreed to exercise their sovereign power at certain periods, when they are all equally interested in the subject under discussion; as, for instance, when war, peace, commerce, foreign negotiations, and Indian treaties, are in question: on all other occasions they may may act separately. Such is the true meaning of the Union. For the sake of convenience, a common agent has been appointed: this agent is the Federal Government, which represents the confederated States, and executes their will. Its power is perfectly derivative: it is a political corporation, which, like other political corporations, derives its authority from another source—namely, the States. But, if the States have invested this Government with power, they may also withdraw it. All hereditary sovereignty rests,

therefore, with the States; it is only a moral obligation, which they voluntarily imposed on themselves, and certainly not a want of independence, which prevents them from exercising this authority.

"By the Declaration of Independence, South Carolina became a free and independent State, and, as such, she has a right to exercise the same acts as any Sovereign. As, in all alliances between independent princes, each party has a right to decide on the best means of obtaining indemnity for injuries received, so it belongs, in the present contest between South Carolina and the Federal Government, exclusively to the former, by delegates duly appointed by the people, and in Convention assembled, to determine whether the federal compact is infringed, and what measures the State ought to resort to for its re-union. South Carolina, therefore, neither can nor will yield to the Federal Government, still less to the Supreme Court of the United States — a mere tool of the Government, itself only a tool of the States — a right which belongs to her as a free State, and without which the whole sovereignty would only be a bubble — an empty name.

"Can that Government be called free, which levies taxes with impunity, in order to encourage one branch of industry to the detriment of others, if such a tax is not actually prompted by some great and inevitable public call? Other nations appear disposed to remove restraints on commerce; our Congress, on the contrary, is determined to lay every impediment on the importation of the very goods which we barter for the produce of the South, and thus throw the whole weight of taxation on this part of the Union. A people which has fought for liberty can suffer such wrongs no longer. With the last session of Congress, all hopes vanished of seeing justice guide the proceedings of the assembled representatives of the Confederation. One alternative only remains for this State: it is, citizens, RESISTANCE, not physical, but moral. It is a matter of indifference by what name it may be distinguished in the world—whether Nullification, State interference, State Veto, or something similar; if it be only resistance against oppressive measures, it is the path which duty, patriotism, and self-defence, point out. And this resistance is even constitutional, for the act itself which prompts it is unconstitutional, and nullification was already

considered constitutional by a particular committee, appointed in 1798.

"Yes, Government is aware of it, and will not venture by military interference to force this State into obedience. Such a step would only lead to disunion between the members of the Confederation: it is, besides, in opposition to the spirit of the age. Look at England, which has lately accomplished one of the greatest reforms ever recorded in her annals—a reform which her wisest statesmen would, ten years ago, have considered impracticable without a civil war and great effusion of blood. The people are now every where enlightened, and this intellectual experience obliges Governments to exercise reflexion, moderation. Citizens, our dispute will be amicably adjusted, we are well persuaded, and nullification will consolidate instead of tearing asunder the Union.

"But the die is cast; we have solemnly declared our determination not to pay any taxes till abuses and grievances are redressed. Prepare yourselves, citizens, for the ensuing contest, and be ready to meet it as becomes free men. We call upon you by every thing that is sacred not to abandon the cause till we have obtained justice. Do your

duty to your country, and leave the rest to God."

In the last address again, namely to the people of the twenty-three other States, the Convention says — "No government has ever exercised greater violence than that now attempted by the Federal Government against South Carolina, by compelling it to purchase at an exorbitant price articles manufactured at home, instead of foreign ones at a cheap rate. This Government, originally formed to protect, improve, and extend commerce, has done more to destroy it than all land and sea-pirates ever could.

"South Carolina, an agricultural State, whose commerce consists in bartering the produce of her soil for foreign manufactures, would, if trade were free, at least receive one-third more for her own commodities; for the duties of about fifty per cent. now laid upon them amount annually to the sum of three millions of dollars, whilst the whole produce of cotton in the same State—and cotton is the chief article of exportation—does not exceed six millions. Let us suppose, for a moment, that another State, New Jersey, for instance, manufactured the raw material to nearly the same amount, ought not both States to enjoy the same advantages? And yet is it so? The

fifty per cent. duties fall only on South Carolina: this is not enough; they are paid to protect the manufacturers of New Jersey, who are at last benefited by it. What right have the manufacturing States—for the Federal Government is in our eyes only their tool—to prevent South Carolina from exchanging, directly or indirectly, the rich produce of her soil against such foreign goods as contribute principally to the wealth and prosperity of the inhabitants? It cannot be assumed—for truth opposes this objection—that, by bartering our produce against cheap European manufactures, we injure any of the privileges of the home-manufacturers, although it would undoubtedly be more in accordance with their wishes if we bought their inferior goods at higher prices.

"South Carolina is now upon the same footing with these States as the Anglo-American Colonies were formerly with the mother-country, with this difference only, that we suffer infinitely more than our ancestors. Must we remain indifferent spectators to this violence, and patiently give up an inheritance sealed with the blood of our forefathers? A people who voluntarily submit to oppression, and know that they are oppressed, deserve to be slaves: history proves that such a people in-

variably find a tyrant. A tyrant has never yet made slaves; but a slavish disposition in the people produces tyrants. The smallest community animated with a free spirit never has a master. May, therefore, none of the other States in the Union be induced to take precipitate and violent steps, in the vain expectation that South Carolina shall be found to waver in defending her rights and her liberties, merely because she has a population of only half a million instead of twenty!

"This dispute can be settled only by a modification of the tariff, or by a general Convention of all the States. Should South Carolina be separated from the Union, other agricultural States, as well as some in the West, will follow her example, compelled by necessity. How is it possible, that Georgia, Mississippi, Tennessee, even Kentucky, can feel inclined to pay to the Northern States a tax of fifty per cent. on articles of consumption, merely for the privilege of being united to them, when they are able to obtain all their supplies from the ports of South Carolina, without paying one cent. in duties? The secession of South Carolina will therefore entail a dissolution of the whole Union.

"Under these circumstances, we earnestly recommend that the other States may duly

consider the step which they are taking. We do not believe that the Federal Government will venture by military force to maintain the tariff system; but if, in spite of our warnings, such an act of madness should be resolved upon, we hereby most solemnly declare that this system of oppression shall never succeed in South Carolina until slaves only remain to submit to it.

"Rather would we see the territory of the State converted into cemeteries of the free than inhabited by a population of slaves. These are the principles which animate us: true to them, we are determined to embrace the pillars of the temple of Liberty, and, if it must fall, let us be buried in the ruins!"

Besides these two important documents, another was also issued by James Hamilton, governor of the State of South Carolina, who, n a message, dated Colombia, 27th November, 1832, informs the Legislature that it is its duty to sanction the interposition of the revolutionary Convention; recommends the placing the whole State upon a war footing, in order not to be unprepared in case of aggression; but hopes at the same time to see an amicable adjustment of the dispute in question by the interference of the other States.

Thus far had the Nullifiers advanced, when

I arrived at Charleston. Every thing seemed to indicate that a revolution was on the eve of breaking out. The excitement among the hot-headed inhabitants was very great: a spark would have sufficed to set the whole in a flame. Of Union men there was also a considerable number, men who disapproved the principles of nullification, and who, partly from apprehension of a civil war, partly from attachment to the former state of things, endeavoured to extinguish the wide-spreading conflagration; but their efforts only served to irritate the minds of the others still more, and the flames of revolution continued to burn uninterruptedly in every corner of the State. Enthusiasm prevailed among women as well as among men; the zeal of the former was so great, that many a maiden in South Carolina enjoined her lover to display his prowess before he should be permitted to press her hand to his lips, and receive a return to his ardent declaration of love. Societies were formed by these modern Amazons, the object of which was to keep up the enthusiasm of the men. At a public meeting held at Charleston, during my residence in the city, General Hayne delivered a very violent speech, in which the word disunion was used, when the

ladies immediately testified their feelings by tokens of unbounded approbation. White handkerchiefs waved continually at every sentence pronounced by the orator, and their bright eyes flashed fire and flames. It would indeed have required but very little exertion to induce these patriotic heroines to take up arms and march for Washington, to besiege and take the Capitol and the White House* by assault, and make the President himself prisoner.

All these threatening measures at length reached the ears of the Government at Washington. But General Jackson, far from allowing himself to be intimidated, determined immediately, by prompt and energetic measures, to destroy the weeds which began to grow up on the American soil. Congress had just commenced its sittings; and, in a message from the President, dated 4th of December, he informs the members of the circumstance, in a manner which led to the belief that the threats had had some effect, or that the Federal Government was still undecided how to act. But this illusion was soon dispelled; for, on the 10th of December following,

* The White House in which the President resides at Washington.

a proclamation was issued, the language of which sounded like an alarm-bell, accompanied by the unexpected annunciation, that Government had ordered several detachments of troops, both of the land and sea service, to enter the rebellious State.

"A number of the most enlightened and disinterested Statesmen," says the President, among other things, in his proclamation, "have invested Congress with power to regulate the revenues of the State, and yet every State wishes to arrogate to herself the right of opposing it. These two prerogatives appear in direct opposition to each other; yet it is contended that such an absurdity exists in the Constitution. I consider the attempt assumed by a State to annul any law duly enacted by the United States as irreconcileable with the existence of the Union, expressly contradicted by the Constitution, and contrary to the spirit and principles on which it is framed, and finally, destroying the great object for which it was intended. Complaints have been made that the laws do not operate equally. This may be said of all laws that have ever been, or ever will be, made. Man, in his wisdom, has never yet discovered any system of taxation, operating in an equal degree. If the unequal

operation of a law constitutes its unconstitutionality, and if all such laws can, for such reasons, be annulled by any State at pleasure, then indeed is the Federal Constitution unfit to make the least effort for its conservation. We have hitherto relied on it as the safest link of our Union. We have hailed it as a work framed by the soundest and wisest men in the nation. We have contemplated it with holy veneration, as the palladium of our liberties. Are we in error, fellow citizens, to attach this importance to the Constitution of our country? It forms a Commonwealth, but not a Confederation: its character is the same, whether effected by a convention among the States, or in any other way. Each State has, in union with other States, delegated so much power as is necessary to constitute a single nation; and has, therefore, from that moment, relinquished the right of seceding from the Union; for such a defection not only dissolves the ties of an alliance but destroys the concord of a nation. To advocate that any State may at pleasure secede from the Union is the same as to contend that the United States is not a nation. It would be a solecism to pretend that any part of the nation may break off all connexion with the

other parts, to their detriment and ruin, without committing a crime. Secession, like every other revolutionary act, may be excusable, if oppression gives rise to it; but to call it a constitutional right is to confound the meaning of the expressions. The laws of the United States must be obeyed. I have no unlimited control over them — my duties are clearly defined by the Constitution. Those who told you, fellow citizens, that you may, unmolested, obstruct the march of the laws, have deceived you — they could not be deceived themselves. They know that such a resistance must be repelled. Their object is secession from the Union; but be not misguided — secession from the Union by violence and with arms is treason. I conjure you, fellow citizens of the State in which I was born,* if you value the cause of liberty, to which you have devoted your lives, if you value the tranquillity of your country, the lives of your principal citizens, pause; withdraw from the archives of your State the dangerous edicts promulgated by the Convention — announce to its Members that all misfortunes are light compared to those which will follow a secession from the Union — de-

* General Andrew Jackson is a native of South Carolina.

clare that you will never fight under any other than the star-spangled banner — and that you wish to see your names go down untarnished to the latest posterity. You cannot destroy the Constitution of your country — you can only disturb its tranquillity, check its prosperity, eclipse its future fame for durability; but tranquillity shall be restored: once more shall happiness and prosperity thrive in your native soil, and the dark stain which now disgraces the character of your State be expunged, and remain a perpetual stigma on the authors of these troubles."

This Proclamation gained universal applause: one voice alone was heard from the confines of Canada to the extremity of the Floridas. Even in South Carolina the people began to waver, and the chiefs of the new party paused for a while to recover themselves, and to consider whether they had not gone too far in their inferences as to State-rights to withdraw from the contest. The situation of the Nullifiers became still more alarming, when, shortly afterwards, a Bill passed Congress, authorising the President to enforce the payment of duties, if not voluntarily liquidated: this Bill was afterwards called "The Bloody Bill," a name by

which it is now generally known. In addition, came the unexpected circumstance, that the neighbouring States, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia, having nearly the same interests at stake as South Carolina, and on whose co-operation it had confidently calculated, had disappointed its expectations, induced partly by jealousy, partly by other causes. In this posture of affairs, it was not strange that Messrs. Calhoun and McDuffie, representatives of the Nullifiers at Washington, acceded to the compromise which Mr. Clay, father of the manufacturing system, proposed, although they easily perceived that the reduction of duties suggested had rather the appearance of being advantageous to the Southern Slave-States than was so in reality. The voice of Nullification became in the mean time weaker and weaker, till it died away altogether — at least it was never heard openly threatening a dissolution of the States. The party is, however, far from being dispersed: like the snail, it has only retired within its shell. The day may yet come, when the progress of the doctrine of State-rights in the Southern parts may attract the serious attention of the Northern.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes?
BYRON.

READY to continue my journey, I embraced the opportunity of a steamboat going to Savannah, to proceed thither. In calm weather, the steamers generally steer their course outside the rocks: the trip is then extremely short and pleasant; but, in winter, when rain and fog are the order of the day, the inland navigation, singular in its kind, is preferred. The country between Charleston and Savannah is everywhere intersected by rivers, which we either ascended or descended, approaching close to the sea-coast, where a number of islands are situated, and form a barrier against the violence of the waves. It was, in fact, a scene full of variety; sometimes we passed unhealthy swamps, then followed the shores of serpentine rivers; again we were surrounded by extensive cotton and rice

fields; then a view of fertile islands presented itself; and at last we traversed various bays, where the rivers discharge themselves into the sea. Had the weather been fine, this trip would have afforded me many pleasant recollections; as it was, I had an opportunity of attentively and with deep interest observing the ever-changing scenery, varying from the highest state of cultivation and fertility to the desolation of swamps, with their accessory inanimation. It is on these islands, and all round the coast south of Savannah, that the Sea Island cotton, superior to any other, is cultivated; the length of its threads distinguishes it from ordinary cottons. The cultivation of this particular variety is different from that of the short cotton: the sea air, it is supposed, has also no small influence on the quality. It fetches a much higher price than other cotton.

The steamboat stopped on the following morning at a small town called Beaufort, to land and take on board passengers. Among the number, I observed a middle-aged man, accompanied by a young Negro woman, better dressed than any I had lately seen. Her companion was one of those despicable beings who traffic in human flesh: he had just before

bought the unfortunate female from a planter, who, from some caprice or other, had sold her, although brought up in his own family, and a favourite with all its members on account of her honesty and remarkably handsome countenance. Before she left the shore, she bade, oppressed with grief, a tender farewell to her fellow-slaves; and when at length she embraced her husband for the last time, she lost all power, and fell senseless in the arms of her unfeeling master, who kept incessantly repeating his orders to go on board. With the utmost exertion she was able to obey the command, and scarcely had she reached the deck before the steamboat started. Leaning against the side of the boat, she fixed her large black eyes on the home which was gradually disappearing before her, and waved her handkerchief as long as she could see her unhappy husband and the group of friends whom she left behind; but, when the winding of the river concealed from her view the dearest objects on earth, she contemplated in deep silence the waves agitated by the vessel. Presently her native place disappeared altogether, but she remained immoveable in the same attitude. Even on our arrival at Savannah, I observed her eyes fixed on the

quarter where Beaufort was situated. Her countenance bore the stamp of perfect resignation, and it was only when her eyes happened to meet those of her new master that her uneasiness became visible. Accustomed to suffer and submit to sacrifices, this unhappy creature was probably no stranger to such trials and heart-rending scenes.

Beside me, on deck, stood a rich planter from the interior of South Carolina. I had in the morning had a long conversation with him on the subject of slavery, and could not help, by way of illustration of this abominable traffic, pointing out to him the case just mentioned. "I do not deny," answered he, very deliberately, "that cases like this sometimes occur; but, for the honour of humanity, they are not frequent. In my neighbourhood, every planter has agreed that, if he has a Negro married to a Negro woman belonging to another, and he wishes to get rid of the Negro or quit the vicinity, he will either offer the slave to the proprietor of the Negro woman, or will himself purchase the latter: in this case, the price is regulated by other planters. People begin," added he, "to show more feeling towards these unfortunate creatures than formerly, so much so, that ill-usage

is hardly ever heard of. On the contrary, you will find many proprietors treating their Negroes like their own children, and, partly by salutary admonition, partly by the distribution of religious tracts, endeavouring to make them sensible of simple moral truths, and thus gradually inculcating a deeper and more affectionate love for God and the Bible."

Not far from Beaufort, I saw the palmetto tree growing in great luxuriance: all the banks were covered with it. This southern plant has, when young, a number of excrescences on the trunk, which gradually disappear as it grows up, and is freed from branches. Like Italian fir, the crown of the palmetto is always green. The trunk is of so spongy a nature that a nail driven into it will not hold fast: it is, therefore, unfit for ship-building, but is used as piles in streams or lakes, for which it is particularly adapted. It is not liable to be worm-eaten, neither does it suffer the slightest injury from water. Round the trunk, rings or cracks are formed in the bark; these are said to indicate the age of the tree, each ring signifying a year. The leaves resemble fans, and possess great strength: seats of chairs, hats, baskets, &c. are made of them.

A little farther on, I arrived at a place formerly fortified by the Indians, the ramparts of which were made of oyster-shells. These truly characteristic fortifications were undoubtedly erected long before the arrival of the English in these parts; for history does not mention any occasion for which they were thrown up. The probability is, that they have been constructed by some Indian tribe, to serve as a bulwark against another. One of the redoubts is considerable, of great length, with aisles, and twelve feet in height. Its situation along the shore leads to the inference that it was from this side that attacks were expected. Considered as defences, they certainly possess very little interest; but it is the material of which they are built that attracts the attention of travellers. How many millions of oysters must have perished in order to the erection of these redoubts!

The first view of Savannah produces no very favourable impression, particularly if the traveller is unfortunate enough to alight at an hotel close to the landing-place; but, upon nearer inspection, he cannot avoid pronouncing a fair opinion of the city, namely, that it is far from unpleasant, and that the houses of the inhabitants are ever open to strangers, to

whom all the attentions of hospitality and politeness are shown.

Savannah is situated on a ridge of sand, close to a river bearing the same name, which divides the States of South Carolina and Georgia. It is built in a square, with streets perfectly straight, and surrounded by walks, or *boulevards*, shaded by beautiful Pride of India trees. In that part of the walk contiguous to the river, as well as in the one below on the bank itself, all business is transacted, which consists chiefly in cotton shipments to Europe. In this particular spot, nothing is heard but conversations about the article; bales are piled up in every store and at every corner. Whoever visits a merchant's office will find it filled with samples: if the clerks are occupied with correspondence, rest assured the subject is cotton. If the chief of a mercantile house is seen in conversation with any one, be equally sure that he is talking about the price of cotton. But in the interior of the town reigns perfect tranquillity; nothing indicates that on the article of cotton alone depends the prosperity of Savannah. The houses are mostly of wood, and have balconies in the usual southern style. The unpaved streets resemble well-kept high roads.

After heavy rains, or, more properly, drenching showers, it is customary to plough the ground, as in a field, with a view to render it sooner dry. This method of drying streets appeared rather new to a stranger; but certain it is that the object was accomplished with extraordinary rapidity, for the depth of the furrows enabled the sandy soil to imbibe the water much sooner than if it had been left to drain away of itself.

Late in the evening, I again took my departure in a steamer, with the intention of proceeding up the river to Augusta, a distance of about two hundred miles, owing to the continual windings of the river, but which in a direct line would not exceed one hundred and fifty. The character of this stream is exactly similar to all those south of the Potomac; crooked, sometimes winding forward, then turning back round a small projecting point of land, which it often required nearly an hour to double, without gaining, in a straight line, more than a mile. The banks are low, in many places not higher than the surface of the water, and consist exclusively of swamps, in which both bushes and trees grow down to the water's edge, intercepting the prospect of the interior of the country.

The woods appeared covered with a long grey moss, which produced a dismal and desolate effect on the landscape, and reminded man that Death resided in these unhealthy regions. In truth, I perceived but few solitary habitations. The wretched scattered hovels that were visible were occupied only by miserable woodcutters, who seemed to prefer the alternative of death to the horrors of starvation in a healthier climate, or by Negroes, who are less liable to the fevers generated by unhealthy and marshy regions. In the brushwood, near the banks, were myriads of wild ducks and wild turkeys. In summer, I am assured that large snakes and alligators also show themselves on sunny days.

Of all the towns in the Southern States, none, with the exception of New Orleans, has a more agreeable exterior, and inspires the stranger at first with a stronger idea of comfort and wealth than Augusta. Frequent fires have of late years not a little contributed to embellish the town, by the removal of old and the erection of new buildings; but the principal cause of these improvements is to be traced to its active and flourishing trade. The situation of Augusta is in every respect advantageous: on the borders of two cotton-

growing States, and lying close to a navigable river, down which produce is sent with the greatest facility to the large exporting towns, Charleston and Savannah, its locality is really enviable. Macon, it is true, divides the interior cotton trade with Augusta; but its share is small when compared with the latter, for Augusta receives produce not only from South Carolina, but from Georgia, whereas Macon only receives it from the latter State. The cotton stores in Augusta are well worth seeing. These immense buildings, not unlike arsenals at a distance, are planned on a scale which sufficiently shows the extent of the cotton trade. Many of them are spacious enough to contain as many as nine thousand bales. They are built in squares, with an open space in the centre: the sides are formed of stone sheds, roofed with tiles, and open towards the yard.

The houses are of various classes, both in regard to materials and architecture; the greater part, however, are of brick, bearing undeniable evidence of the progress of the art. The streets are capable of many improvements: Augusta may, nevertheless, boast of a thoroughfare called Broad Street, surpassing in width any other in America. Its length is

about two miles. When filled with loaded waggons, which is often the case in the winter months, the visiter forgets that he is in the centre of a region but lately a complete desert. Splendid coaches, elegant ladies, or perfumed dandies, are certainly not to be found; but, notwithstanding the absence of these attributes of a large city, it is still lively. In this street are only to be seen decently dressed women, devoid of all coquetry, speculative merchants, loaded waggons, the size of which exceeded any thing I had as yet seen, close and shrewd farmers, saddle-horses without number, but no equipages. To this catalogue I must not omit to add the noise occasioned by heavy-footed mules, six of which are attached to every loaded cotton waggon, and the peculiar tones with which the Negro, mounted on one of these animals, drives his team. Generally, he has only one rein in the hand, fastened to one of the foremost mules; but, as this is at times insufficient to give a proper direction to the heavy train, he is continually speaking to his beasts in a manner which they never fail to understand; and, in order to give a stronger impulse to his words, he adds a few cuts in the air with his whip, which have also a certain

meaning, and they are as promptly obeyed as understood.

Opposite to Augusta, in the State of South Carolina, is a small insignificant village, called Hamburg, also possessing a few cotton warehouses: the inhabitants are striving very hard to share the palm with the rich and mighty neighbouring town. Their hopes seem particularly founded on the belief that the now nearly-finished railroad from Charleston, which terminates here, will give new life to their business, to the prejudice of Augusta. How far these expectations will be realized, when the railroad is completed and made available, I am not able to judge; but I cannot help entertaining some doubts on the score of any extraordinary rise of Hamburg, as long as Augusta exists.

A traveller intending to proceed hence by land to New Orleans is earnestly recommended to bid adieu to all comforts on leaving Augusta, and make the necessary preparations for a hard and rough campaign. If he has a wife and children unprovided for, and to whom he has not the means of leaving a suitable legacy, let him by all means be careful to insure his life to the highest amount the offices will take; for the chances of perishing

on the road are at the rate of ten to one, calculated according to the following table of casualties:

1. By horses running away.
2. By drowning.
3. By murder.
4. By explosion.

When told in Augusta of the numberless accidents which awaited me on this tour, I could not refrain from laughing, satisfied in my own mind that they were exaggerated, and that I could not possibly have to endure more than I had already encountered during my journey from Norfolk to Charleston; but experience soon taught me to view the latter trip in the light of pleasant and comfortable, when compared with the inconveniences, not to say sufferings, to which a traveller is exposed, when hazarding his person in the woods of Georgia and Alabama. I had hitherto ventured to indulge in invective against the roads in Virginia and both Carolinas: these were now English turnpike-roads, when compared with those I had actually to traverse. I had also complained of the indifference of the stages in the same State: in Alabama I should have deemed myself happy, could I but have got sight of a Virginia stage,

instead of the skeleton vehicles which were presented to my view. Too often had I heaped animadversions on the Virginia drivers: in Alabama again, I should have conferred on them the title of real gentlemen. I had even gone so far as to speak in derision and with contempt of the tough, split, and broiled fowls, with which a traveller is regaled at every meal in Virginia, and which are alive five minutes before they are put on the table for consumption: in Alabama, where bacon and sweet potatoes constitute the only delicacies, one of the feathered tribe would have been considered superior to the best Parisian *pateé aux truffes*.

It was towards dusk that I took my place in a narrow, old-fashioned stage, in company with eight passengers, who were proceeding to Macon, a distance of about one hundred and twenty-five miles. Scarcely had we lost sight of Augusta, when a dark, heavy cloud, greeted us with a drenching shower. All the luggage had, in consequence of the great quantity of mail-bags, been thrown carelessly on the top of the stage: let the reader judge of its condition at sunrise on the following morning, when our coach fairly stuck fast in a mud-hole, out of which the soaking wet

and mud-covered passengers vainly endeavoured for several successive hours to extricate it. One of them, a foolish landlord, contributed materially to its extrication, and to keep up the spirits of his unfortunate travelling companions, by singing Irish melodies: but, desirous of accompanying his songs by an exhibition on the light fantastic toe, he suddenly slipped, and disappeared in the deep puddle, splashing the bystanders all over with dirty water. Owing to the coolness of the driver, he, however, escaped a watery grave; but, wet as he was, he resumed his seat inside the coach. Having at length obtained assistance from some waggoners, who with difficulty contrived to lift the stage out of the hole, we continued our journey uninterruptedly till evening, when new adventures awaited us. The road, entirely of clay, sadly cut up by the continual transport of cotton, and full of deep holes and furrows, had, besides, numberless roots, stumps, and trunks, of trees, left absolutely untouched by the makers of this highway. Between these, amidst crooked and steep hills, the coachman was obliged to proceed very cautiously; and he was frequently under the necessity of making several turns about the same hill, to

avoid coming in contact with these dangerous obstructions, which must infallibly upset the coach. It was on a hill of this kind, where he had probably neglected the usual precaution, that one of the carriage-wheels was unluckily raised by two stumps, high enough to touch the axletree; and, by the violent concussion, the pole, as well as the wheel, was shivered to pieces, and a large hole broken in the bottom of the carriage itself. To me it is still a matter of surprise that none of the passengers were hurt, though I must confess that the confusion was sufficiently great to have produced the most disastrous consequences. To find assistance in the midst of a wild forest, and this too at midnight, was not to be expected. A deliberative council was held, at which it was resolved that we should continue our journey partly on foot, partly on horseback, leaving the coachman to take care of the baggage till the following morning. At daylight we arrived at the much wished-for Macon.

Were I to judge of the little I saw of Georgia, I should say, that the soil of this State did not appear much adapted to the cultivation of cotton; however, from other accounts, it seems that the interior is as fertile

as those regions through which I directed my course were poor. Far be it from me to question the correctness of this statement; on the contrary, it is more than probable, considering the large quantities of cotton produced in this State, which are afterwards forwarded for sale to Macon, Augusta, and Savannah. Between Augusta and Macon, nevertheless, the soil is extremely poor, consisting chiefly of sand. I have seldom beheld a wilder picture. No mountains are found; but steep hillocks and heaps of stone in abundance. Between these, in the loose sand, are pines growing close to each other, and a hundred different species of oak. Cultivated fields were hardly ever discernible, and the few scattered ones that we did see bore the appearance of indifferent soil. The houses, which from the road seemed to be at an immense distance from each other, hardly deserved the name of human habitations: had they been without chimneys, I should have been inclined to consider them as sheds for the reception of hogs. Even the inhabitants of these regions had something savage about them: their dress, manners, language, all seemed to partake of the repulsive features of wild nature.

Before arriving at Macon, we passed

through the small towns of Warrenton, Powelton, and Sparta, as well as Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, situated on a sand-hill, near the River Oconee, and in its present dilapidated state a woful monument of more prosperous days. The town was at this time rather lively and noisy, owing to a land-lottery, organized by the State, then drawing. Georgia had, several years before, bought large tracts of land from the Indians within the territory of the State, which it was now, according to contract, obliged to relinquish. The lots were divided by the State among its citizens in such a manner, that each inhabitant who had resided in Georgia three years after the passing of the act by the Legislature was entitled to a ticket; a married man received an additional ticket, and, if he happened to have children, he obtained a third ticket. Whoever had upon any occasion fought for his country was also presented with a particular ticket. Even gold regions were shared in like manner, and with the same distinctions among the inhabitants: the latter division caused, however, considerable dissatisfaction, it being openly declared that fraud and deception had been practised by an individual who had the

management of it. This person was arraigned before the tribunal upon various charges connected with it, but the Court had come to no decision when I left Georgia.

Macon was founded in the year 1823, on a sand-bank near the River Ocmulgee, and counts about three thousand inhabitants. Its excellent locality for purchases of cotton has already had great influence on its increase; so many as eighty thousand bales of this article are annually sent from this place to Savannah, which traffic brings considerable capital into circulation. The environs of Macon retain their pristine features: tall firs rise in every direction, like dismal and impenetrable walls. Here and there may be seen a small piece of land lately cleared; the trees had been so recently felled or burnt that a perpendicular column of smoke rose from the stumps which remained almost to the sky. Amidst these stumps, as if peeping out of the dark wood, were observed a few solitary frame-houses, where some of the townspeople spend their winters and summers. In the town, the buildings, erected at some distance from each other, are also of wood, some two stories, but most of them only one story high, divided into two apartments, of which that fronting

the street is used as a store, the other reserved for the family, let it be ever so numerous. In most places recently peopled, the practice of crowding together many persons in the same room is of common occurrence: in houses in the country, particularly in those in the woods, the accommodation of a separate apartment is out of the question; but, in a town with three thousand inhabitants, to find wealthy families living together in one confined room was certainly more than I anticipated. I formed an acquaintance with several of them in very comfortable circumstances, who would in any part of the world have been considered affluent, and yet they lived in a single apartment, beyond the store. The furniture was in harmony with the rest, simple, coarse, and tasteless: the manner of living, too, was simplicity itself. The people are mostly Presbyterians, a sect which forbids every thing bordering on ostentation, and whose principles are not a little conducive to the prevalence of artless and unsophisticated manners: in Macon these seemed to be strictly followed.

The streets are not paved, but covered with light sand, which the least wind raises in volumes, so as to conceal one side of the street from the inhabitants of the other. Like

all those in the new Southern States, they form right angles and parallel lines, and are of a width not to be found in older cities. Many of these streets had not yet been named, and were only marked out by the clearing of the wood, and the digging of ditches on the sides: on the map of the town a place had already been assigned to them, as well as to many others, on which were still left the stumps of the trees, which are not a little dangerous to the passenger in the dark. With streets in such a condition, it was not surprising that coaches were very seldom seen: I observed no vehicles in Macon, but a few miserable stages and a couple of country waggons. Most people travelled on horseback; and this rule was observed upon every occasion, whether they were going into the country, or merely to visit a neighbouring friend. The aversion to walking must be either the natural consequence of the heat of the climate, which produces a relaxation of the system, or the effect of indolence, that has insensibly grown into a habit. I shall not stop to decide the question, but only to mention its existence. Saddle-horses were seen whole days standing before the houses, and, when not there, were to be found in sheds in

the yards. A merchant could not conclude a bargain with a neighbour, if ever so near, without his horse. A sueing swain would be sure of a rebuff, if he had the temerity to present himself as a pedestrian at the residence of his mistress.

The principal article of commerce in Macon is, as I have before observed, cotton. The bales are forwarded, immediately after purchase, to the two neighbouring seaports, of which Savannah, on account of its proximity, receives the largest supply. The conveyance is effected by means of the rivers, first by the Ocmulgee, on which Macon is situated, afterwards by the Oconee, which joins the Ocmulgee, and forms the large river Alatamaha, down which it is carried as far as Darien. The craft are either long and narrow, or built in the shape of boxes, the bottom of which is made of timber and cork. On these small vessels eight rows of bales are piled up; from four to five hundred constituting a cargo. They float down the stream, and look like moving houses. This method of conveying goods was, however, by some individuals, considered both expensive and tedious: a few of the wealthier and more enterprizing citizens determined to make a trial with steam-

boats. One was built, by way of experiment, with a flat bottom, to enable her to get over the shoals in the river, at low and high water. This steamer was not finished when I left Macon.

The climate, in these desolate regions, compensates, in some measure, for the pleasures elsewhere so highly valued; which a want of civilization among different classes here precludes. The atmosphere is, during the whole winter, extremely mild and agreeable: in summer the heat is great, without being oppressive, or attended with epidemics, so prevalent near the coast. In the middle of December, the period when I visited Macon, the leaves first began to change colour, a change which I had already witnessed the preceding September in the States of New York and Pennsylvania. Thousands of roses were still in full bloom on terraces before the houses, and here and there I saw flowers in the fields, of which I had been in the habit of taking leave on the appearance of the first autumn day; but in this delightful climate they continue to dispense their fragrance till the arrival of the new year. The surrounding woods were filled with the most odoriferous and enlivening perfumes, and even in certain

parts of the town, at sunset, the evening breeze wafted to the pedestrian a delicious odour.

On my return from an excursion to the ruins of a fort, formerly raised against the Indians, a free Negro was shown to me, who, unlike all others of the same race, had not had recourse to beggary after recovering his liberty. It is an incontestable fact, fully authenticated by experience, that a Negro, once a slave, and afterwards set free, from that moment becomes as useless as he has formerly been industrious. I was therefore not a little pleased to form acquaintance with a man so different from the rest, which leaves at least one conclusive evidence on record, that the doctrine so repeatedly advanced, and so revolting to the ideas of the philanthropists, is false, namely, that a Negro is half man and half brute. His name was Solomon Humphries, and he was as well known by all classes a hundred miles round as the governor himself. He kept a kind of grocery store, which yielded a handsome annual profit, and added to an already acquired property of twenty thousand dollars. Known as industrious and prudent, he had greater credit than many an extensive merchant: and there was no individual in Macon, from the riches[illegible]ealer

to the poorest servant, who did not stop and shake him by the hand. Solomon was married to a woman of colour, drove his own unostentatious carriage, and had a neat and comfortably furnished house, where he often entertained strangers. The principal merchants were not above accepting his invitations to dinner: upon these occasions, they were welcomed with an hospitality and kindness perhaps unexpected from a Negro. Never forgetting his station in life, it was customary with him, when performing the office of host, to wait upon his guests in person; and, although possessing several slaves, he never permitted any of them to stand behind the chairs, or even to approach the table. He made a rule of inviting every stranger coming to the city, and as such I had also the honour of an invitation; I was, however, under the necessity of declining it, having already fixed the period of my departure for Columbus on the following evening. It was with no small mortification that I renounced this pleasure; probably it was the last time in my life that I should have an opportunity of dining with a Negro, as it was the only invitation I ever received.

A little before midnight I was again in the

stage, filled, as usual, with nine travellers, mostly inhabitants of Columbus, returning from Milledgeville, where they had been drawing tickets for lots in the gold region. The conversation turned exclusively on the subject of gold dust and gold bars: calculations of certain incomes, derivable from this source of wealth, were made in the coach, and appeared, at least to them, so clear and infallible, that it would have been easier to convince them that the earth is square, than that they could possibly fail to be possessed, in the course of a few years, of as much of the precious metal as would purchase a kingdom in Europe. I listened for a long time with the greatest attention to these lofty statements and illustrative plans, and was just on the eve of joining the general conversation, with a view to obtain some further information respecting these valuable gold regions, when a very sudden and serious shock at one end of the coach demolished at once all aërial castles and golden dreams, and directed the attention of every one to his personal safety, preparatory to his becoming a Crœsus. The driver, who had probably also been indulging in the same happy dreams, having himself drawn a prize in the golden

lottery, had unfortunately missed his way in the dark, and did not discover his error till the carriage was fairly jammed between two old trees, which squeezed the frail vehicle so dreadfully that the axletree was broken in pieces. This accident happened in the middle of a steep hill, down which the coach rolled with no ordinary velocity, so that the horses, once started, could not be stopped, but ran away the moment the accident occurred. Left alone with the fragments of a *ci-devant* stage, we held a consultation as to the best mode of proceeding: at the recommendation of the driver, it was unanimously resolved to await the approach of morning, and take the chance of meeting some waggon, roomy enough to convey ourselves and our luggage to the nearest village, distant about sixteen miles. Without waiting for the break of day, I continued my journey on foot, in company with one of the passengers well acquainted with the road. During this compulsory promenade, I had frequent opportunities of contemplating the wild and uniform appearance of these uncultivated regions. From a soil almost exclusively of sand, rose a close and dark wood, the height of whose trees bespoke venerable age. Here and there the loose and

dry sand varied a little; a verdant swamp was seen enveloped in fog, through which drooping cypresses rose like ghosts at a gloomy distance. Nearer to Columbus, the country became more hilly: the Alleghany Mountain chain, which may be called the back-bone of North America, here commences in a long series of sloping hills, above and round which the road winds in various directions.

It was at the foot of one of these hills that I fell in with a gang (as they are called) of slaves, on their march to New Orleans, for sale. The slave-trader had chained them two and two together, and so disposed of them during the few hours in the night allowed for rest after the day's fatigue, that none of them could possibly escape the watchful eyes of the owner or his assistant. A great number of these miserable beings were seated round a large fire, attentively listening to each other's narratives: others were lying in groups, absorbed in profound sleep. At the further extremity, near a tree, was the slave-trader himself, looking sternly at his victims, and now and then roaring to them to be quiet. He was not, however, able to quell the general mirth that prevailed, occasioned by the lively

anecdotes related by a young slave, about twenty, to his companions in misfortune: laughter and signs of approbation continued without interruption. Yes, bursts of laughter made the whole wood ring. Who would have supposed that these were slaves, going to a market for sale? Without being perceived, we approached this singular group. They were all without any head-covering, but pretty decently dressed in linen clothes, in my opinion rather too light for winter, but with which they seemed perfectly satisfied. Real joy was expressed in every countenance, and they gave way to fits of laughter, which made their eyes sparkle with tears.

The young speaker related with southern warmth the many vicissitudes he had experienced during his short life, and painted in equally lively colours the happy and unhappy adventures in which he had been engaged. His narrative of an attempt to escape from his owner in South Carolina inspired me with real interest for the young hero: upon several occasions he made the most striking comparisons. It was impossible not to feel compassion, on hearing him describe the severe punishment which followed the unfortunate attempt: even the other slaves, so disposed

to be merry, became silent for a moment, horror-struck at the faithful description which he gave of his corporeal sufferings. But this silence continued only for a few minutes: the narrative again became animated, and the audience was not backward in testifying its approbation by loud and reiterated applause.

This short biography was scarcely finished, before a glittering object suddenly made its appearance from the small wood in the swamp, and changed the features of every face, substituting astonishment and curiosity for joy and happiness! The kindled fire spread its pale light over the bushes in the neighbourhood, and between the bald fir-trunks stood a tall, swarthy, and wild-looking figure—it was an Indian of the Creek race, the first of the "Red Men" I had seen in the woods. The strong impression which this meeting produced will not be easily effaced. I had in my subsequent travels frequent opportunities of seeing these sons of the forest, but never did they appear to me so formidable, so noble, so majestic, as this solitary Indian. His head was covered with a kind of red woollen turban, the ends of which hung down on one of his shoulders: on his legs he wore a kind of stockings, made of skins, and his

feet were covered by a pair of handsome moccasins. He was wrapped in a blanket, which, nevertheless, did not prevent my seeing his strong, well-proportioned, and athletic figure. His height and martial air (such as a warrior ought to have)—the expression of his countenance—his features—were all noble and grand. Could this really be a savage?

My travelling companion, who had often seen Indians, was not seized with the same degree of admiration as myself, and lost no time in asking him the motive of his sudden appearance. The reply destroyed the illusion as quickly as his person had at first prepossessed me. Whisky was now the only deity he worshipped: for the possession of it he would sell father, children, and country. How much more delighted should I have been, had I seen him raise his tomahawk, and, foaming with rage, demand the blood of the Whites, instead of begging for a compound which, like slow poison, undermined his constitution, enervated the sinewy arm, and made the free hero an object of contempt, commiserated by none. Hardly had he received the wished-for liquor, before he eagerly put the bottle to his mouth, and ran away from us,

carrying off the few remaining drops. Unhappy man! His draught was death. In the course of the following day his corpse was found close to a fire in the middle of the wood. Judging from the situation in which his half-consumed body was discovered, he must have fallen asleep in an intoxicated state too near the fire, and been either suffocated or burnt to death.

END OF VOL. I.

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STREET IN ALBANY— HOUSE OF THE FIRST DUTCH GOVERNORS.

THE

UNITED STATES

AND

41993

CANADA,

IN 1832, 1833, AND 1834.

BY C. D. ARFWEDSON, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE

UNITED STATES

AND CANADA,

IN 1832, 1833, AND 1834.

CHAPTER I.

The Indian, child of sorrow,
Remnant of a mighty race;
Grief is his, no ray of gladness
Beams upon his dwelling-place.
TAPPAN.

On the eastern bank of the River Chatahoochee is a small town called Columbus, which, founded so recently as the year 1828, has not yet attained so much celebrity as to have a place allotted to it in all the maps of the United States. Numbers of Americans know not that such a town exists. How often, during my residence in America, have I heard of towns sprung up in the midst of wildernesses, with a population of one, two,

or three thousand inhabitants, commerce and trades of various kinds, courthouses, stages and steamers, schools, churches and prisons; all as if created by magic! Other towns disappear with the same rapidity: what in Europe is formed or undone in the lapse of ages is here effected in as many months. It is, therefore, a peculiar study to be acquainted with the names of all the towns, new-born or dead, in the course of a twelvemonth: it requires a memory equal to that of Mezzofanti of Bologna himself to remember all. Columbus still ranks among the smaller towns, without any pretension to fame, though it may not be doomed to remain long in obscurity. Its rapid increase in population, wealth, and trade, may probably soon bring it on the grand stage of the world.

Captain Hall visited this place in 1828, about the period of its foundation. His description is interesting when compared to what Columbus was four years and a half subsequently. A few extracts may not be unseasonable:

COLUMBUS IN THE YEAR 1828.

"The first thing to which our attention was called was a long line cut through the

coppice-wood of oaks. This our guide begged us to observe was to be the principal street; and the brushwood having been cut away so as to leave a lane four feet wide, with small stakes driven in at intervals, we could walk along it easily enough. On reaching the middle point, our friend, looking around him, exclaimed in raptures at the prospect of the future greatness of Columbus: 'Here you are in the centre of the city!' He assured us further, that, within a very short period, this pathway would be converted into a street sixty yards wide, and one league in length.

"After threading our way for some time amongst the trees, we came in sight, here and there, of huts made partly of planks, partly of bark, and at last reached the principal cluster of houses, very few of which were above two or three weeks old. These buildings were of all sizes, from a six feet box or cube, to a house with half a dozen windows in front. There were three hotels, the sign belonging to one of which, I could observe, was nailed to a tree still growing untouched in the middle of the street. Another had glazed windows, but the panes of glass were fixed in their places, merely for the time, by a little piece of putty at each corner. Every thing

indicated hurry. As none of the city-lots were yet sold, of course no one was sure that the spot upon which he had pitched his house would eventually become his own. Many of the houses were in consequence of this understanding built on trucks, a sort of low strong wheels, such as cannon are supported by, for the avowed purpose of being hauled away when the land should be sold. At least sixty frames of houses were pointed out to me, lying in piles on the ground ready to answer the call of future purchasers. At some parts of this strange scene, the forest, which hereabout consists of a mixture of pines and oaks, was growing as densely as ever; and even in the most cleared streets some trees were left standing. As yet there had been no time to remove the stumps of the felled trees, and many that had been felled were left in their places; so that it was occasionally no easy matter to get along. Anvils were heard ringing away merrily at every corner; while saws, axes, and hammers, were seen flashing amongst the woods all round."

COLUMBUS, 1832.

The situation of the town is on the confines of Georgia and Alabama, and on the river

Chatahoochee*, which is navigable as far as the Gulph of Mexico. This river, on which four steamers are continually plying, has been of such infinite advantage to this place, that it may already be called a flourishing town. The population exceeded two thousand, and among them were several that might be denominated wealthy. The number of the inhabitants was augmenting monthly, and the increase of commerce, I was assured, was in the same proportion. Carpenters, masons, and workmen of every kind, were never without employment, and could not erect houses fast enough. Streets, which in 1828 were only marked out, were now so filled with loaded waggons that it was next to impossible to pass. The principal street which traverses the city, following the course of the river, is, like the rest, not paved, but has so many shops filled with a variety of goods, such a number of neat houses, and, finally, in the mornings such a concourse of people, Christians and Indians, that it can hardly be believed that it is the same street which was only marked out in 1828. Most of the

* Chatahoochee is an Indian name, which signifies flowered stones, on account of the quantity of stones of various colours found at the bottom of this river. I have several specimens of them in my possession.

houses were of wood, and some of brick: a few in the English style, others again in the Grecian taste. The hotels are, perhaps, the worst buildings in the town: I resided in one, the staircase of which bore a strong resemblance to a fire-ladder, and the bed-room, although provided with window-frames, had no panes of glass in them.

Commerce is also on the increase, and will be still more flourishing, when the neighbouring tract of land in Alabama, bought by the State from the Indians, but which they had not yet quitted, is brought into cultivation. At the northern extremity of the town, the river forms several falls, which are made available for working cotton-factories. The goods are conveyed by the steamers to a seaport at the mouth of the river called Apalachicola, where they are re-shipped for exportation.

The manners of the people were uncouth to a degree, which made it equally disagreeable and hazardous for a civilized person to remain in Columbus. Many individuals, there called gentlemen, would in other places receive a very different appellation. The proximity of the Indian territory on the other side of the river contributed not a little to

the toleration among the inhabitants of a certain number of loose persons, on which account morals were at the lowest ebb. Opposite to the town, on the Alabama shore, a number of dissolute people had founded a village, for which their lawless pursuits and atrocious misdeeds had procured the name of Sodom. Scarcely a day passed without some human blood being shed in its vicinity; and, not satisfied with murdering each other, they cross the river clandestinely, and pursue their bloody vocation even in Columbus. Peaceable citizens are thus often attacked, not only in the streets or in the woods, but in their own houses: in vain do they look for reparation or protection from the authorities of the town. The delinquents of Sodom are exempt from all prosecution, their village being situated on the Indian territory, and as such under no control. Temerity, courage, and boldness, alone command respect from these banditti: mildness, virtue, and beauty, are in their eyes so many contemptible attributes, which they conceive they have a right to violate with impunity. The manner of living has meanwhile, by the frequent occurrence of these atrocities, acquired a degree of insecurity, which obliges every

one to carry arms about his person, and to be prepared for defence at a moment's warning.

When laws have so little power to protect the lives of citizens, necessity makes it obligatory to obtain justice by personal efforts; and, when this alternative unfortunately occurs, passions generally gain the ascendency, and, as a consequence, the contest on both sides too often terminates in blood. The most trifling difference not unfrequently occasions murders of the blackest dye, and when the crime is consummated, the offender hastens across the river to Sodom, boasting of his deed, and scoffing at the lamentations of the relations and friends of the murdered victim. I saw in this village persons whose looks bespoke the assassin: even Pæstum in Calabria cannot produce similar monsters. With such neighbours, it certainly is not surprising that the citizens of Columbus should preserve a certain uncouthness of manners, peculiar to a place that has just sprung up in a forest, but which, from its rapid progress, ought to have already disappeared, if the vicinity of Sodom had not to a certain degree retarded the advance of civilization. As soon as the Indians have retired from this part of the

country, and the State of Alabama can enforce the observance of her laws, even in the remotest districts, it is to be hoped that the scum of mankind now occupying Sodom will be reduced to obedience and submission; and not till then will Columbus see her own population happy and tranquil, and civilization diffusing its light among her citizens.

After remaining in this town a few days, I continued my journey towards the West in a carriage drawn by one horse, accompanied by a boy seven years old as guide. No road in all America can be compared with that between Columbus and Fort Mitchell. I had often been told that this was the worst piece of ground in the Southern States, and this account I found, by woeful experience, to be by no means exaggerated: it is a real matter of surprise how a vehicle can move forward one hundred yards. Too often I lost every trace of the road, and had to guess the path by certain incisions in the bark of thick fir-trees. On one occasion, the highway leading over a dilapidated old bridge, probably thrown across by the Indians, both horse and carriage were precipitated into the river, and it was a miracle that we were not drowned.

Fort Mitchell is a small fort thrown up in the middle of a wood, with a few barracks, where the Federal Government generally maintains a company of soldiers to keep the neighbouring Indians in check. This garrison had, shortly before my arrival, received orders to break up and march towards South Carolina, the Nullification party having about this time assumed a threatening attitude. Fort Mitchell was, therefore, for the present evacuated; but a young Indian, who had probably for a long while regarded the white-skinned strangers with feelings of dislike, now determined to be revenged, and had taken formal possession of the fort. I saw him for some time with a musket on his shoulder, march to and fro between the barracks, as if mounting guard. Woe to him who approached! No more would the rays of the sun have shone on any one who ventured to dispute the right of possession. My young guide amused himself with approaching within pistol-shot, but returned immediately, the Indian having already cocked his gun; and he would infallibly have sent the timorous enemy to another world had he not taken to his heels in time.

Towards noon I arrived at a small hut, where a few dozen intoxicated Indians had

assembled, and were engaged in bartering several fine deer, recently killed, for a certain quantity of whisky. They were in a state of insensibility from the effect of liquor long before the bargain was concluded; and the conscientious white merchant adroitly availed himself of their situation, to turn the exchange to his own advantage. Never, assuredly, had whisky brought a higher price, or deer been so depreciated in value. Both parties, however, appeared satisfied with the contract, and separated peaceably.

In this hut, the only one for a distance of twenty miles in the wood, preparations were made for dinner, the most singular of its kind I ever sat down to. In the middle of the table was placed a bottle of whisky, of which both host and hostess partook in no measured quantity, before they tasted any of the dishes. Pigs' feet pickled in vinegar formed the first course; then followed bacon with molasses; and the repast concluded with a superabundance of milk and bread, which the landlord, to use his own expression, washed down with half a tumbler of whisky. The landlady, a real Amazon, was not a little surprised to see a person refusing such a delicacy as bacon swimming in molasses, and shrugged her

shoulders at my perverted taste. But when, soon afterwards, I also declined eating the black bread soaked in whisky, her astonishment had no bounds: she lost all patience, and declared that such treatment was beyond endurance, after she had taken the trouble to cook for strangers. Little pleased with each other, we separated; for my part, I felt no desire ever to return to this habitation, and was happy when the wood at length intercepted this miserable hovel from my view.

Night approaching, I arrived at another hut of nearly the same kind. On entering the only room, I perceived two other travellers warming themselves at a large fire, in attitudes perfectly corresponding with Trollopian reminiscences. Rocking backward and forward on wooden chairs, they had fixed their dirty feet against the fire-place, almost in a horizontal direction with their eyes, and amused themselves with spitting continually in the fire. Their costume was not *recherché:* it consisted in extremely large inexpressibles, grey woollen stockings, short boots with long iron spurs, frock-coats with pockets on the sides, in which their hands were continually concealed, low cravats, high loose collars, which hid half the ears, and a soft dark

brown beaver hat, so formed that it fitted in whatever shape it was put on the head. There was something excessively characteristic in the whole exterior of these individuals; and when, in addition, I discovered the haughty and aristocratic air with which they condescended to look at the last arrived stranger, I entertained very little doubt that they were men of the highest consequence in the State. Had I by chance met these great *seigneurs* at a lonely posthouse in the Scandinavian Peninsula, I should unquestionably have taken them for some petty functionaries assuming the importance of office; but, meeting them in the United States, and particularly in an almost uninhabited part, what could I possibly surmise but that they were aspirants to some high dignity? They honoured me with a glance, and commenced conversation in the usual way, by informing me, what I already knew, that the weather had in the course of the day been extremely mild and agreeable. This old-fashioned beginning, however, led to a more familiar conversation respecting the institutions of the Southern States, their commerce, and the state of politics, on which subjects they appeared to have clear and just notions, expressing their views in terms I

little expected to hear in the woods of Alabama, and which excited my curiosity to know more particularly to whom I had the honour of speaking. At length, when midnight drew near, and the almost extinguished fire gave us warning to retire to rest, I mustered courage and asked the one nearest me whence he came. "I am from Sparta," answered he; "and I from Athens," rejoined the other. I remained silent, for the classical names of their places of nativity formed a singular contrast with their unclassical figures. A few minutes' silence was sufficient to consign the Spartan as well as the Athenian to a comfortable sleep.

At daybreak the whole house was again in motion. The two travellers continued their route to the south, and I, intending to steer my course among the Indians, proceeded in an opposite direction. Provided with a pretty accurate description of the woods and swamps I had to traverse, I mounted my horse without any other guide than a poor Indian, expelled from his tribe, who, for a trifling remuneration, engaged to conduct me to the residence of a certain Indian chief, a day and a half's journey distant. The country presented no variety: the dark and dismal forests appeared endless.

Here and there I met a few scattered Creek Indians, who, like myself, followed the incisions in the trees; but they never showed any symptoms of hostility to the Whites. They appeared, on the contrary, well disposed, and always bowed and muttered something in a low tone, which my guide never failed to return, and which he afterwards told me signified "Peace be with you!" Once only I met with a little resistance from an Indian, who seized the bridle of my horse and drew his bow; but, no sooner had my guide informed him that I was unarmed, and that I consequently placed myself under the safeguard of the Red Men, than he dropped his weapon and wished me a prosperous journey.

At night we bivouacked on a hill, making up a large fire that lasted all night. The sad and wild shouts of the Indians in the wood did not cease till morning; and the effect of the reverberation between the trees more than once deceived me as to the distance of these savages. More experienced than myself, my guide shook his head each time I told him to listen to the sound, which to me appeared quite near. In the usual Indian way, he threw himself on the ground, to listen if any one approached, and then fell asleep as com-

posedly as if he had been in his own bed. The stump which served us as a pillow was to his taste a soft and pleasant cushion, and the ground a bed to which he had been accustomed from infancy. Thus passed the night.

At dawn we continued our journey; and, before the sun had reached the meridian, I stopped at a solitary hut, the wished-for end of my excursion. At the door stood an elderly man; it was the chief himself, who, on being made acquainted with the object of my visit, hastened to show me every mark of hospitality. He had, in the course of his life, been several times at Washington, and was besides, as chief of his tribe, in constant communication with the Whites, by which means he had acquired sufficient knowledge of the English language to make out what was said to him. Introduced into the hut, I soon found myself in the midst of six women and a host of children, the greater part wrapped in blankets and lying on the floor, while others had scarcely any covering: they were engaged in mending bows and cutting weeping willows. The arrival of a stranger suspended their occupation for a moment; but, as Indians never betray any

symptoms of surprise, however astonished they may in reality be, they soon subdued their childish curiosity, and continued their work with perfect indifference. The women remained motionless on the floor, as little concerned as if a daily visiter had arrived. In order to take possession of the place which had been assigned to me in a corner, it was absolutely necessary to step over the females stretched in every direction. The old man led the way without their taking any notice of him, and I followed his example in profound silence. I thought at first he had brought me into an hospital, and that the individuals present were so many unfortunate beings of his own race, humanely taken care of, for the purpose of being cured: this seemed the more probable, as Indian chiefs are generally both warriors and physicians. But how great was my surprise when, with his usual composure, he informed me that all these six ordinary and disagreeable females were his wives, and the swarm of children his offspring! In truth, a respectable number for a single man to take charge of! And what a collection of ugly and dirty faces! The oldest would, in no part of the civilized world, have passed for any thing but a witch,

and the youngest, about twenty years of age, considered as a beauty among the Indians, was so repulsive, that I considered myself not a little fortunate to be seated near the door.

This palace of an Indian chief was built of logs, loosely laid one upon another, and nailed at the ends, between which the wind had free access: these crevices were necessary in every respect, particularly for the admission of light, windows being absolutely unknown. Instead of a boarded floor, the ground itself was strewed with sand. The house was parted off into two divisions, forming one room on each side of the entrance. The furniture consisted of three wooden chairs of the simplest construction, an old table, and a clock, such as itinerant hawkers are in the habit of selling. But where was the kitchen? will probably be asked by some careful housekeeper. I put the same question to my host, and received for answer that when hungry I must be my own cook, and make use of the fire in the yard. Necessity has no law: she makes every thing of man. Where no forks are to be had, the fingers must serve as a substitute. These Indians had no fixed hour for their meals; but every

one helped himself when he felt hungry, without regarding the hour. One of the women got up in the middle of the night to appease her cravings, by taking a bit of venison, which she cut out of a dead deer, and roasted at the fire. After finishing her repast, at which the luxury of forks was not introduced, she returned to rest.

As soon as it grew dark, the whole family went to bed, that is, laid themselves down on the ground. They had no particular place: some were lying in groups, others at short distances apart. My host had allotted to me a corner in the adjoining room as a resting place, and fixed outside the house a torch, made of a piece of wood impregnated with rosin, I know not for what reason; this circumstance, however, was of no little assistance to me, as it enabled me to survey the group of beings that slept under the same roof. Nearest to me were eight children, some sleeping together, and behind them two of the wives with six other children, placed across them in rows. The remaining members of the family, together with the aged chief himself, occupied the other room, where, in the course of the night, a violent contest arose between two of the females, which for a while

threatened the most serious consequences. It was soon quelled by the interference of the half sleepy and highly-excited husband, who issued his commands in no very measured expressions or tone of voice. In my immediate vicinity luckily no similar scene occurred; but a nursery, with all its accompaniments, has other inconveniences not less unpleasant. One of the children in particular honoured the company with an extremely discordant concert, divided into several parts, commencing at sunset and lasting till sunrise. The mother had, no doubt, often heard the same music performed, and was not in the least disturbed by it; so that the harmony continued without interruption, till the little musical urchin, hoarse and fatigued by exertion, ceased his notes. But this was not the only disagreeable circumstance; the continual motion and restlessness of the children added another, namely, contact with these dirty young brats. My patience was at last exhausted, and I was obliged to retire from the scene, which I did without being perceived by any one. The night was so clear and serene, that I lay down in the open passage, awaiting the approach of dawn.

The principal occupation of Indians con-

sists in hunting stags and deer. Anxious to attend one of these hunts, I availed myself of the opportunity of accompanying, on the following day, the chief and four other Indians, who went upon one of these excursions. We all mounted horses, and provided ourselves with rifles; some of them had also a kind of spear or lance, which they handled with a dexterity that would have astonished even a Hetman of Cossacks. The horses were small, but full of fire, not unlike northern ponies and the Canadian breed; and could hardly be checked when once put in motion. Indians generally ride without a saddle; but the old man had furnished himself and me with something bearing a resemblance to this convenient appendage: it was a saddle-tree, which was stuffed with hay, and fastened on the back of the horse with two strong cords. We had scarcely mounted before the horses showed symptoms of wild restlessness. The chief led the way, and pushed his steed into the thickest part of the wood: I followed him, and then came the other Indians, one by one. In vain did I several times try to urge my horse out of the track of the first, and to make the others deploy on the ground: the animal remained perfectly insensible to all

my efforts on the mouth as well as on the loins, and continued blindly to follow the steps of the leader. Neither swamps, bushes, prostrate trees, nor rivulets, arrested our progress.

The Indians kept their seats as if they had never been off the back of a horse: all their motions were graceful, and bespoke a steadiness which would have obliged an equerry to yield the palm of horsemanship to these untaught cavaliers. Although unprovided with stirrups, I often observed them lean on one side to avoid contact with branches or bushes, and preserve their equilibrium merely by pressure against the loins of the horse; otherwise their bodies were constantly in a perpendicular position, without appearing stiff to the eye. In one hand they held the reins, and a gun, always cocked, in the other — a circumstance by no means pleasant to the person riding before. The hounds, a hundred yards ahead, had meanwhile commenced barking, a sound at all times delightful to the ears of a sportsman: we followed them as closely as possible, making circles in the wood of no small diameter, anxious not to lose the traces of the stags. Within an hour from the time of starting,

two balls had already done their duty, felling a couple of stags to the ground: they were immediately cut up, and the entrails taken out and given to the dogs, after which the bodies were thrown across the horses' backs. The Indians seated themselves on the lifeless deer, and we returned home with the same swiftness that we had come, for the purpose, as they said, of making the flesh tender preparatory to eating it.

The North American Indians, still found in the woods east of the Mississippi, have, from their contiguity to the Whites, nearly lost all the virtuous qualities of the "Red Men," whilst imbibing all the vicious habits and propensities of civilized man. One cannot help being struck with the appearance of the hideous figures, living and wandering about in the neighbourhood of some of the southern towns, dressed in rags, carelessly thrown around them. Ruined by an inordinate passion for strong liquors, they sell, under its influence, the very country for which their ancestors fought, and have no other ambition than that of passing through life in a perpetual state of delirium. The poison undermines constitutions naturally strong: their frames become enervated, their eyes are continually

half-closed: and these are the men at whose very name the white invaders formerly trembled — who never appeared without spreading desolation and death around — these men, I say, are now objects of commiseration — beggars instead of commanders. How despicable they appear to the calm spectator, who attached to the word Indian every thing that was cruel, and yet every thing that was noble and grand! Many a European visiting the United States re-crosses the Atlantic under the impression, produced by meeting intoxicated Indians on the highway, or in some of the newly settled towns, that this race of men, as described in old records of America, is totally extinct in the northern parts of that continent; that those still remaining are all like the miserable objects so frequently met with on the roads in the Southern States, and whose appearance is so revolting to the feelings of the philanthropist. This conclusion, although very general, is far from harmonizing with my observations.

Is it just to judge of the character of a whole nation by a few dissolute, and probably expelled, individuals? Just so with the Indians. It is not the outcasts seen begging on the roads and in the towns that constitute

the Indian race: men are yet to be found (they were at least in 1832) in the woods of Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi, who, although of a sanguinary disposition, still inspire respect; who have the common failings of Indians, but also a portion of their virtues. Of the tribes then inhabiting these States, the Choctaws had undergone the greatest change, and had suffered most from immoderate indulgence in ardent spirits: then follow the Creeks, whom I visited; the Chickasaws and Cherokees still preserving their original character, costume, and manners. The emigration of Whites to their neighbourhood had already begun to produce a baneful effect on the latter: one alternative only remained to save these children of the forest from being destroyed by what they call "fire-water," and of this they took advantage, when fleeing from civilization, and concealing themselves in wild regions to the West of the Mississippi. These removals took place in the course of the next and in the beginning of the following year.

Each race has one or several chiefs, distinguished by undaunted courage and bravery. They are generally handsome, having something royal in their looks and noble in their

carriage, and are attired with more taste and care than other Indians. Some are wealthy, having even a number of slaves, with whom they traffic, or whom they employ in cultivating fields of Indian corn, adjoining their wigwams. My host had more than twenty Negroes, besides numberless Negro-women, who, by his own account, might any day be sold to itinerant slave-dealers for at least seven or eight thousand dollars. A chief possesses authority only so long as he is able to inspire the multitude with respect; that once lost, his life is no longer safe. His duty is to administer justice among his vassals, to deliver speeches at their meetings, to give advice to those who require it, and to head their warriors in case of hostilities.

The old man, at whose house I lodged, was by nature endowed with the qualifications necessary to produce effect on an Indian multitude, and to keep it within bounds: he spoke little, but, when he did, his sentences were short and abrupt, and the words calculated to make impression. He never uttered any thing without adding a comparison equally poetical and striking, and chiefly derived from the nearest objects, such as streams, rivulets, woods, stars, sun, and moon. His

daily costume varied very little from that of other Indians, it was only rather cleaner and more *soigné;* but, upon grand occasions, when meetings were held, or when going to battle, he adorned his head with a variety of feathers, threw a shooting-bag, richly set with mock pearls, across his shoulders, fastened an equally rich belt round his waist, painted his face with different colours, and brandished the redoubtable tomahawk which had long been laid aside. His ordinary costume consisted of a turban of red or blue cotton stuff, one end of which, trimmed with white fringe, hung down over the left ear. The breast and neck were bare: on his feet he wore yellow mocassins, garnished with mock pearls. The legs, from the knee to the instep, were covered with yellow leggings of skin, fastened round the calf by garters, also embroidered with mock pearls, and from which hung yellow and blue fringe on the outside of the leg. Next his skin, he wore a kind of apron fastened before and behind by a tight belt; over this a blue calico shirt, trimmed with white cotton lining, formed into festoons both at bottom and round the chest; about the waist was another belt, and over the whole a blanket, which he carried like a *preux Chevalier* of old.

The other Indians had generally neither leggings nor mocassins: I often found them with no other covering than blankets. The women wore red or blue-striped petticoats, reaching half-way down the leg, trimmed with white fringe: the legs were bare as well as the feet. Some of them wore skins across the shoulders, but the greater part had white sheets, even blankets, in which they wrapped themselves. Their long and jet-black hair hung in disorder and uncombed round the face; indeed, they bestowed no care whatever upon it. The ears were decorated with rings, often six in a row, which began at the upper part, and continued to the extremity of the ear. Frequently I saw some of these damsels with silver or brass rings through the nostrils.

Indians are generally tall, well-made, and robust. They are erroneously called Red Men; their colour being copper-brown, far from red. Their large black eyes sparkle with fire: the nose is straight and well-formed, but all have high cheek-bones. Like the women, their hair is jet black and straight, flowing over the shoulders, and giving to the face a wildness of expression which it does not otherwise possess. Their motions are

pleasing: I never could sufficiently admire their graceful attitude, while standing and placing one leg across the other.

The women, in general, may be called ugly, and always appear dejected, sombre, and sleepy. I never saw one of them smile. This absence of vivacity, invariably an attribute of the fair sex, may be easily accounted for, if the condition of the Indian women is taken into consideration. They are treated as subordinate beings, slaves, with whom the husband may do what he pleases, and never inspire him with any of those lofty and noble sentiments peculiar to civilized man. I do not mean to say that Indians are strangers to love; but their love is only a wild sensuality, which, once satiated, gives place to contempt. The number of wives is not limited, provided they can maintain them. Parents give away their daughters to the first comer, without even asking them if the choice is agreeable to their feelings. Marriage ceremonies are entirely out of the question: as soon as the bride enters the house of the bridegroom, she is considered his wife, and, from that moment, his slave.

The Indian looks upon labour as debasing, even if he be doomed to beg. This opinion is so prevalent, that if an individual has any

other occupation than that of hunting and roving, he is expelled as a contemptible being, or is unceremoniously scalped by travelling companions. Necessity sometimes compels them to enter the service of a White; but this is only resorted to at a great distance from other Indians. Stretched on the ground, the master gives his commands to his wives and Negroes, respecting the cultivation of his fields and the concerns of the house. These never hesitate to obey, well knowing that disobedience would be severely and instantaneously punished, and that the husband is amenable to no laws. Upon one occasion only is the unhappy wife allowed to address her lord otherwise than in the quality of slave—it is when the husband is intoxicated, and unconsciously seeks a quarrel. Here the subdued Indian woman shows that she is intitled to respect from her spouse: here she shows that degrading slavery has not altogether stifled the natural mildness of her sex. She invariably succeeds in parting the drunken men, who, left to themselves, would otherwise kill each other. For this act of generosity, what is her reward? Contempt, unmitigated contempt, when the husband recovers his senses.

I had frequent conversations with my host

on the subject of the religious creed of Indians, with a view to obtain some clearer ideas and better information on the subject; but all I could elucidate from his answers was, what I already knew, that the Indians believe in a Divine Spirit, who rules over the world, and that the dead go to the abode of their deceased forefathers in the West, where, in the bosom of the Great Spirit, they enjoy happiness proportionate to their good or evil actions on earth. They are absolutely ignorant of the sacredness of the Sabbath, and cannot conceive why man should be more pious on that day than any other. "My Sunday is to-day, to-morrow, the day after to-morrow," said the old chief to me; "the sun rises one morning as well as the next: why should we make any difference in our worship, when the worshipped himself is always the same?"

Revenge is permitted among them; the law of retribution being strictly observed. Not only must they have blood for blood; they even go farther in their vindictive ideas: if a white man, for instance, kills an Indian, either his blood or that of any other white man must atone for the crime. Happily, this vindictiveness does not prevent them from

possessing many mild and peaceable qualities, hardly reconcileable in the same person with the vice just mentioned. Nothing is more sacred with an Indian than the rites of hospitality: he will rather lose life than permit these laws to be infringed. Even his most inveterate enemy finds protection under his roof, if he throws himself freely and with full confidence into his power, appealing to the laws of hospitality.

I happened to visit these Indians at an inauspicious moment, a misunderstanding having for some time prevailed between one of their race and a white emigrant, which was said to have been amicably adjusted, though not altogether to the satisfaction of the injured Indian. This Indian came, in company with several others, to the residence of the chief, the day after my arrival. As soon as the old man saw him, he ordered me in a commanding tone to go into the other room of the hut, informing me, at the same time, that, if I set my foot outside the door before he had given his permission, he would not answer for my safety. I learned afterwards the cause of this unexpected command, which was, that he feared the Indian would, at the sight of a white man, be unable to

subdue his thirst for revenge. My prison was not so confined but that I could see every thing that passed outside the house; the walls having, as I before observed, large apertures, through which I perceived every motion of those who had just arrived.

Round a large fire, continually burning outside the house, the Indians seated themselves on the ground, cross-legged, in the Turkish manner: the men were nearest to the fire, and the women and children behind, wrapped in blankets and shivering with cold. They conversed a long while in short and half broken sentences, intermixed with cries not unlike the neighing of a horse: in these they were joined by the women, who added their soft voices to theirs. At last the whisky-bottle began to circulate, and, once put in motion, it was impossible to check its progress. Night came on, but still none felt disposed to retire, the hospitable landlord never permitting the bottle to remain empty; the consequence was, that all the men became intoxicated, and began howling and gesticulating in a manner which surpassed anything I had ever heard or seen. I often thought that they would kill each other, and this would probably have happened had not the women interfered, and succeeded in

parting the combatants. Thus they continued till morning, when one after another departed under the guidance of the females. The scene was unique, and highly interesting to me. The variety of colours, the wild howling of the men and the slavish looks of the women, the loneliness of the wood, the dark shades of the night, and the flames of the fire — all left a deep impression on my mind of Indian hospitality.

Before I take leave of this subject, I must not omit mentioning, as a singular circumstance, that in New Echota, a small place situated in the northern part of the State of Georgia, a journal is published in the English and Cherokee language. The publisher is a native Indian, belonging to the Cherokee race, the manners and characteristics of which are immediately recognised. He had already attained a certain age, when he invented the letters of the language, having no knowledge of any other but his own; the idea of writing Cherokee only struck him on hearing several Whites one day boast of their superiority over the Indians, and adding, that they could do many things which the Red Men never dared attempt, particularly in committing to paper a conversation, so as to

make it understood by all even in the most distant parts. He was mortified that he could not refute this, or at least that he could not show that the Indians were as capable of doing extraordinary things as the Whites.

He determined, however, to try if it was not possible. At first, he saw no other chance of executing his project than to make a sign or figure for every sound, which he partly learnt by heart himself, partly gave to his own family to learn and remember; but, after working at it a whole twelvemonth, he found that the number of signs already amounted to several thousands, and that it was impossible to retain them in the memory. He now began to divide the words into parts, and then discovered that the same syllables might be applied to a variety of words. Exulting in this discovery, he continued his exertions with unremitting zeal, and directed his attention particularly to the sounds, and thus discovered at last all the syllables in the language. After working upon this plan for a month, he had diminished the number of sounds to eighty-five, of which the language at present consists. He first wrote them in sand, afterwards cut out the signs in wood, and finished by printing them such as they

now are in the Journal called the CHEROKEE PHŒNIX.

On the third day, I left my hospitable landlord, taking leave of him and his numerous family, probably for ever. The old man hinted an intention of crossing the Atlantic, to visit the Redcoats, by which he meant the English; but this project, like many others, was a mere whim of the moment, and will never be carried into execution. He has now probably removed to some of the woods west of the Mississippi, instead of going to Europe; and from that retirement he is not likely to venture for the purpose of visiting an unknown civilized world. He followed me, in the mean time, for a considerable distance, repeating, in his characteristic language, how much friendship the Red Man felt for the White, and in what fraternal concord they would now pursue their way through life. When I parted from him, he muttered a farewell in the Indian language, and turned his horse with the rapidity of lightning. Again alone with my Indian guide, I directed my course southward, with a view to get into a road leading to Montgomery, where I arrived about dusk on the following day, having met with no other ad-

ventures but such as I have already described in my visit to the Indian chief.

I passed the next night in a hut, at which another traveller had just arrived. He was a jovial and talkative man, returning home on horseback, from a journey of several hundred miles, to Kentucky, whither he had gone to visit his mother, with whom he had spent several weeks. He gave me some valuable information respecting the soil and state of agriculture in the Southern States, a subject with which he appeared quite familiar; but his conversation was not confined to these topics: he also enlarged on politics, with a perspicuity and clearness seldom to be met with in persons residing in woods and deserts, several hundred miles from any civilized part of the country. He had not only a perfect knowledge of the constitution of his own State, its leading men, and their principles, but was thoroughly acquainted with the component parts of the Federal Government, its prerogatives and duties, the qualifications and faults of President Jackson, the sentiments of every member of Congress, and the calculations and plans of different parties. Such men are often found in the United States: it is not a dazzling exterior, or refined

manners, which distinguish the man of intellect in that country: the greatest politician is often seen in the simplest garb, and politics are discussed in the remotest hut in the woods. More than once did I meet in the Western States with persons who went by the name of "half horse and half alligator,"* and in Europe would have been called vagabonds, yet possessing accurate information concerning the government and the politics of the country.

On the following morning I took my seat in the stage for Montgomery, and parted with my new acquaintance, who, on bidding me farewell, with a frankness and disinterested hospitality peculiar to the people of the Southern States, gave me an invitation to spend as many months as I pleased at his residence in the heart of Florida.

The road to Montgomery is only a repetition of that from Augusta to Columbus. I pass over in silence the disagreeable part of this journey, and will at once conduct my reader to Montgomery.

* A term expressive of the utmost uncouthness of manner.

CHAPTER II.

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow?—in another world.

YOUNG.

OF all the towns in the Southern States, I know none so uncomfortable as Montgomery: its exterior has nothing to induce a stranger to stay there, and the manners of the inhabitants betoken the lowest state of civilization. The life of man has very little value in this lately erected place; the mixed composition of the population gives rise to many frightful deeds, which in other towns would be severely punished by the authorities, but are here perpetrated without any serious consequences. A few days before my arrival, a misunderstanding had taken place between two gamblers. One of the parties attacked the other in the middle of the street, and

wounded him very dangerously: the adversary, prepared for the aggression, drew his poniard, and pierced the heart of his opponent. Both expired amidst the struggle, clasped in each other's arms. Their friends lost no time in applying for redress to the authorities of the town, and appealed to the protection of the laws in similar cases; but they were answered that gamblers were not within the pale of the law, and that, as long as murders were exclusively committed upon persons of that class, without disturbing any of the peaceable inhabitants of the city, the assassins were at liberty to use their poniards or any other weapons. From that hour, there were no bounds to scenes of blood and vengeance: every day added to the catalogue of murders in Alabama. Any man is considered imprudent who does not continually carry a dagger about him, to fight for his life at any moment.

The town appeared to me in every respect so disagreeable that I was glad soon to leave it, and lost no time in embarking by the first steamer for Mobile. The distance is about five hundred miles, being rather more than twice the length of the way by land, on account of the many windings of the river, often

resembling the curves of a twisting snake. The Alabama is one of the most romantic rivers in the South: its lofty, ever-varying, and highly cultivated banks must, in the summer season, present the finest views. Immense quantities of wild ducks and wild turkeys were constantly disturbed by the paddles of the steamboat, but we often passed through flocks of them without causing the least fright. At one place we met with a number of deer swimming across the river, which showed so little fear of the steamer, that the steersman purposely allowed her to touch one of them. A chace followed, which ended in the boat running down some of the swimming animals, and drowning them in the agitated waves.

This trip occupied no less than four days and nights, owing in a great measure to the time lost in taking on board numberless bales of cotton at different landing-places. Of these, there are nearly one hundred on this river, where planters may ship their produce, which is then conveyed in a few hours to the market at Mobile. I counted at least forty such places at which the steamboat stopped: these stoppages rendered the voyage both long and tedious, and fatigued the passengers before

half the distance was accomplished. The loading of cotton was often attended with difficulty, the banks being high and steep. The vessel lying with one side as close as possible to the rising bank, the bales were dropped from above, rolling over stones and bushes, and tumbling from place to place, till they reached the deck, which shook under the weight. It was amusing to behold these bales coming down a distance of about one hundred feet above the surface of the water, sliding rather slowly at first, and then upsetting every thing that arrested their progress. A Negro had once got too near one of these rolling bales, and was carried with incredible velocity at least fifty feet down the hill, all the time in a recumbent posture, until, coming in contact with another bale, it checked his course, but gave him at the same time such a shock, that he changed his position, and arrived on deck in a sitting attitude, without being in the least incommoded by the rapid descent. Fires were kindled at night at different points on shore, as a signal that cotton was to be taken on board; and at last the steamer had a complete cargo, which, on our arriving at Mobile, consisted of no fewer than one thousand bales.

In the course of this trip we passed several

small places, which elsewhere would have been too insignificant for mention, but were here considered important and of note, after taking on board there a certain quantity of cotton. Washington, Vernon, Selma, Catawba, Cannon, Clairborn, and Fort Mimms, are towns, or rather villages, situated close to or not far from the river, of which nothing can be said, except that they consist of a few log-houses, the greater number of which have stores and cotton warehouses. Vernon was only six months old, and the remainder, with the exception of Catawba, had not seen many winters. Catawba is said to have been the former capital of Alabama, and is known in Indian history as a place where the Red Men defeated the Whites with great slaughter. A garrison had been placed in the fort, to keep a watchful eye on the numerous tribes of Indians laying waste the neighbouring country, and whom they had with undaunted courage repulsed several times. One day, an Indian presented himself before the fort, and demanded admittance, which was granted, his motive being merely curiosity to see the fortifications. Several others came in the same way, one by one, without appearing to have any connexion. Their object was not sus-

pected, until a tolerable number had gained admittance, and dispersed themselves in several parts of the fort: they then, all of a sudden, fell upon the unprepared soldiers. The gates were forced, and a number of Indians who were waiting outside rushed in, and massacred the whole garrison, scalping all the white men.

Not far from Catawba we passed the wreck of the steamer Helen McGregor, which had left Montgomery one day before us, and was run foul of by another steamer. Both were under high pressure, and the concussion was so violent, that the Helen McGregor began to sink before the panic had subsided. None of the passengers perished, but the greater part of the cargo was either damaged or lost.

At length we arrived at Mobile, early in the morning of the fifth day. The town is small, but appears comfortable. The conflagrations, with which it has been visited of late years, have contributed to its embellishment. Instead of the former log-huts, rows of fine brick houses are now to be seen, and where once narrow and dirty streets were observed, the stranger now finds, to his no small surprise, wide and well-planned tho-

roughfares, made of oyster and other shells, which form a compact substance. Near the port there is a continual bustle, all buildings in this part consisting exclusively of stores, warehouses, and offices, in front of which stand pyramids of cotton-bales.

Mobile is well known in Europe as a place of considerable trade. It has a most advantageous situation at the mouth of the great Alabama river, which intersects the State of that name. Agricultural produce of every sort is carried down this stream, and contributes not a little to the wealth of the citizens and the flourishing state of the town. Alabama is one of the principal cotton-growing States in the Union, its soil being peculiarly adapted for that crop. Nothing is wanted but an increased population, and sufficient capital to unite the two rivers, Alabama and Tennessee, either by a railroad or canal, which would open a communication with Ohio, as well as with South Carolina.

That this scheme is neither visionary nor unlikely to be executed, must be obvious to any one who takes the trouble of considering the rapid progress and improvement of these States for the last ten years. The only obstacle that Mobile has to contend with is the

difficulty of access by water, the mouth of the river being full of sand-banks, which prevent large vessels from entering the port: merchants are therefore obliged to load goods in small schooners, which convey them to larger vessels, lying about twenty miles outside the port. This is rather an unfortunate circumstance for Mobile: causing a waste both of time and money, and giving encouragement to the idea of founding another town in a better situation, where similar expences might be avoided. Independently of this inconvenience, the town is rather unhealthy during the heat of summer, which drives away the greater part of the inhabitants. This emigration gave rise to the building of another town called Blakely, on the opposite side of the river; but, although the latter possessed many advantages over its rival, it could not contend with it, and was soon reduced to insignificance.

The principal article of commerce in Mobile is cotton, of which so many as one hundred and thirty thousand bales were shipped in the course of 1832. Who would have thought, ten years ago, that the exportation of produce from this little place would have risen eighteen hundred per cent? The increase

cannot go on in the same rapid proportion as heretofore; still I do not see any thing to prevent this town from doubling or perhaps trebling its exportation of cotton in the course of a century. The produce shipped here is not considered of quite so good quality as that shipped at New Orleans, and prices vary in consequence: how far this inferiority is real, or merely the effect of prejudice and custom, I will not pretend to say. The merchants at Mobile have one opinion, those at New Orleans another; but which is correct the cotton-manufacturer must be the best judge. The Alabama bales contain more than those from South Carolina, and weigh about four or five hundred pounds, but take no greater space than those of Carolina, whose weight is from three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds, the bales on arriving at Mobile being pressed by the power of a steam-engine before they are exported. I examined one of these steam-engines, which thus reduced the size of six hundred bales every day; the expence is about sixty cents per bale. The warehouses, built on the same plan as those at Augusta, are capable of containing ten thousand bales.

I was continually dissuaded from proceed-

ing by mail to New Orleans, on account of the badness of the road, which renders it impossible to fix a time for arrival, and was recommended to proceed by sea. In opposition, however, to this advice, I started in the stage. The road cuts in an oblique direction through projecting points of land of the States of Alabama and Mississippi, and traverses a country filled with woods and swamps. On arriving at the landing-place, I found a steamboat intending to proceed with the mail-bags to Lake Pontchartrain; but she was still undergoing repair, with one of her chimneys taken down, on which two smiths were hard at work, hammering and repairing. Seeing her in this state, I naturally supposed that her departure was not near at hand, and therefore went on shore with the intention of taking a short walk. The captain had hardly observed my departure, when, offended probably at my boldness in coming to a conclusion without consulting him, he cried out in a tone of voice distinguished by any thing but mildness: "Excellent! a passenger less! Take away the planks! Put the wheels in motion!"

I lost no time in returning, and endeavoured to make the captain understand that, as the

boat was not yet ready, she could not start. "Who told you that?" asked the gallant tar, still more excited—"people now-a-days pretend to understand what they know nothing about."

The sentence was hardly finished before the vessel was in motion. The chimney was raised in a twinkling, and fastened to the sides by chains, but so loosely and imperfectly, that, like the pendulum of a clock, it swung to and fro every twenty yards that the boat advanced. Soot and smoke issued through apertures still left unrepaired, and covered deck and cabin with a dense cloud, at times almost suffocating. To protest against this annoyance was of very little avail with a man of this stamp. Neither indeed was it possible to make any complaint, as the worthy captain, feeling his eyes rather heavy from the effect of drinking, had retired to his birth, and said to his black servant, whilst locking the door, "Woe to him who ventures to disturb me! If the boat should take fire, you may wake me, but not otherwise." There were three other passengers on board besides myself, who laughed at this, and amused themselves with playing at cards all night. I ought here to observe, that these individuals

were members of a society established in the Southern and Western States, whose occupation is exclusively directed to gambling pursuits. Some of the worthy fraternity are invariably found on board steamboats, or in other places to which strangers are likely to resort. The profits of their ill-gotten gains are afterwards divided among them.

Finding that nothing could be done towards improving our present disagreeable situation, I retired to rest, in hopes of finding some repose after my fatiguing journey. I was on the point of taking a nap, when a shock, resembling the report of a cannon, dispelled all inclination to sleep. Uncertain if the cause was not the bursting of the boiler, I went on deck, where, to my no small surprise, all was quiet, as if nothing particular had happened. The only person I could find was a carpenter, making plugs of wood: on inquiring the cause of the last shock, he answered very drily and laconically, "Oh, it was only one of the boilers that burst." At the same moment another shock was heard, and presently a third. The carpenter pretended not to hear, and continued his work. I asked if the captain ought not to be called, since all the boilers had burst, and placed

both boat and passengers in danger of making a sudden aërial voyage. "Why so?" replied he; "does not the vessel go as before? It is not the first time the boilers have burst. I have hardly time to make plugs fast enough. As soon as a hole is observed in the boiler, a plug is put in, and it answers the purpose perfectly well."

The steamboat meanwhile slowly continued her voyage without stopping, and steered her course within the rocks, along the shore on the right side, having a number of islands on the left. The entrance to Lake Pontchartrain from Lake Borgne is rather narrow and full of dangerous shoals, which it is often difficult to avoid. The first lake is very extensive, having the appearance of a sea: its waters are easily agitated, the least wind raising them to the height of waves. The steamboat stopped at the southern shore, and landed passengers at a place much visited during the warm season by people from New Orleans, for the convenience of sea-bathing. Several large houses are built for that purpose on the banks of the lake, where both sexes bathe together, as at Lueg, in Switzerland.

Creoles often told me how extremely pleasant this sociable way of bathing was, and

assured me that the most agreeable moments in the summer were spent in this manner. The bathers are attired in a peculiar dress, mostly of flannel. Whole families walk there for hours together, and young ladies are courted and flirt in the bath with as little inconvenience as in a drawing-room. A little, handsome, black-eyed Creole, in New Orleans, was one day describing to me how much pleasure she found in this recreation, and summed up all she had been saying on the subject in the following words, expressed with perfect extacy: "*Mais, Monsieur, c'est charmant, c'est un paradis terrestre!*"

The distance hence to New Orleans is about six miles, which I travelled in twelve minutes by means of a steam-carriage. The road passes by a continual swamp, and it is only on approaching the town that the ground acquires solidity. This circumstance sufficiently accounts for the fevers always prevalent in these parts, the idea of which may be said to be inseparable from the name of New Orleans.

New Orleans is built in a semicircle, along the shore of the Mississippi, one hundred and five miles from its mouth at Balize, and one thousand from its junction with the River Ohio. The streets follow the

curve of the stream, and are crossed by others running from the Mississippi. Only one of them was paved when I visited the city, but I was assured that the others would undergo the same process in the course of a short time: a beginning was already made in one of the principal streets when I left New Orleans. Paving is of the greatest consequence to this town, for after rain it was next to impossible to move without sinking knee-deep in mud: after a long drought again, the dust was intolerable, when spectacles were indispensable requisites to prevent blindness. Mud and dust were the only alternatives.

The city is divided into two parts, the town itself, or the old French town, and the Faubourgs, of which the northern and nearest goes by the name of the American town. The old town is a parallelogram, formed on three sides by wide streets, planted with trees, and on the fourth inclosed by the Mississippi. No stranger can help observing the wide difference there exists in every thing between the French and Creole, and the American part of the town: they appear like two different cities, inhabited by different natives, governed by different principles and laws. In the first are seen a number of wooden houses, only one

story high, containing three or four rooms, opening into the street by means of glass-doors. Those that have been built of late years are of brick, and plastered, which gives the town more of a European than American appearance. Creoles, who inhabit the old parts of New Orleans, are generally satisfied with little, and not fond of trouble. This circumstance, the effect of a warm and relaxing climate, operates sensibly on the appearance of this part of the city, which has received very little improvement.

In the American part again, every thing advances, the enterprising Yankees setting no bounds to improvements of every kind. Possessing considerable capital, which they know how to lay out to advantage, their activity in every branch of commerce must insure the success which they anticipate. The extensive and lucrative cotton trade, the principal source of wealth to New Orleans, is drawing gradually towards the American quarter, and now seems to have established itself there for good. Attempts have been made and are making to divide the trade, by rendering the Southern Faubourg a free port, with commodious warehouses; but I much doubt whether the object can be accomplished

in the manner proposed by sanguine speculators.

In the mean time, the American part of the town is flourishing and increasing in a most astonishing degree. Large brick buildings and warehouses spring up, and are finished in a shorter time than Europeans require to lay foundations. Streets are filled with goods, principally bales of cotton; and between these American merchants are seen running in a continual hurry, their minds filled with schemes and speculations. The price of cotton was the topic of conversation from one end of the street to the other; and a fall or rise occupied the dealers so intensely, that their countenances became at last actual barometers, in which a physiognomist could easily discern if the difference in price since the preceding day was one-quarter, one-half, one, or two cents per pound.

The port of New Orleans is called the Levee, a wide unpaved street, always filled with mud or dust, equally annoying to man and beast; on one side a row of stores and dwelling-houses has been erected. The rapidity of the river prevents the building of a pier, so common and convenient in other towns of America, running in a straight line from the

shore, and so wide that ships may load and unload with the greatest ease on both sides. Instead of such a structure (unquestionably leaving more space), the ships lie in tiers alongside the harbour, sometimes three or four deep. A visit to the port offers a very interesting spectacle, both on account of the river, majestically washing its shores, and of the many different languages there spoken. One day I remarked individuals of the following nations: Americans, English, French, Scotch, Spaniards, Swedes, Germans, Irish, Italians, Russians, Creoles, Indians, Negroes, Mexicans, and Brazilians.

This mixture of languages, costumes, and manners, rendered the scene one of the most singular that I ever witnessed. The liveliness of the Italians, the proud air of the Spaniards, the elasticity of the French, the composure of the English, the stern countenances of the Indians, the slavish conduct of the Negroes, formed altogether such a striking contrast, that it was not a little extraordinary to find them united in one single point. If there is a place where it is possible to form any thing like a correct idea of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, it certainly is New Orleans. Contemplate this

group of polite and volatile Frenchmen, of grinning Creoles—do they not appear as if they passed through life dancing? Yonder stalk a few Spaniards—does not their gait denote their national pride? And this group of robust Swedish mariners, encamped on a pile of bar-iron, brought by them from the Scandinavian Peninsula — what forms the topic of their interesting conversation but the country that produces this metal? Here the fruiterer exhibits a variety of fruit, and raises pyramids of oranges, bananas, lemons, pineapples, &c. See with what voracity these South Americans, stretched on the ground, devour the half-ripe fruit. There, an Italian is performing on a miserable organ, while two monkeys are dancing on the top. Yonder, again, an itinerant Yankee spreads a thousand different articles on the ground, exclaiming that he sells them at a loss, merely for the sake of ensuring custom. Here, coffee is sold by Negro women; there, oysters are swallowed; there, Indians are draining their whisky-bottle, after having given a small quantity to their wives and children. There, again, is a countryman from Kentucky, who has just sold his crop, and has his pocket full of money, which he is anxious

either to lose or to double at a gaming-house as soon as evening arrives. Finally, listen to the noise of the Mulatto, Negro, and Irish women, offering their goods for sale, and the rolling of carts and waggons, sinking under the weight of produce from all parts of the world. Who will deny that these afford innumerable subjects for the painter and the poet?

The population of the city amounted, according to the census of 1830, to forty-eight thousand four hundred and fifty-six souls; during the winter months, it may probably be very little short of sixty thousand. More than half are natives of Africa, or their progeny, such as Mulattoes and Quarteroons; and the other half consists of Whites, of whom the Creoles form a greater proportion than settled Americans. I remember having often heard in Europe the name "Creole" applied indiscriminately to all people of colour. This is, however, a great mistake; for it means a free native of the country, and belongs exclusively to white people born in the neighbourhood. In conversation, for instance, it is often said, "a Creole of New Orleans," "a Creole of St. Croix," "a Creole of Guadaloupe," which implies a person born in these places. A Creole of New Orleans considers it as degrad-

ing to be taken for a Mulatto or a Quarteroon, as an inhabitant of the Northern States would, and never fails, both in word and deed, to show this distinction. Descending from a mixed race of Spaniards and French, the Creoles have inherited all the characteristics of their forefathers, such as jealousy, and an impetuosity of temper, that often drives them to the commission of acts which in other parts of the globe would be severely punished, though they are here passed over unnoticed. At playhouses it was not unusual to see persons attack each other with drawn daggers.

I was myself an eye-witness of two scenes in the French Opera House, which left on my mind a strong impression of the passionate and vindictive disposition of the Creoles. On both occasions, a dispute arose between two well-dressed gentlemen on the subject of their seats; a sharp expression led to a retort, and then followed the drawing of dirks, which are carried by every one at New Orleans. One of the combatants received a very severe wound in the shoulder, and the other a dangerous cut in the side, which put his life in jeopardy. As soon as the bleeding heroes had been carried out of the house by their friends,

all sensation ceased, and the play was resumed as if nothing had happened. On another occasion, at a public ball, which was attended by the principal people of the city, two gentlemen had a misunderstanding respecting a lady, with whom both wished to have the honour of dancing. They retired immediately from the ball-room to settle their quarrel with balls of a different kind.

The Creoles are in general handsome, with large bright black eyes, fine figure, and an agreeable carriage. They have something of the French *tournure*, and dress tastefully and elegantly. The climate, however, produces a relaxing effect, observable in their movements, which indicate indolence, and in their conversation, tainted with a kind of debility. Few are able to express themselves in English; their French is a kind of *patois*, which annoyed me a little at first, until the ear became more familiarized with the strange sound.

Quarteroons, as they are called, are individuals descended from Negroes, intermixed with Whites; after several generations, they may be said to be three-fourths of the latter race, retaining only one-fourth of the Negro blood in their veins. Many of them are as

white, if not whiter, than the Creoles; so that a stranger can hardly discover the African extraction. In general, they have obtained their freedom; still they are not entitled to the same privileges and respect as free citizens. It is enough that they are of sable origin (even though in the sixth generation) to subject them to all the contempt bestowed on the slave. A barbarous enactment forbids marriages between these and the Whites, declaring all such alliances illegal. The consequence may be easily foreseen. The unfortunate Quarteroon girls, many of whom have received an education which would be an ornament to any lady, imbibe a belief from infancy, that the Creator has made them subordinate beings, belonging to a race inferior to the Whites, and that therefore they are not fit to go through the ceremony of marriage, or to receive the usual benediction from a clergyman. They are far from ignorant of the obligations and duties of a wife, and perform both as becomes respectable females; but, however spotless their conduct, a certain degree of disgrace never leaves them for a moment. If a white man happens to marry a Quarteroon, he is no longer admitted into the society of Creoles; from that instant

he is reduced to a level with the former. He must then live *en retraite* in New Orleans, or quit the country for another part, where different customs permit him to restore to his wife that respect which she often deserves, and of which she has only been deprived by a foolish prejudice.

Quarteroon girls are of course divided into several classes — I have now only spoken of the first. There are some whose morals are certainly objectionable ; but their appearance and demeanour bespeak nothing of the kind. A stranger would take them for respectable and virtuous women. The boldness and effrontery peculiar to females in this degraded station in London or Paris are not to be found in New Orleans. Unless a person is previously acquainted with the life they lead, nothing in their conduct excites suspicion. It is almost impossible to believe that these bashful females are other than what they represent themselves to be. Much is said all over America of their extraordinary beauty, but I confess I was not a little disappointed. Undoubtedly, there are many who may be called handsome, but beautiful they certainly are not, in my eyes, at least. I did not see one that might be called so. They

have in general large dark or black eyes, and black hair; but they are deficient in two important qualities: the voice is often harsh and unpleasant, and the figure not exactly that of a Taglioni. Shakspeare has told us that a gentle voice is "an excellent thing in woman;" and we all acknowledge the fascination of a symmetrical form.

No city in the United States, with the exception of New York, has a more advantageous situation for commerce than New Orleans. The immense rivers which traverse the Western States bring thither, without difficulty, produce from distances of several thousand miles. Canals and railroads contribute, in a great measure, to facilitate communications partly formed by Nature; so that New Orleans may now be said to be in direct communication with the Canadas and New York, by means of an inland navigation, effected by canals, which unite the Ohio with Lake Erie, and Lake Erie with the Hudson. In the months of January, February, and March, it is not uncommon to see one thousand flat boats* lying at one time in the harbour. I counted one day fifty steamboats

* Boats made of logs put together in a loose and slovenly manner, on which produce is brought down to New Orleans. When the goods are disposed of, the boat is also sold for fuel.

near the bridge. Ships are continually coming in or going out, towed by steamers. Every thing indicates the most extraordinary activity. New Orleans is already in the South what New York is in the North, gradually monopolizing all trade from the neighbouring towns, and it would even surpass the latter, if the climate did not check its increase.

This unfortunate circumstance, which compels the inhabitants to absent themselves for about four months in the year, tends to check, in a sensible degree, the rapid advance of New Orleans. The yellow fever appears to have fixed its abode in this city; and if any other contagious disease reaches the American shore, it is sure to pay a visit to this place. None, without being seasoned to the climate, can with any safety remain during the heat of summer; but, having once gone through the ordeal of the yellow fever, no apprehensions need be entertained of a second attack. Creoles are not exposed to it; but strangers and emigrants often fall victims to its influence. The sickly season generally commences in August or September, and does not cease till a sharp frost sets in, when all diseases disappear with the same rapidity that they broke out, often in a single night.

Winter is exempt from any disorders, although the atmosphere is damp, and as unpleasant as it is trying to an individual not accustomed to it. I have no doubt that the unhealthy vapours which are continually rising from the Mississippi and the adjoining swamps, so peculiarly injurious at night to weak constitutions, will, in a great measure, be obviated when these swamps are drained, and the ground feels the effect of cultivation. To accomplish this desirable end, numerous canals have already been cut, and others are daily making, which, when completed, will, it is to be hoped, have a material influence on the climate, and if they do not altogether extinguish the epidemic, will perhaps diminish its virulence so much that New Orleans and yellow fever will no more be synonymous.

During the five weeks I spent in this city, the weather was uninterruptedly mild, and, with the exception of my sojourn in Naples, I never remember having spent so warm a January as this. In the middle of the day, the heat was even oppressive. The mornings had a delightful freshness, but the nights were often so warm, that one might without risk sleep with open windows. The city was visited at least once a week by thunder-

storms, so awfully magnificent that they must be heard to be duly appreciated; and these were generally attended by such heavy showers, that they threatened to sweep away the whole city. Night and day, millions of musquitoes sported about; tired no doubt of the common blood of Creoles, they manifest a decided preference for that of strangers, to whom they are a source of extreme and continual annoyance, never failing to leave such marks of their visits, that these are often confounded with those by which votaries of Bacchus are generally distinguished.

New Orleans had, this season, been severely visited with diseases of various kinds; the yellow fever and cholera having alternately raged with a violence which spread terror even among those who had hitherto braved every danger. None escaped; neither Creole nor stranger, neither White nor Black. Death invaded every family, and depopulated every fifth house: it was out of human power to stop its ravages. Half the inhabitants fled in dismay to the neighbouring country, but even there they were assailed. Scarcely was there time to take leave of intimate friends, to bury the dead, or to read a prayer over their

graves. Whole families were extinguished like lamps, by a breath of air. Yes, one night was sufficient to sweep from the earth father, mother, children, dying in each other's arms, before their neighbours even knew they were ailing. Trenches were dug in the swampy churchyard, into which were thrown, by scores, the bodies of persons, who either had no friends or relations, or, if they had, these were so occupied with their own safety, that they had no time to provide coffins. Friendship, love, every tie, was dissolved; in every house there was a vacancy. How few were the fortunate beings, who, at the end of 1832, could say that not one of their friendly circle was missing! But why dwell on a scene which involves so much misery, of which numbers have seen pictures equally frightful, in America as well as in Europe!

From sorrow to joy there is but one step, and from the most serious contemplation men often relapse into the most cutting satire. I shall, therefore, take leave of this gloomy picture, and turn to another, in which a Yankee occupies the principal place. I will relate the anecdote just as it was told to me, and only quote it with a view to illustrate the fact, if it could be questioned at all, that a

Yankee is "cut and dry" for business, and that, place him wherever you please, he is sure to prosper and grow rich. There is nothing that he cannot turn to his advantage: he even carries, if I may be allowed the expression, frozen lakes from Boston to the East Indies for sale, and succeeds beyond his most sanguine expectation. In the same way, a calculating head in one of the New England States had heard that the cholera was advancing towards New Orleans; judging, from the bad name and unhealthy state of the place, that a great mortality must of course ensue among the citizens, he determined to turn the circumstance to his own advantage. He accordingly chartered a vessel, which was quickly laden with a considerable quantity of large boxes. On arriving at the place of destination, the utmost despatch was used to unload her: how great were the surprise and astonishment of the consignee on finding that the whole cargo consisted of nothing but .....coffins!

The 8th of January was a day of festivity at New Orleans. Eighteen years had now elapsed since that day had been distinguished in the page of American history by a victory gained by General Jackson, at the head of a

body of undisciplined troops, over the English army, commanded by General Sir Edward Packenham. This victory, so glorious to the republican commander, paved the way to the presidential chair. The day was therefore sacred to every American citizen, and celebrated at New Orleans with more splendour than in any other part of the United States. Early in the morning, mass was performed in the cathedral, an old, dilapidated building, where thousands of faithful Catholics repaired to hear Te Deum, and a sermon commemorative of the event, delivered by one of the ablest preachers in the city. The subject afforded the orator ample scope for indulging in severe observations with reference to the defeated enemy, which were listened to by a number of Englishmen, who happened to be present upon the occasion, with philosophical composure. Divine service was followed by a grand parade of the militia of the city, composed of cavalry and infantry, belonging to the first families in New Orleans, and amounting to about eight hundred men. The uniforms were the handsomest I had seen in the New World, particularly that of the cavalry, which bore a strong resemblance to the French. The martial bearing of both

officers and soldiers left nothing to be desired: yet the salutes, or firing of the small arms, were rather indicative of the recruit, and not unlike the report of a few hundred crackers let off one at a time. The festivities concluded with a performance at the theatre, adapted to the occasion, and with balls.

The Legislature of the State of Louisiana was then sitting in New Orleans. Members of both Chambers were chosen from among the Creoles as well as from the American population. As many members only understand one language, either French or English, it is necessary at the end of every speech to employ an interpreter, who makes a summary translation as far as his memory permits. This causes, however, a loss of time irreparable to a legislative body like this, and which would be much better employed if the same language were spoken by all. Time will probably remedy this evil, when Americans shall have so much ascendency in the State as to elect their own members, and to exclude those who speak no other than the French Creole dialect. I was fortunate enough to hear several of their first orators speaking on the subject of creating a

new Bank, which should have the additional privilege of providing funds for the cutting of a canal from the Mississippi to Lake Borgne. The speeches were violent, but flowing, and often distinguished by eloquence.

CHAPTER III.

I hear the sound of death on the harp.
OSSIAN.

THE Mississippi was lying before me. Its waters, restless and muddy, always filled with a great quantity of half-consumed bushes, branches, and trees, rolled rapidly past the shore on which I stood. It is not without great exertion that man is capable of mastering its powerful waves. On the least neglect, he is lost without redemption. Unhappy he who has the misfortune of falling into the river: an invisible arm drags him instantly to the bottom, never to appear again. Thousands are the means employed by the Mississippi to attract its victims. If a month happens to elapse without a steamboat or some other craft being engulphed in the agitated waves, all at once you hear of one of the former having foundered, after striking against a snag, projecting from the

bottom of the river, or of the boiler having burst, or the boat taken fire, or of a flat boat being totally lost; on all these occasions, human lives are sacrificed. But this is not all. Vapours of a highly pernicious nature rise in various directions near the banks of this river, and produce dangerous disorders. Tornadoes are also very frequent, and sometimes shocks of earthquakes are felt.

It was a truly imposing spectacle to behold this magnificent river. The sombre appearance of immeasurable forests on both shores, the disagreeable, muddy, and light brown colour of the water, and its extraordinary rapidity, all contributed to clothe the Mississippi with a majestic mantle. The width is not considerable, being only about half an English mile near New Orleans. St. Lawrence and other large rivers can therefore dispute the palm in that respect. The Mississippi is perhaps the narrowest stream on earth, possessing such an immense mass of water; this circumstance may appear singular to those who have not seen this river, but can easily be explained, by taking into account that it is not a clear stream, but filled with earth and trees, which are carried by the current till they stick fast in some bay or curve, and

thus contribute to keep the channel equally narrow and deep.

The Mississippi takes its rise in a high table-land, in about the forty-seventh degree of latitude. Opinions still differ respecting the precise spot where its source may be found; upon the whole, it is a matter of very little consequence whether it be Turtle Lake, Leech Lake, or any other lake. In or about the forty-seventh degree of latitude is situated, however, beyond a doubt, that source which gives birth to a stream that soon widens into a considerable river, and, traversing large and rich tracts of land, has a longer course than any other that I know of. From its source to its junction with the Missouri, the distance is computed at sixteen hundred miles, seven hundred of which may be navigated by steamboats. From this point, the outlet into the Gulph of Mexico is twelve hundred and fifty miles distant; so that the whole length of the river is two thousand eight hundred and fifty miles. Several authors have contended that the Missouri,* being a much

* The Missouri, from its source to its junction with the Mississippi, is three thousand one hundred and eighty-one miles in length, of which two thousand six hundred are navigable by steamers. To Balize, it is one thousand two hundred and fifty miles farther, making the whole length of the stream four thousand four hundred and thirty-one miles.

larger, longer, and more powerful stream, ought to give name to the river, after its junction with the Mississippi: be this as it may, the Mississippi, into which the Missouri runs, being the straighter of the two, has given its name to the gigantic stream. That tract of land which goes under the denomination of the Valley of the Mississippi, because the river runs through it, is bordered towards the east by the Alleghany Mountains, and on the west by the Rocky Mountains, the distance between which two chains is two thousand five hundred miles in a straight line, and double that space if the course of the Ohio and Missouri is followed.

No river in the world has so many tributary streams, which, like weak vassals, joining an advancing army headed by a hero, pay their contingent to the Mississippi, and mingle with its mighty waters. To enumerate all these streams would exceed the limits of this work: I will only mention a few of the principal, that may not be generally known in Europe, and yet may vie with the Rhine, the Danube, and the Elbe. To the north of the Missouri, the following streams run into the Mississippi: Ouisconsin, Rock River, Des Moines, Salt River, and Illinois. South of

the Missouri again, the following form a junction: Kaskaskia, Ohio, St. Francis, White River, Arkansas, and Red River. Were these in the Old World, they would long ere now have been objects of admiration, perhaps the theme of some illustrious poet: at present they must wait in hopes of the arrival of that day, when their European rivals shall have sunk into oblivion and insignificance!

About three hundred miles from its source, the Mississippi is half a mile wide. It then precipitates itself from an elevation, and forms a perpendicular waterfall of seventeen feet. This cataract is called the Falls of St. Anthony. The environs are described as extremely romantic, and as having been the scene of the following melancholy event. A young Dacota Indian woman, impelled by jealousy and despair at the inconstancy of her husband, who had taken another wife, placed herself and children in a canoe, and let it glide down the fall. Both mother and children perished, without leaving the least trace behind; but, according to tradition, the spirit of the injured woman still hovers about the place, bewailing the infidelity of the husband.

The features of the stream below this fall are well described in Flint's excellent picture of the Mississippi Valley, to which valuable work I beg leave to refer my readers. From St. Anthony's Fall the river runs tranquilly through rich meadows and thick forests, continually increasing by the junction of many other streams, themselves coming from regions several thousand miles distant. As far as the mouth of the Missouri, the rapidity of the river is scarcely two miles an hour; below the Missouri, again, it is more considerable, and may be computed at four miles for the same period. On joining this river, the Mississippi is one mile and a half wide. The united streams have subsequently, as far as the mouth of Ohio, no greater width than three quarters of a mile. The mighty Mississippi appears to lessen rather than widen it; but the depth insensibly changes; the mass of water increases; and, what is much to be lamented, alters its character altogether. It is no longer the quiet and peaceable stream, with smooth shores and plain sand-banks: it is now a wild and boiling river; its shores present uneven and rugged banks, and, at places from which the water has receded, heaps of mud are deposited.

The Mississippi will always remain a sublime subject for contemplation; aged forests will ever cover its banks; but its peaceable character, hitherto so gratifying to the eye, is gone. "No thinking man can contemplate this mighty and resistless current, sweeping its proud course from point to point, and winding through the dark forests, without a feeling of awe. The hundred regions laved by its waters; the long course of its tributaries, some of which water the abodes of civilization, while others pursue their way through countries where not a solitary dwelling of civilized man is seen on their banks; the numerous tribes of savages that now roam on its vicinity; the affecting and imperishable traces of generations that are gone, leaving no other memorials of their existence or materials for history than their tombs, that rise at frequent intervals along its shores; the dim but glorious anticipations of the future — these are subjects of contemplation, that cannot but associate themselves with the view of this river."*

I was repeatedly told in America that none can form a correct idea of the Mississippi who has only visited it once. I doubted the

* Flint's "History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley."

truth of this assertion, until I had an opportunity of personally surveying this immense river. A few weeks' acquaintance with it soon convinced me that its appearance in spring, when the banks overflow, is very different from what it is in autumn. It is no longer the same stream, which, at one season, confines itself within a mile, and at another covers a space of at least thirty miles in width, and is in no place less than fifteen feet deep. Trees, which in summer and autumn raise their aged heads far above the surface of the water, are hardly visible during the rest of the year, and resemble boundless woods growing at the bottom of an extensive lake. One is even led to believe that it requires a man's life-time to examine and to become thoroughly acquainted with the character of this river. Individuals who inhabit its shores are often struck with amazement at the sudden changes produced in a single night, in the course of the Mississippi, by its increased width and extraordinary ravages: how is it then possible for a traveller, who only sees it once, to come to any correct conclusion! He may be astonished at its length — judge by the depth of tributary streams of its immense mass of water — tremble at the violence of the

waves—contemplate with surprise the muddy water which follows him long after quitting Balize, and even when land is out of sight—still he knows nothing of the Mississippi, until in the afternoon of a long life, commenced, passed, and concluded, on its shores.

It was about the beginning of February when I quitted the great Southern metropolis, and embarked on board the steamer Louisiana, bound to Louisville. This was one of the largest steamboats plying on the Mississippi, and belonging to the Mississippi and Ohio Mail Line, the only one in all the Western States in which it is possible to travel with any degree of safety. Each year adds a considerable number to the long list of human victims lost by accidents in steamers on this river. It is almost a miracle to escape with life on these trips. Of nine steamboats that left New Orleans on the same day for different places, Natchez, Alexandria, St. Louis, Louisville, and Pittsburg, three only arrived without disasters of some kind or other. Negligence, no doubt, is the principal cause, and of this I was an eye-witness during my trip up the river. The length of the voyage, from one thousand to one thousand five hundred miles, so overpowers captain and pilot, seamen

and engineers, with fatigue, that they fall into an imaginary security, from which they are roused only when accidents happen, and death already reigns on board.

But still negligence may not always be the cause: false economy, and a want of proper feeling on the part of proprietors of steamboats, have also their share, if the statements current in the Western States may be depended upon. A captain of one of the smaller steamboats had, as I was informed, for a long time called the attention of his owners to the indifferent condition of the boilers, and assured them, that some were so worn out, that he expected they would burst every minute, and that he could not answer for consequences. The owners laughed at his warnings, and ordered him immediately to proceed with the steamer to his place of destination, adding: "A few lives more or less are of very little consequence to us; the steamer must go."

When to this carelessness of human life and the negligence of the crew is added the really dangerous navigation of the Mississippi, both on account of the strong current and the sunken snags or sawyers*, so often

* Sawyers, or snags, are trees, which, torn from the banks, get entangled by the roots at the bottom of [illegible]. Their trunks,

met with, one may form an imperfect idea of the continual dangers to which travellers on this river are exposed. The Atlantic Ocean, with its fathomless depth, is not half so dangerous as the Mississippi: a voyage from Liverpool to New York is a party of pleasure when compared to that from New Orleans to Cincinnati. During the two years I spent in America, hardly a month passed without some accident happening on the Western rivers, by one or two steamboats being blown up, burnt, or sunk; and I still shudder at the number of human lives that were sacrificed, not by hundreds, but by thousands.

It was in the year 1811 that the first steamboat was built in the Mississippi valley, but it was not until 1817 that they were in full activity. On the large Western rivers there are now no fewer than about four hundred steamers, of which the greater part are from two hundred, two hundred and fifty, three hundred, to three hundred and fifty tons burden. Among the larger ones, the Mediterranean takes the first rank: this steamboat was built at Pittsburg, and carries a freight of seven hundred tons. She was like a fri-

by the influence of the current, are always moving backward and forward, and are extremely dangerous to vessels, which they often cut through.

gate, with three decks: the steam, issuing at every revolution of the wheel, was so impetuous, that the noise it made resembled the report of a cannon. Next to this vessel follow the Homer, Henry Clay, Uncle Sam, Mohican, &c. The Louisiana measured three hundred and sixty tons, and had two decks, the upper of which consisted of a long saloon, extending from the fore-part of the ship to the stern, and a ladies' cabin with births on the sides. The births for the men were on each side of the saloon, with windows facing an open passage round the vessel. In the middle of the room appeared an oblong case of immense size, used as a table, but in reality a covering for part of the machinery raised through the floor. The only outlet from this saloon was in the fore-part, through the bar, an apartment incessantly frequented by all the drinking individuals on board. This place of resort was exactly above the boilers, so that, in case of any accident, the aforesaid individuals would have been among the first victims, nor was there any escape for those who might chance to be in the stern. The other deck again was fitted up for the machinery, (high pressure), and was also used for such goods as could not be stowed in the hold

of the vessel, and finally for the accommodation of deck passengers. The latter consisted chiefly of persons who had come down in flat boats from the Northern and North-western States, and who, after disposing of their produce and boats, were returning home at a small expence. From Louisville to New Orleans, for instance, they paid no more than five dollars, if they engaged to assist the crew in taking in firewood at various stations.

Above the long saloon was the hurricane-deck, as it is called, perfectly open, without any covering. Here the pilot had a box in the foremost part of the vessel, immediately behind the two chimneys, or above the drinking room. The fare was much better on board this boat than in those on the Alabama river; but, after all, it can hardly be called good. The dishes were badly cooked, and served up in small allowances: bacon and ham, and all sorts of pig-meat, seemed to be favourite dishes with the captain and cook. The black attendants were impudent and insolent, and their conduct often led to disagreeable scenes between them and the passengers.

Steamboats in the West are undoubtedly the least durable of any: they are considered

old and useless after a service of five years. The cause may be traced partly to the green wood employed in their construction, partly to the hurry in which they are built. They generally pay the first cost within five years, sometimes even in three, two, or one year. Hence some conception may be formed of the immense traffic in these parts; many steamboats not only pay their expences, but yield large profits to their owners.

First Day's Journey.—On both banks of the river, walls had been thrown up to prevent its overflowing the low but valuable fields used for the cultivation of sugar-canes. When the water is high, which was the case now, it reaches the foot of the walls; and it is far from unusual for the impetuosity of the stream to defy all obstacles, to overthrow the bulwark, and to inundate the whole neighbourhood. Several places were shown to me, in the course of the first day's journey, where the river had, by its violence, made breaches of this kind, and overflowed large tracts of land which had been productive. Some of these inundations are so considerable, that they may be used for the transport of produce, but not until the inhabitants have raised high walls on both banks, as on the

parent stream. Others again, turning in a southerly direction, discharge themselves into the Gulph of Mexico; thus carrying away large masses of water from the Mississippi, before it reaches New Orleans. These drains, or diverters, are known by the name of Bayous.

The country on both banks of the Mississippi is flat, but displays the greatest fertility and the richest soil. Sugar, cotton, and rice, are cultivated every where, particularly the first article, as far as one hundred and fifty miles north of New Orleans: cotton then takes the lead. All the sugar-plantations that I could discover had a neat appearance, indicative of a certain profit to the owners. The sugar-cane does not succeed every year, but the profit of one good season is so great that the planters are richly remunerated for several indifferent crops. One of these hospitable, generous, and independent, men assured me that he purchased, ten years ago, for the sum of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, (all borrowed money) a sugar-plantation, which had, notwithstanding several bad crops, already paid off one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, leaving only thirty thousand to be liquidated, which, he added, he could easily pay at the end of the next crop.

No plantation, however, requires more capital or more Negroes for its cultivation than that of the sugar-cane: this circumstance, in some measure, prevents competition. The mortality among Negroes on such plantations is considerable, on account of the severe work which they have to go through in harvest-time, the sugar-cane requiring a quick process, which must be completed in a few days. The canes are generally cut in November and December, and the sugar immediately pressed out by rollers. The roots are left in the ground till the month of February, at which time they are set on fire, in order to clear the soil and prepare it for another crop. These fires produced a fine effect at night. The flames were white as snow, and disputed with the feeble light of the moon the right of illuminating the neighbourhood. I remained a good while on deck this night, enjoying this singular light, as as well as a warm delightful summer air in the month of February.

Second Day.—The river continued of the same dark grey, dirty colour, filled with fragments of branches and trees, which already began to meet the eye at Nev s. The current was at the rate of miles

an hour. When steamers go down the river, they generally keep in the middle, to accelerate their velocity by taking advantage of the strong current, in addition to the speed caused by the working of the machinery. But, when they proceed up the stream, they act differently, as they must then steer as near the shore as possible, in order to avoid the current. Numberless difficulties arise from this peculiar navigation, unknown on other rivers. The Mississippi, as I have before observed, is not straight, but runs, with few exceptions, in semicircles, of which one commences where the other ends, in an opposite direction, forming bays and bends of such regularity, that pilots calculate their distance by the number of them. The channel is generally deepest at the bottom of the bay, all trunks of trees, as well as earthy substances, following the current nearest to the outer side, thus leaving the interior tolerably free from impediments. Steamboats must, therefore, at each of these bays, steer right across the stream to the interior part of the curve, continuing the same course, till another bay obliges them to cross the river again, a manœuvre seldom effected without a serious struggle between the vessel

and the stream, in which the former unquestionably conquers, but not without trembling at the gigantic strength of her antagonist. This necessary precaution prolongs the voyage by doubling the distance, and consumes thrice the time required in going down the river, in addition to which must be mentioned the danger of falling in with snags, which, from the pressure of the current, incline downwards.

In the course of this day we passed the small towns Baton Rouge and Francisville, in the vicinity of which several plantations are situated. To the north of these places, the banks begin to have a wilder appearance, and fewer human habitations are seen. Forests rise majestically, and, like many noble families, seem to pride themselves on their coronet and ancestry. Swamps increase in the same proportion, and Nature assumes, at each step, a different aspect.

Third Day.—Early this morning, I was called on deck to view the wreck of a steamboat, bound from Pittsburg to New Orleans, which had foundered the day before, having run foul of a snag, in consequence of which accident she filled with water in the space of two minutes: the fore-part alone was now

visible. The passengers had only time to save themselves in the small boats before the steamer, with all their effects, was under water. This sight, which at any other place would have made a deep impression on the spectators, and caused many bitter reflexions, more or less applicable to our own insecure situation, had, however, no effect on those present. A few lives more or less were of very little consequence to them; the captain himself narrated the disastrous event with a *nonchalance*, which evidently showed the frequency of these accidents.

A few miles further on we fell in with a snag-boat. This is a kind of steamer, made of two flat-bottomed boats, fastened to each other by strong beams, and provided with powerful engines, by which they are propelled with amazing force. The object is to extract and cut off snags found in the Mississippi: this operation, of essential importance to the navigation of the river, is thus performed. The boat starts with the greatest velocity against the current, taking the snags between the flat-bottomed boats, the beams of which raise them to an almost perpendicular elevation in the water. The boat is then checked in her speed, and all hands are employed in sawing

or cutting off the trunk raised above the surface of the water. This operation can only be undertaken when the water is low; during the remainder of the year, the boats are unserviceable. Their utility cannot be questioned, and it would be beneficial if their number on the Mississippi were increased. They cannot, it is true, be said to answer the purpose altogether, for many snags defy their attacks, and remain stationary, in spite of all exertions. Some are even dangerous after having been cut off, particularly at low water. It is, in my opinion, impossible to clear the Mississippi entirely of these incumbrances, the river receiving continually an accession of them from trees washed down from its banks. On the Mississippi, these snag-boats are technically called Uncle Sam's tooth-pullers.

The incessant windings of the river often conduct the water, after a course of many miles, to nearly the same spot whence it started. To avoid this circuitous route, and at the same time shorten the voyage, a passage or canal has been cut through a narrow isthmus, at a short distance from the mouth of Red River. By means of this channel, which is not more than twenty-seven yards in length, a distance of eighteen miles is saved.

On paper this certainly appears a gain of time, as regards the progress of the voyage; but, in reality, these shortenings of the Mississippi are of very little moment. The river, possessing already a strong current, receives an additional impetus; the fall which formerly took place in fifteen or twenty miles being now confined to half a mile. Steamboats are therefore obliged to make great exertions to work against the stream, and take probably as much time to proceed half a mile as they formerly needed to perform thirty times that distance. It is in vain to attempt, by digging, to render the Mississippi straighter than it is by nature: it cannot be mastered by the hand of man, and will ever continue forming new bays, in defiance of all human efforts to change its course.

I arrived towards evening at Natchez, the capital of the State of Mississippi. It is partly built on an eminence, on which most of the dwelling houses are situated: the remainder are near the river, occupied by the refuse population of the neighbourhood, among whom scenes of disorder and bloodshed are continually occurring. The town is very flourishing, ships a considerable quantity of cotton to New Orleans, as well as to Liverpool, and

contains a population of about three thousand souls. It was in this vicinity that the now extinct Indian race of the Natchez once resided—a race well known to those who have read Chateaubriand's beautiful and touching novel, Atala.

Fourth Day.—The first object that met my eyes this morning was a small town called Rodney, situated near the river, and which appeared to be a flourishing place. It carries on a considerable cotton trade. The river had, a few days before my arrival, undermined a large warehouse, built on the shore, and containing about two hundred bales of cotton, the whole of which was precipitated into the stream. Such accidents are not uncommon where the banks are so low as at Rodney, and excite very little sensation among the residents.

The Mississippi had now assumed its well-known character of uniformity. The banks no longer presented any variety; they were level, and wooded down to the water's edge. In most places, nothing but swamps could be seen for many miles around, and a kind of grey moss hung down from the branches of trees, which were destitute of leaves. Here and there might be seen a few scattered cot-

ton-plantations, with solitary log-houses or Negro huts in the vicinity. They appeared to be protected from inundations by mud walls, not merely following the direction of the banks, but inclosing the plantations on all sides. For a while, the eye was gratified with the sight of cultivated fields, trees a little trimmed, human habitations, and, above all, living beings—a sight very rare on the majestic yet wild Mississippi.

Fifth Day.—The steamboat generally stops twice every twenty-four hours, to take in firewood, which settlers on the banks, for a trifling remuneration, cut and pile up for the use of the first vessel that arrives. The consumption of this article on the Mississippi has of late years so much increased, that many emigrants, in spite of the insalubrity of the climate, have found it worth their while to settle on its banks, for the express purpose of carrying on the wood-trade with the steamboats on an extensive scale. These woodcutters are called Squatters, who fix their abode wherever they think proper, without asking permission of any person, or even inquiring if, by chance, the spot has a proprietor. Many are individuals banished from civilized society on account of their irregula-

rities, who here seek an asylum, absolutely forgotten and unknown, and frame for themselves laws, which are observed and executed by the interposition of the gun. Others, again, are peaceable emigrants from the Eastern States and from Europe, who settle in these parts with their wives and children, in hopes of ameliorating their circumstances. This class of people make regular and legal purchases of land for themselves and their offspring, with which the first mentioned never interfere. Trees are felled, fire-wood cut and sold, mud walls erected, the ground cleared, stumps, roots, and moss burnt, huts and sheds raised, and, finally, rich seed sown in the fertile soil, which yields a rich crop to the industrious cultivator, more than sufficient for the support of himself and his family.

But disease finds its way to the humble cottage, at the same time that abundant harvests promise the emigrant a happier and more independent life than the peopled and cultivated parts which he has left behind. His wife and children fall away by degrees, till they are like spectres in appearance; their healthy complexion fades, and gives place to a sickly, sallow hue. Truly fortunate is he who, at the end of the year, has not to

deplore the loss of some member of his little circle; he may then, indeed, joyfully celebrate the return of this season. A few years' residence on the spot is said to obviate nearly all danger; but, be this as it may, I never saw a hearty and healthy looking person on the banks of the Mississippi. What I have just mentioned respecting insalubrity does not apply to other rivers, where emigrants may always find spots perfectly healthy. But the case is different on the Mississippi; its banks are low and swampy, and must of necessity engender distempers among persons unaccustomed to marshy exhalations. I am inclined to think that the banks of all the Western Rivers will be thickly settled before those of the Mississippi. Time will show if I err in my judgment.

I landed, with a few of my fellow-travellers, at one of the firewood stations, with an intention of killing some of the small green parrots, which were flying in thousands about in the wood. I had not advanced far from the landing-place before I discovered a hut built of logs, to all appearance for the purpose of saving the inmates from drowning in case of inundation. Indian corn had been raised, in the preceding season, on small adjoining lots of

ground; and trees stood like a solid wall close to the dwelling. The whole gave me but a mean idea of the industry, activity, and agricultural experience of the proprietor. I opened the door, to which a few loose stones served as steps, and entered the hut. In the room were two elderly persons, a man and a woman, and a few half naked children, more like savages than civilized beings. The habitation was wretched in the extreme, denoting the greatest poverty. I had not yet had an opportunity of contemplating the old man, but when he addressed me thus: "Stranger, thou art welcome here!" I could not help surveying his countenance. His exterior bespoke a man of about forty, though he had seen at least sixty winters; all he knew himself of his age was, that he was born in the eighteenth century. His look had a wild expression, without exciting awe; his hair fell in long dark ringlets down his back. His costume was singular, consisting of a coarse green coat, waistcoat of variegated colours, wide chocolate-coloured inexpressibles, no cravat, high shirt collar, following the impulse of the wind, and a low broad-brimmed hat.

The eccentric appearance of this individual excited my curiosity to know something more

of his history. I soon found I was not mistaken in my conjecture: he was a Kentucky man by birth; one of those uncultivated but hospitable and restless persons who never remain long in one place, and fear civilized neighbours more than Indians and wild beasts. He had left Kentucky when young, finding that emigrants began to settle in his neighbourhood, that is, within one hundred miles of his residence in the wood.

'Tis true he shrank from men, even of his nation;
When they built up unto his darling trees,
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station
Where there were fewer houses and more ease.
The inconvenience of civilization
Is, that you neither can be pleased nor please*.

Driven from place to place by dislike of neighbours, he had, several years ago, settled on the banks of the Mississippi, in hopes that its reputation for unhealthiness would deter emigrants from approaching these regions; but the prospect of lucre from the supply of steamboats with wood was too tempting to be resisted by poor Irish emigrants. They came within a distance of about one hundred miles of our Kentuckian. He could not possibly bear this intrusion. He could no longer

* Byron, "Don Juan," Canto viii.

breathe freely, but suffered in his imaginary dungeon, and felt the weight of supposed fetters: he grumbled at encroachments and illegalities, and determined to cross the stream with a view of regaining liberty in States situated in a more westerly direction. "I have no elbow-room," answered he, offended at my endeavours to dissuade him from the idea of removing to regions totally unknown to him. "I cannot move about without seeing the nose of my neighbour sticking out between the trees. Thou dost not understand, stranger, what liberty is: don't meddle with it. I cannot bear a close confined town-air, and laugh at the fool who submits to wear chains, though he may be free if he chooses. Art thou, man, one of those who wear fetters?"

From this monologue, during which the appellation stranger and man, two epithets very common in the West in speaking to unknown persons, were often used, the conversation turned upon the politics of the country. He apeared well versed in the form of government of his own State, expressed himself firmly and energetically on the good and bad parts of the Constitution, concluding his remarks by a glowing panegyric on Henry Clay. I heard him with surprise: it was

strange to meet with a politician in the shape of a poor Kentuckian, on the banks of the Mississippi, who had wandered all his life from place to place, and passed his time with his family in absolute solitude in the woods. But this is a characteristic feature in Americans. They are, from infancy, accustomed to speak freely of the acts of Government, of the Constitution, and the influential men in the country. Newspapers, circulating in infinite numbers in all parts, and published in the smallest town in the Western forests, keep alive opinions thus early inculcated, and confirm their minds in prejudices, originating in party-spirit. No consideration can silence their tongues: they express themselves unreservedly on the measures of Government, for they conceive that the country belongs as much to them as to any citizen of the Northern States; and they are as anxious for the welfare of the Union as the individual who advocates its cause before Congress. During the whole course of my journey, I never met with an American, however poor, who was deficient in knowledge as to the form of government of his own State, or that of the Union; and, more than once, on board the steamboat, Louisiana, did I listen with the

greatest delight to political discussions among persons of the lower class, on topics connected with the prosperity of the Union. How different is the state of information among similar classes in Europe!

The fire-wood was now already taken on board, and the sound of a great bell recalled the scattered passengers to the steamer. I left my new acquaintance in great haste, in the midst of a violent attack on some, in his opinion, unwise measures of the Federal Government; wishing him a pleasant journey and more elbow-room in the States west of Mississippi. Our sportsmen came running in every direction from the wood, carrying on their shoulders a variety of birds, among which parrots were the most conspicuous, on account of the beauty of their plumes. Hardly were we on board, before the wheels began to move, and in a minute the steamboat darted forward with the rapidity of an arrow.

The same evening, after dark, we had the misfortune to lose one of our crew, who accidentally fell overboard. The machinery was immediately stopped, as soon as his cries for assistance were heard, and a boat lowered to pick him up; but the current was so rapid that he was carried away several hundred

yards before any aid could be afforded. I heard him for at least two minutes calling out for assistance, his voice growing weaker and weaker; and at last all was silent. Darkness rendered it impossible to save him. The boat returned, after having at great risk vainly tried to rescue him. The Mississippi would not surrender its victim. He was drowned, leaving in Ohio a widow with several children in indigent circumstances. A subscription was raised on board for the benefit of the unfortunate survivors; but how little could it compensate for the loss of a husband and a father!

Sixth Day.—The territory of Arkansas was now on my left. The banks continued low and woody as before. A number of islands* lay scattered in the river, formed partly by floating trunks of trees, collected among heaps of sand and mud, partly by inundations, which have cut off pieces of land, and thus converted them into islands. In the course of this day's trip, we passed the mouth of the Arkansas, a river two thousand one hundred and seventy miles in length, giving

* There are not fewer than one hundred and twenty-five islands in the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulph of Mexico.

name to the territory through which it runs. Little Rock, the capital, is situated on its banks, in the centre of the State, about three hundred and fifty miles from the Mississippi. There is a constant communication between this town and New Orleans by means of steamboats.

Seventh Day.—This was the first time I saw an Indian since I left New Orleans; he was standing on shore, with a gun on his shoulders, leaning against a tree, his attitude and looks showing that he was absorbed in deep contemplation. Perhaps he was mourning the degradation of his race; perhaps recalling to memory the happy times when his ancestors ruled over these regions, when the Mississippi was his, and no white man dared to navigate its waters. Alone on the soil whence civilization has driven him, and to which native inclinations and habits could no longer attach him, he contemplated, probably for the last time, with feelings of bitter sorrow, the country he could no longer call his own. The remnant of the race to which he belonged had, in obedience to the mandates from Washington, long ago evacuated the country, and removed westward of the Mississippi: he was perhaps the only one who still lingered on his native

soil, bewailing his unhappy fate. "Our day is past!" seemed imprinted on his downcast looks. Unfortunate offspring of a mighty race, thy day is indeed past on that soil which covers the ashes of thy forefathers; thou canst live only in a foreign land! Look out for it whilst yet some of thy people remain; collect the precious relics; build thy Troy in new regions; and die at least among those whom thou callest thy countrymen!

It is impossible to give, with any degree of accuracy, a statement of the number of Indians, descendants of the former inhabitants, still remaining in the United States. Tables, which I have examined, do not agree as to the amount: one of them states sixty different tribes, with two hundred and two thousand souls, as the nearest approximation to the truth. Another again says they do not exceed one hundred and eighty thousand. All these statements are, however, made at random; most of the Indian tribes leading such a straggling life, that it is impossible to take a census. That they annually decrease is certain. This decline is not only perceptible in the vicinity of civilization, but, strange enough, in the remotest regions, where they never heard of the existence of Whites. Two

tribes alone, the Choctaws and Cherokees, are said to be on the increase: the first-mentioned bear, of all Indians, the greatest animosity to the Whites. I believe, however, that many experienced Americans believe, with me, that the Indians will one day live only in the annals of history. This total extinction will probably be a subject often touched upon by poets; but, after all, it is only a natural consequence of intellectual progress and of the march of civilization. A savage cannot exist by the side of an enlightened man: let him be treated with kindness, with tenderness, still he will pine away, like a feeble and inferior plant, beside the rich and luxuriant vegetation of the South. The wild vine will not thrive in our cultivated orchards: it either dies, or must be grafted on a better stock. So with the Indian. Many a Red Man will vanish from the earth, but a nobler and better nature will be infused into others. Time will afterwards amalgamate the civilized descendants of savages with the Whites in general, and thus Indians will cease to live on the earth.

Night had already overtaken us before the steamer arrived at Memphis. This is the port through which the trade in cotton with

the interior of the State of Tennessee is carried on: considerable quantities of that commodity are shipped here for New Orleans, from which Memphis is about seven hundred and eighty miles distant.

CHAPTER IV.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon:
The devil's in the moon for mischief.

BYRON.

Eighth Day.—THE sun had just risen above the right bank, and few of the travellers were yet awake, when the dreadful cry, "Fire on board!" reached our ears. Every one rushed from his birth, and hastened into the saloon, in hopes of escaping while there was yet time. Confusion, for the space of a minute, was general. Men and women ran against each other in the utmost consternation, with faces pale as death. I abstain from further details of this frightful moment, lest I should be accused by my unfortunate companions, particularly by those of the fair sex, of levity and indifference to their sufferings. It is easy to imagine the comic as well as tragic

scenes which naturally take place on such an occasion. Here, therefore, I shall leave a chasm in my narrative, and only resume it at the period when the fire was luckily extinguished, and tranquillity restored.

The fire was occasioned by the dilapidated state of the kitchen chimney. Being placed close to the outer wall of our cabin, it would never have occasioned any accident, had it not been in so bad a condition. The component parts, it appeared, had given way, leaving an opening towards the wall, large enough to communicate heat and sparks of fire ; these first blackened and afterwards ignited the dry wood-work. An early discovery of the fire enabled the captain to extinguish it at once. As soon as the danger was over, I asked if he intended to repair the chimney, that we might not, in the course of our voyage, be a second time exposed to a similar catastrophe. His answer confirmed me in my former opinion as to the prevalence of neglect and carelessness of human life in the Western States. " I have so many times gone up and down the Mississippi with the chimney in this state, without any accident happening to me, that I do not see the necessity of making any alterations or taking any pre-

caution against an imaginary danger." Accordingly, we were obliged to continue our trip with the broken chimney, which would in all probability more than once have set the vessel on fire, had not some of the passengers, at intervals, thrown water on the heated walls.

I have now proceeded a considerable distance up the Mississippi, without having said a word about the company who happened to be on board. My fellow-passengers from New Orleans were chiefly persons from States bordering on the Atlantic Ocean, returning home after a short residence in the latter city. I passed in their agreeable society moments which would otherwise have been very tedious. But, at every landing-place, new passengers, chiefly farmers, were taken on board, some of whom were in reality "half horse, half alligator;" others again seemed to possess a good fund of information, and manners entitling them to the first place among men even in the Eastern States. They were generally frank, hospitable, and jovial, having apparently nothing on the mind to depress their spirits. Their language was as original as the subjects they discussed. No conversation, however brief, could take place, with-

out a due proportion of anecdotes full of jocoseness; and in less than five minutes generally the whole auditory were convulsed with laughter. But these were not the only persons added to our number. We also received an accession of those despicable beings, who make gambling their profession, and live upon their winnings. Every steamboat from Pittsburg to New Orleans is filled with such persons, who form regular societies among themselves, to "pluck young and inexperienced pigeons."

A number of disgraceful contrivances, illustrative of their profession, were mentioned to me, as practised by these hard-hearted gamblers to lull suspicion, and plunder the unwary. The ablest and most barefaced croupiers of London and Paris are hardly more dexterous, or can perform their legerdemain tricks with more apparent fairness than these sharpers. How often industrious and honest farmers return in despair to their wives and children, totally ruined and reduced to beggary, after having visited New Orleans, sold their crop, received the proceeds, and, on the home voyage, fallen into the hands of desperate gamesters who have stripped them of every dollar!

Fatigued with beholding the cold-blooded looks of the gamblers, and the pale visages of the victims at the hazard-table, I hastened into the open air, anxious to shun the sight of men, clearly endeavouring to ruin each other. The evening was cool, but serene; the stars appeared in all their brightness. I seated myself on deck, trying to dispel by the contemplation of objects before me the recollection of the scene I had just witnessed. Around me was Nature, majestic and grand; a stream so wide that both banks could not be seen at the same time, and a forest resembling a massive, dark, interminable wall. In the fore-part of the steamboat were a group of engineers, whose blackened countenances were now and then brightened by the reflexion of the immense fires in the furnaces, and who laughed immoderately at every jocular expression. A few merry songs were also heard issuing from the same jovial group, each sally of boisterous mirth generally concluding with a copious libation of whisky.

In another corner, half a dozen Kentuckians were stretched on their backs, relating to each other their many hair-breadth escapes, and affirming on oath that none had better guns or wives than themselves. Yonder again,

a few young passengers were dancing to the sound of an old broken fiddle: and in another place an aged matron related to listening children how barbarously the Indians had slaughtered and eaten her ancestors of blessed memory. Here, a man, advanced in years, was reading passages from the Bible to a numerous auditory — there, two champions were wrestling. In a word, I saw and heard nothing but singing, laughing, dancing, and innocent mirth around me, until night was far advanced, and a few game-cocks, confined in cages, informed me by their crowing that dawn was near at hand. Every one repaired to his birth, and I hastened to mine, far better satisfied with the time I had thus spent than if I had watched the gamblers gathering their ill-gotten harvest.

Ninth Day.—Early this morning, we perceived the State of Missouri on our left, and, in the forenoon, Kentucky, on the opposite shore. The landscape continued to be of the same character as before. Towards noon we arrived at New Madrid, formerly a flourishing town, to which may now be applied *ubi Troja fuit.* In the year 1812, this place was visited by a succession of those dreadful natural phenomena, earthquakes, so

common in the South, which have buried cities without number, and consigned millions of human beings to a premature grave. The earthquake that destroyed New Madrid is described as having been peculiarly violent: historians even state that the shocks were the strongest ever experienced. It is not the number of victims which, in this instance, inspires awe, the town being small and the neighbourhood little peopled.

But the extent of country which was shaken, new moulded, and swallowed up, by this extraordinary convulsion, was so considerable, that it is still a matter of surprise how any living being could possibly survive the catastrophe. From the river St. Francis to the mouth of the Ohio, a distance of about three hundred miles, the shock laid waste every thing with dreadful violence. Lakes and islands were formed in place of sand-hills, and valleys appeared where lakes formerly existed. Nearly all the houses in New Madrid were destroyed: the cemetery, with its silent inmates, was precipitated into the Mississippi.* Since that time, the town has not been able to recover its former flourishing

* See "Recollections of the last Ten Years passed in the Valley of Mississippi," by T. Flint; and "Westward Ho!" by Paulding.

state. A few miserable dwellings only now show where New Madrid formerly stood. Although in ruins, the place is still a principal rendezvous for flat boats descending the Mississippi. As far as I could see with the naked eye, boats of this kind were lying fastened to each other. The Mississippi itself was almost hid by their number. I cannot give a better description of this singular scene than by quoting Mr. Flint's own words, in his excellent work on the Valley of Mississippi, in which he resided ten years :—

"In the spring, one hundred boats have landed here in a day. The boisterous gaiety of the hands ; the congratulations of acquaintances, who have met here from immense distances ; the moving picture of life on board the boats ; the numerous animals, large and small, which they carry ; the different ladings, the evidence of the increasing agriculture above ; and, more than all, the immense distances which they have already traversed, afford a copious fund of meditation. In one place there are boats loaded with pine plank, from the forests south-west of New York. In another quarter, there are numerous boats with the 'Yankee notions' of Ohio. In another quarter are landed together the boats

of Old Kentucky, with their whisky, hemp, tobacco, bagging, and bale-rope; with all the other articles of the produce of their soil. From Tennessee there are the same articles, together with boats loaded with bales of cotton; from Illinois and Missouri, cattle, horses, and the general produce of the Western Country, together with peltry and lead from Missouri. Some boats are loaded with corn in bulk and in the ear; others are loaded with pork in bulk; others with barrels of apples and potatoes, and great quantities of dried apples and peaches. Others have loads of cider, and what is called 'cider-royal,' or cider that has been strengthened by boiling or freezing. Other boats are loaded with furniture, tools, domestic and agricultural implements; in short, the numerous products of the ingenuity, speculation, manufacture, and agriculture, of the whole upper country of the West. They have come from regions thousands of miles apart. They have floated to a common point of union: the surfaces of the boats cover some acres. Dunghill fowls are fluttering over the roofs, as invariable appendages; the piercing note of Chanticleer is heard; the cattle low; the horses trample as in their stables; the swine utter the cries of fighting with each

other; the turkeys gobble; the dogs of a hundred regions become acquainted; the boatmen travel about from boat to boat, make inquiries and acquaintances, agree to 'lash boats,' as it is called, and form alliances, to yield mutual assistance to each other on the way to New Orleans. After an hour or two passed in this way, they spring on shore, 'to raise the wind' in the village. If they tarry all night, as is generally the case, it is well for the people of the town if they do not become riotous in the course of the evening; in which case, strong measures are adopted, and the proceedings on both sides are summary and decisive. With the first dawn all is bustle and motion; and, amidst shouts, and trampling of cattle, and barking of dogs, and crowing of the dunghill fowls, the fleet is in half an hour all under way; and when the sun rises, nothing is seen but the broad stream rolling on as before."

This evening I bade farewell to the mighty Mississippi. By the different colour of the water, for many miles, I had already perceived the vicinity of the Ohio. "The Beautiful River," which is a translation of the word Ohio, has a much clearer and purer mass of water than the troubled and ever muddy Mississippi. The Ohio was formerly so clear,

that the bottom could in most places easily be seen: this transparency has greatly subsided since cultivation has increased on its shores. The difference of colour between the Mississippi and the Ohio is, nevertheless, so conspicuous, that they are easily distinguished when running beside each other. They appear like two champions meeting for the purpose of deciding a contest for life or death. They measure each other's strength for a long while before they prepare their sinewy arms for battle. Both are strangers to fear, but rejoice at the idea of being opposed to an adversary famed for courage and valour. When, at last, the struggle commences, the bowels of the earth tremble. Nature stands mute, anxiously waiting the issue of the conflict. The Ohio is vanquished, and the Mississippi, now furious from resistance, rages with additional violence over its extensive domain.

At the mouth of the Ohio, three different States are seen at once, namely, Missouri, Illinois, and Kentucky, forming the banks of the two rivers that here meet: to me the appearance was that of a large lake, one of those immense seas so often found in America. But every thing connected with the Mississippi is grand and gigantic.

Tenth Day.—The banks of the Ohio, for an extent of about fifty miles, exhibit the same features as those of the Mississippi: flat, woody, uniform, and full of swamps. Even the width of the stream is the same. At length, the scene changes: rising grounds succeed each other—here and there are flat tracts of land, on which stand thick and rich woods—the banks draw closer and closer—every where are scattered islands of the most picturesque appearance. It was no more the grand, dark, and majestic Mississippi: every thing was now of a smiling, agreeable, enlivening character to the mind, hitherto disposed to depression. Cultivated fields became more frequent: Indian corn was seen in many places; even cotton-fields often met the eye, too long accustomed to wild Nature. Human habitations also made their appearance in greater number than before, and domesticated animals wandered on the banks, instead of snakes and alligators. The barking of dogs and the lowing of cattle were novel sounds, extremely delightful to those whose ears were filled with nothing but the noise occasioned by the uniform and shot-like report of steam, escaping from the "high pressure" engine. Each step announced

the power of civilization to remould and ameliorate the wild aspect of Nature.

In the course of this day, we passed the mouth of two rivers, the Tennessee and the Cumberland, hardly known by name, but well deserving to rank with many well-known streams. The first takes its source in Virginia, runs through Tennessee and Alabama, and discharges itself into the Ohio in the State of Kentucky. Its length has been differently stated: some pretend it is one thousand two hundred miles, others again about eight hundred. The Tennessee is navigable for large boats for more than six hundred miles. Cumberland River rises among the Cumberland Mountains, in the eastern part of Kentucky, and runs in various directions through this State and Tennessee. Nashville, the capital of the latter State, is situated on this river, the length of which is reported to be from about five hundred to six hundred miles.

A little further on we came to a hamlet, called Golconda. When this name was mentioned, long before the place was in sight, I naturally expected to see a town, bearing some resemblance, in point of splendour and romantic situation, to the oriental city of the

same name. But how terribly was I disappointed in my anticipations: thirty miserable houses, situated near the river, on a flat piece of ground, constitute the whole town. No splendour, no magnificence, no grandeur; every thing bore the stamp of poverty and wretchedness. Such disappointments are very frequent in the New World. Names are given to towns without reflexion, without judgment; they are often christened by names of which many already exist, as, for instance, Manchester, of which the State of New York has three or four; Ohio, two; Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Indiana, Missouri, and Mississippi, each one. On other occasions, names are given to towns, calling to mind places that formerly existed, without having the slightest resemblance to them. This is exactly the case with Golconda and several others, showing a want of taste and judgment on the part of the founders. Why not preserve the Indian names, always characteristic and sonorous?

It is next to impossible to remember how many towns of the same name exist in America. Even natives often make mistakes. I recollect reading one day, in a newspaper in New York,

a long description of a town called Manchester, said to be situated in the State of Mississippi, having a population of three thousand inhabitants, newspapers, a bank, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, seven steamboats plying between it and New Orleans, a railroad, &c. The description was drawn up with so much ability and in so seducing a style, that my curiosity was excited to know something more of this modern Manchester. I accordingly had recourse to every book that had been published on the statistics of the State of Mississippi. I referred to general and special maps, but all in vain; no such town as Manchester was to be found. This tended to convince me that all the books and maps I had examined were too old, and, under this impression, I went to one of the principal booksellers, to investigate the matter more thoroughly. I again took the trouble of looking over, with the strictest scrutiny, all the new publications and statistical accounts having reference to the subject; but the Mississippi Manchester could no where be discovered. An elderly gentleman, who had for a long time witnessed eager researches, now addressed me in wing manner: "Search as long as

you please, you will never find Manchester in Mississippi. The town has probably been founded within these few months, during which no map has been made. To raise a place from nothing to a certain state of prosperity requires, in the West, only as many weeks as in Europe years, nay, centuries. Were new maps drawn for every town thus sprung up, no month would elapse without making a similar labour necessary. A man would have occupation enough, were he to devote his time exclusively to the ascertaining what new places have sprung up during his short life-time. He who has no leisure or disposition to follow this study closely must content himself with the information derived from mere rumour of rising towns, and blindly confide in it; for it often happens that we hear of new cities, with banks, newspapers, steamboats, and cotton trade, without being able to ascertain their exact situation, till after the lapse of several years, perhaps five or ten, when they at length have the honour of a place assigned to them on the maps. Follow, therefore, my advice: abstain from all research; it is perfectly useless."

On arriving at Shawneetown this evening, we encountered [illegible] northern snow-storm.

The cold was intense, and felt doubly so to those coming from the mild climate of New Orleans. Snow fell in such abundance that the steersman could no longer distinguish any object near him, and grumbled at the darkness and cold. Under these circumstances, it was determined to lie-to and wait till the morning.

Eleventh Day.—The storm continued, though not so violently. The River Wabash, which divides Illinois from Indiana, and runs into the Ohio, could hardly be seen through the thick veil of snow-flakes that were flying about. We passed the small hamlets of Henderson, Owenboro, Rockport, and Troy, consisting, as usual, of a few wooden houses, which I did not visit on account of the snow-storm that still continued.

Twelfth Day.—A clear and beautiful though cold morning. The stream appeared a little narrower, and the banks were higher than those I had previously seen. Among the small places which I passed this day, Brandenburg had a peculiarly picturesque appearance. The houses are built between two steep mountains, extending as far as the
er, the sides of which are also covered
ellings of various kinds.

Towards night we discovered the Falls of Louisville, as they are called, or shallows, which, when the water is high, may easily be crossed by steamers, but are very dangerous when it is low. A channel has been made, by which these shallows may be avoided; but the expence of passing it is so heavy, that it is only in case of necessity that navigators have recourse to it.

Louisville is unquestionably the most flourishing town in Kentucky. Its situation near the shallows just mentioned has not a little contributed to its remarkable increase of late years. All goods sent from Pittsburg to New Orleans must here be unloaded and re-shipped, before the vessels can continue their voyage. Hence, a lucrative commission-trade is carried on, which puts a certain capital in circulation in the place, and diffuses wealth and comfort among its inhabitants. The town had, in the year 1800, a population of only six hundred souls: in 1830, it had increased to ten thousand three hundred and thirty-six. The exterior of many of the houses, as well as the width of the streets, bespeak general affluence; notwithstanding all this, Louisville left but an indiffere[illegible] upon me. I quitted it with[illegible]

board the first steamboat proceeding to Cincinnati.

Of all the steamers that I have seen in America, as well as in Europe, this was unquestionably the worst. Her name was the Ben Franklin. The vessel itself was rotten from keel to deck, and fitted up besides in the most inconvenient manner. The engine had a very arduous task to produce a velocity of four miles an hour, and the paddles were so badly constructed that they hardly ever touched the surface of the water. The distance from Louisville to Cincinnati is only one hundred and fifty miles, and yet it required forty-seven hours to complete it, during which period we ran aground eleven times, lost both chimneys by their becoming entangled in branches projecting from the thick wood on shore, had the misfortune to disable one of the sailors, and consign another to a watery grave, besides meeting with a number of other mishaps. Add to this the company, exclusively composed of professed gamblers, whose whole time, night and day, was taken up in ruining each other at the faro-table.

In the cabin of this boat was a fac-simile of a letter written by Franklin, framed and glazed. Although its contents may not be

unknown to many of my readers, yet I cannot refrain from giving a copy of it in this place, as being highly characteristic of the great man, and representing him in true colours:

Philadelphia, July 5th, 1775.

Mr. Strahan,

You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction — You have begun to burn our Towns and murder our People—Look upon your hands!—They are stained with the Blood of Your Relations! — You and I were long friends:—You are now my Enemy, and

I am

Yours,

B. FRANKLIN.

At last I arrived at Cincinnati. The fame of the extraordinary rise of this city had beforehand excited my curiosity to the highest degree. Cincinnati was never mentioned in America without the addition of such surnames as "The Wonderful," "The Western Queen," &c. Flattering epithets of this kind are generally exaggerated; at least they have often appeared so to me: but, in this instance, they were justified. Cincinnati is in every respect an extraordinary city; the only one, perhaps, on record, which has, in the course of twenty-five years, sprung up from nothing to be a place of great consequence, with a population exceeding thirty

thousand souls*. Banks, University, Museum, Theatre, Athenæum, Bazaar, and Hospitals, are now seen, where, a quarter of a century ago, nothing but the primitive forest was standing untouched. On the spot where, not long since, the roaring of wild beasts and the yells of Indians were alone heard, the machines of manufactories and the hammers of workshops are now in motion. Where a solitary canoe formerly lay, from fifty to one hundred steamboats, besides other craft, now ride at anchor.

Cincinnati, with its three thousand houses, gardens and hills, churches and public buildings, its smoking manufactories and numerous wharfs, its active trade and bustle of hundreds of waggons and carts, is really an extraordinary sight. Who is not amazed at this rapid advance, particularly on calling to mind, as many persons now living may do, the time when the wigwam of the Indian was the only hut in these regions! If twenty-five years have effected this metamorphosis, what may we not expect when this city is a century old! Cincinnati may not, probably, increase

* The first settlement near Cincinnati was in the year 1789; but it was only in 1808 that lots of ground were sold for building houses. The population in 1830 amounted to 26,515.

hereafter in the same ratio; but that it will advance rapidly cannot be doubted. Situated on a spot in every respect favourable for commerce, and surrounded on all sides by a fertile country, it must continue to flourish and gain an accession to its population. It may well be asked—Where and when will this increase end?

The city is situated near the River Ohio, in a valley, twelve miles in circumference, and surrounded by a rising ground, which is seen in the distance. The river divides this rich and well cultivated valley into two almost equal parts: on the north side is Cincinnati, and, opposite to it, Newport and Covington, two small manufacturing towns, separated from each other by the River Licking, which discharges itself into the Ohio.

Cincinnati has already the appearance of a large city. The first glance leaves an impression of splendour, which the traveller is far from anticipating in these remote western regions. Handsome brick houses, wide streets, and magnificent public buildings, strike the astonished eye of the stranger, who expected to find only wooden houses and narrow lanes. Near the bridge, he sees the same bustle and activity as on the quays of New Orleans and

New York. Advancing into the town, he sees at each step brilliant shops, exquisites and dandies lounging about, and ladies attired in the last Parisian fashions. On entering the hotel, he finds himself in a five-story building, containing apartments without number, and halls almost endless. Fatigued, after wandering about for an hour in these passages, which require months to get fully acquainted with, he throws himself at last carelessly on an excellent ottoman, inquiring, with an air of *nonchalance*, of a group of waiters constantly in attendance, "Is there any newspaper in Cincinnati?" "Sixteen daily journals and periodicals are published here at present," answers the waiter, hastening to bring to the inquirer not only these, but a number of others printed in different places of the Union. Satiated with news, he next wishes to ascertain (rather from habit, acquired during many years' travelling, than with the hope of finding so far west any buildings but huts), whether "there is any thing worth seeing?" "Please to look over the map of the town, sir," is the answer. A week is not sufficient to gratify the curiosity of the stranger who wishes to see all that is interesting at Cincinnati.

Among objects invariably shown to visiters is the Bazaar, built by the celebrated authoress of "Domestic Manners in America*," but, for want of means, left by her in an unfinished state. A more absurd compound of every species of architecture never entered the head of any architect. The sublime in the Gothic style, the tasteful in the Greek, the ridiculous in the Chinese—have all here been grouped together into an unnatural and disfigured whole, which can neither be called a Gothic church, a Greek temple, nor a Chinese pagoda, but partakes a little of each. This building is as ill adapted for a bazaar as for a dwelling-house; and when Mrs. Trollope, the first proprietress, could not make it answer, it was converted into an hotel, or a place for public entertainments and balls. But even this plan was soon found objectionable; for the inhabitants of the town were far from being passionately fond of dancing. "What is now to be done with this building?" was a question put by a stranger in my presence. "Convert it into a church," was answered by the person who showed the house to travellers.

* Mrs. Trollope. I shall hereafter have occasion to speak more fully concerning this writer.

Mrs. Trollope quitted Cincinnati, extremely disappointed in her expectations of making a rapid fortune, and angry with the ungrateful inhabitants, who, in her opinion, could not appreciate the embellishment which she had bestowed on their town by the erection of the bazaar. How her feelings found vent is as well known in Europe as in America. From her sharpened pen issued a work, which darted fire and flames over unfortunate Cincinnati. From this moment it may be said that the town began to attract general attention. The contemplated reproof was the greatest benefit she could bestow upon it. The name of Cincinnati made the tour of the globe with the rapidity of the wind; the peculiarities of its inhabitants, in manners as well as in mode of living, were no longer veiled in mystery from the world. Assuredly, not a few laughed heartily at the ludicrous and satirical picture; but impartial judges discerned, through the sarcasm, sufficient ground for admiration and deeper research respecting its object. Is there any thing in existence so serious and sublime that it may not be turned into ridicule and derision?

I freely admit that many things in Cincin-

nati may appear strange, nay, even extort laughter, especially from one accustomed to European habits and manners; but surprise vanishes upon closer examination. Is it reasonable to expect in this place the same state of society as in the larger towns of Europe? Is it reasonable to expect, I repeat, that a town, whose age only dates back a quarter of a century, should possess the same refinement of manners, and have made the same progress in arts and sciences, as a place of several hundred years' standing? I thought I could discover among its citizens a burning desire, a strong predilection, for every thing new. Accustomed constantly to see emigrants, with whom they form new acquaintances, they show a degree of indifference to each other, and this characteristic influences their actions, and stamps them with a certain want of feeling.

"A deep and permanent recollection of an absent guest," says Flint,* in speaking of the citizens of Cincinnati, "is soon dispelled by the unmeaning reception prepared for the stranger. In the midst of a population so composed, of which a great proportion is daily moving, and cannot be

* Flint's "History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley."

said to belong exclusively to Cincinnati, who can expect to find refined manners, arts, and sciences? But another generation will come, which, born on the spot, will forget the prejudices and peculiarities of parents. The light of intellect, now only glimmering, will then burst into a blaze, and, diffusing its influence over all classes, equalize the inequalities in the character of the people. Who can doubt of the beneficial effect it will produce on the general mass of people in the Western States?"

After a short stay in this interesting town, I continued my journey towards the North, and went on board a steamboat proceeding to Wheeling. This journey occupied about three days, although the distance is only three hundred and sixty miles: long detentions at landing-places, indifferent machinery on board, an unskilful steersman, &c., may be mentioned as some of the causes of this slow progress. The landscape on both sides of the river was invariably the same as on the banks of the Ohio, near its outlet into the Mississippi.

The author* of "Men and Manners in America" says in one place: "The great defect

* Hamilton, author of "Cyril Thornton."

of the scenery of the Ohio is want of variety. During the first day I was delighted; but, on the second, something of the charm was gone; and at length its monotony became almost tedious." Want of variety! This is the fault found by another acute and impartial traveller, in speaking of the Beautiful River. Of all streams in America, there is none whose banks are less uniform than those of the Ohio. Mountains and valleys succeed each other with great rapidity, diversified by rich and fertile fields and wild woods. Nature is perhaps not so grand and majestic as on the shores of the Mississippi, but the scenes are more varied and charming to the eye. Numberless islands, scattered in the Ohio, embellish, in no small degree, a picture already abounding in beauty. There was even a greater variety of trees than south of Cincinnati; those which appeared in the greatest profusion were the sycamore, the maple, the ash, &c. The banks were generally high: signs could, however, be traced of inundations occasioned by the swelling of the river. In the month of February, 1832, the Ohio rose not less than fifty feet above low-water mark, and it was still not unusual to see here and there pieces of wood, planks, even whole

canoes, perched on the tops of trees. Many of the small towns which embellish the banks yet exhibited visible traces of this dreadful inundation, the greatest within the memory of man. The walls of houses bore marks of the different heights at which the water had stood, and some had even these white marks on the chimneys, showing how high the river had risen. Houses thrown down, as well as sand-hills newly formed, piles of branches and trees, devastated fields, and torn-up streets, all proved the destructive effects of the flood. These, together with numberless other objects, continually presenting themselves to view, and the beautiful and pleasing appearance of Nature herself, render a trip on the Ohio far from being so uniform and wearisome as the author just quoted would make one believe.

The principal towns near the river, between Cincinnati and Wheeling, are Maysville, Portsmouth, and Marietta. Among these, Portsmouth, in particular, is remarkable for a canal, which, uniting the Ohio with Lake Erie, here has its outlet. A water communication has been opened between the city of New York and the Ohio, by means of this canal; and with very little additional trouble it may be extended to all the large Western

rivers, and thus form an inland navigation nearly eight thousand five hundred miles in length. Portsmouth will then increase in population and wealth, and I should not be at all surprised to hear, ten years hence, that this town has become one of the most flourishing in the Western States. The present number of inhabitants does not exceed one thousand; yet they have already a bank and a printing office. Perhaps even now they publish not only an administration but also an opposition paper, having a sufficient number of subscribers to support them. Can this be said of places in Europe with so small a population? Can it be said of any city in the Old World, with ten thousand, twenty thousand, even fifty thousand, inhabitants?

Towards evening on the following day, I arrived at the mouth of the Great Kenhawa River, distant about one hundred and ninety-four miles from a town of that name. It has its source in the Alleghany Mountains. The waters of this stream contain so great a quantity of salt, that one bushel of this article may be extracted from one hundred gallons. From two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand bushels of salt are annually made at the salt-works lately established here. But

this river is also renowned in the page of history, and particularly interesting to those who value the Indian character.

Several murders had, early in the spring of 1774, been committed on white persons living in the State of Ohio: for these murders the Cayuga tribe of Indians was, probably without reason, accused. Logan was then their chief, a man well known all over the country for his peaceable disposition, and peculiar friendship for the Whites. To avenge these imputed atrocities, a number of Whites determined to murder any Indian of that tribe whom they might happen to meet with; and a certain Colonel Crespal placed himself at the head of this sanguinary band. They proceeded down the Kenhawa River, and fell in with a canoe filled with Indian women and children, who, not suspecting any harm, were easily made prisoners and unmercifully massacred. These were Logan's own wives and children. But this act of cruelty was not a solitary one; he had to endure yet another before he could be persuaded to change his opinion of the Whites. Shortly afterwards, his brother and sister were both murdered. He could now no longer suppress his thirst for vengeance. His voice summoned his countrymen to arms, and was

heard with dismay by the cold-blooded murderers. Both parties prepared for a conflict for life or death. Logan placed himself at the head of a host of Indians, and against these marched a number of regular troops from Virginia. An obstinate and bloody battle, fought between them at the mouth of the Great Kenhawa River, on the 10th of October in the same year, frustrated all Logan's plans for the future. His army was dispersed, and himself became a fugitive. In this emergency he concluded a treaty with the Whites, making the following remarkable speech, praised by both Jefferson and Clinton:

"I appeal to any White man to say, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat: if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last, long, and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the Whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of White men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Crespal, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of

Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge; I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one." *

This unfortunate hero, who had, as he says himself, none to mourn his loss, fell at length a victim to assassination. To their dishonour be it said, Logan was murdered by the Whites:

> He left of all my tribe
> Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
> No! not the dog, that watched my household hearth,
> Escaped, that night of blood, upon our plains!
> All perished! I alone am left on earth!
> To whom no relative nor blood remains,
> No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins! †

The Great Kenhawa River must not be confounded with the Little Kenhawa, about seventy miles higher up the Ohio, close to which the beautiful and romantic Island of

* Vide Thatcher's "Indian Biography."
† Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming."

Blennerhassett is situated. From Pittsburg to Balize there is no island that can be compared to it: it has been celebrated by poets and called Paradise Island; and well it deserves the name. How many princes would be glad to exchange the dominion of unruly kingdoms for this peaceable retreat in the midst of the Ohio! A rich Irishman of the name of Blennerhassett is said to have settled on it in former times, and to have built a mansion unequalled in America. Large sums of money were expended by him in embellishing the spot, and converting the woods into a regular English park. Hospitality reigned within the precincts of this happy little kingdom.

The fame of Blennerhassett's Island soon reached the Alleghany Mountains. No stranger thought of visiting the Western States, without making a call at the far-famed Island, where every one was welcome. It soon acquired a fame equal to that of the Ohio and Mississippi. It was just about this time that the celebrated Aaron Burr * entered into his well-known conspiracy. Blennerhassett was persuaded to join him with purse

* Aaron Burr is still alive, (1834) and has reached an advanced age. He is living privately at New York.

and person. The scheme was, however, soon discovered, the conspirators arrested, and tried for treason. From this period, the beautiful Island, hitherto the seat of happiness, with its mansion and park, fell into decay, and may now be compared to a solitary ruin. Votaries of ambition, behold what destiny awaits you! Many of you possess happiness within your own precincts, and yet you must go afar in search of it! Few are those who are satisfied with their lot, and desire nothing more. How often have we not an Island like Blennerhassett's within our reach, but still think we have not found the right one! We grope in the dark after an object which we hold in our hand. A false light confuses our sight; we imagine that we are at length in the track of the looked-for happiness, and seize it with eagerness—but, lo! in the impetuosity of the moment, we open our hand, and allow what we already possess to escape. This was exactly the case with Blennerhassett; this is a picture of scenes daily passing before our eyes.

At Wheeling I quitted the steamboat, and took leave of the Ohio. The town appeared [illegible] and unpleasant, that it was with [illegible]et I left it. It contains, how-

ever, as I was informed, nearly six thousand souls, and will probably, in the course of time, become a flourishing city.

The clock had just struck two, when the travellers were roused from their slumber, in order to prepare for departure. As soon as the stage was filled with people, to whom I was an utter stranger, and who soon resumed the sleep from which they had been prematurely wakened, we started. The night was dark, and the road, although called national,* so indifferent that we advanced at a slow rate. My fellow-travellers had this advantage over me, that they could sleep while journeying along this stony road: I really envied their happiness. The white nightcaps were the only objects visible in the dark, and conversation was confined to a few discordant sounds with which the sleepers now and then annoyed my ears. The approach of morning was greeted with delight by the only person awake in the coach; the announcement of the arrival of the stage at the place for breakfasting at length roused the slumbering group. Nightcaps were removed,

* This road is made at the public expence, and is intended to unite the Atlantic and Western States. It commences at Baltimore, passes the Ohio at Wheeling, and runs through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to St. Louis, in Missouri.

wigs combed, eyes rubbed, and, thus prepared, the whole company was immediately ready to attack an indifferent breakfast, consisting of lukewarm *coffee-water* and broiled chickens, a standing dish in Virginia.

In the course of the first day's journey, we passed the small towns of Washington and Brownsville, the latter of which has a picturesque situation on the river Monongahela, which afterwards runs into the Alleghany River, and jointly with it forms the Ohio. Brownsville has several manufactories, and seems to be in a prosperous state.

We had scarcely quitted Wheeling before the country assumed a hilly appearance, and this sea-like region continued uninterruptedly till we had passed a small place called Uniontown, about seventy miles from Wheeling, where the Alleghany Mountains began to show themselves. The country here has a more imposing appearance. Hills give place to mountains, and the valleys have the dusky tinge which distinguishes those in beautiful Switzerland. Laurel Hill was the highest mountain I passed; the landscape here bore some resemblance to the Alps, but cannot be compared with the latter. Vegetation, I admit, was particularly rich: there were val-

leys and mountains, extensive and smiling prospects, precipices also in abundance; but still it was not Switzerland. The Alleghany Mountains, it cannot be denied, are clothed in a wild mantle; but the wildness has not that form so peculiar to the valleys of Switzerland. Generally, these mountains appeared to me of a rounder shape and with a smoother surface than the Alps: I could discover no where pointed, snow-covered summits. In a word, the Alleghany Mountains are unquestionably extensive, but cannot be placed in competition with that chain which possesses a Mont Blanc and a Jungfrau.

We passed the second night at Cumberland, a town in Maryland, and continued our journey early the following morning, through mountainous districts and valleys, in all respects like those I had seen the two preceding days. The road, in several instances, followed the course of the Potomac, which forms the boundary between Virginia and Maryland, winding in numberless curves between hills and mountains. On one of these hills, at the foot of which runs the Potomac, we had a little adventure, at once unfortunate and ludicrous, which gave rise during the rest of the journey to frequent sallies of wit.

The stage coach had shortly before broken down, and another of a very doubtful character been substituted in its place at the first relay of horses. Every one found some fault with it, even before the animals were harnessed; but the driver assured us that there was not a better coach in the United States. In contradiction to this statement, we showed him several objectionable parts, and unanimously protested against continuing our journey in a carriage, the wheels and springs of which were in so crazy a condition. The driver, however, renewed the assurance that the coach was as strong as if it had come from the hands of the builder the day before; adding, by way of *finale*, that, "strong or weak, we must be satisfied with it, as no other was to be had within the distance of fifteen miles." We started accordingly, and proceeded tolerably well for a distance of about eight miles.

The travellers already began to dismiss the idea of danger, and were going to indulge in an afternoon nap, when, in the middle of a steep hill, down which the imprudent coachman drove full gallop, both hind springs gave way. The shock which the body of the coach received from the lower part of the vehicle was so violent, that the bottom broke out;

and, before the travellers had had time to recover from their consternation, their feet were dangling through the opening. To call out lustily "Stop!" was infinitely more easy than for the driver to check four galloping horses. Some of the ill-fated passengers, confined in this shattered coach, had in the mean time, by the violent shaking, fallen from their seats, so that their feet trailed upon the ground. They had now no other alternative but to run as fast as the wheels rolled. Fortunately, none were hurt, although the road was full of stones and holes; a few bruises, similar to those which follow a severe boxing-match, were the only result of this catastrophe. The horses were at length stopped at the foot of the hill, and the passengers crept out one by one, some through the windows, others through the hole at the bottom. The driver, stupified on beholding the state of the vehicle, exclaimed, "What, in the name of God, has become of the bottom?"

The journey was continued, partly on foot, partly in an open cart, until we came near a place called Hagerstown, where a new coach was procured. None of us, however, ventured to enter it without first examining the bottom; and, having found it firm, we started

afresh, and arrived early in the morning at Fredrick.

The great undertaking of making a railroad, for the purpose of uniting the Atlantic and Western States, had in the progress of execution reached as far as Point of Rocks, seventy miles from Baltimore. At Fredrick, which is ten miles nearer to the above city, I took an opportunity of travelling this road. Six cars, each filled with sixteen persons, and drawn by horses, started from this place soon after my arrival. The railroad in the first part of the journey was sloping, resembling a skittle-ground made upon an inclined plane; near Baltimore it was more level. When completed, it will run a distance of three hundred miles, the greater part of which lies across the Alleghany Mountains. The highest elevation it has to pass is eight hundred and eighty-five feet, at the commencement of the road near Baltimore. From Baltimore to Cumberland, the gradual descent will be about fifteen feet ten inches per mile; thence to Ohio only five feet two inches. The expence of the road already finished is about forty thousand dollars a mile, which heavy [illegible] occasioned by the number of viadges which it has been found

absolutely necessary to build*. The expences of the remaining part, I was assured, will be less considerable. The whole undertaking is executed by private capitalists, and holds out a prospect of becoming, in time, one of the most lucrative speculations of its kind.

By detention at different places, and from other causes, this journey took not less than eight hours, a very long time for a railroad excursion; the delay, however, is in some measure excusable, on account of their having only a short time before commenced using cars. The distance is now, I presume, performed in five hours. Without stopping any time at Baltimore, I continued my journey to Washington, where I arrived in the latter end of February, in time to attend some of the sittings of Congress.

* Vide "Flint's History aad Geography of the Mississippi Valley."

CHAPTER V.

A noble hall, for the purposes of legislation or justice, or a grand pile of buildings for the use of learning, is the immediate property of the people, and forms a portion of the inheritance of the humblest citizen. VERPLANCK.

WASHINGTON was at this time so full of strangers, that it was with the greatest difficulty that accommodation could be procured; and, if by chance one obtained an apartment, it was generally either the garret or a kitchen, the common abode of Negroes, but now fitted up for the reception of strangers. Rooms are always scarce for those who visit the city during the session of Congress; this time, however, the want of accommodation exceeded all precedent, in consequence of the number of visiters, who arrived from all parts to witness the ceremony of the inauguration of the President for four additional years, to begin on the 4th of March. The inconvenience was, nevertheless, not greater than that generally attending festivities in a small town. Exor-

bitant prices for inferior accommodation, without even the satisfaction of signifying displeasure at the want of comfort, were the order of the day. But this was not all: disputes arose as to the preference of paying an unreasonable price, with permission to grumble, when the ceremony was over, at the imposition practised by the honourable citizens. Such scenes occur frequently in Europe: such also was the case in the American metropolis.

When Washington was first planned, the founders were buoyed up with the hope that it would, in the course of time, become a capital worthy of so great a Republic, and increase in the same proportion as other cities in the country. This was also, if I mistake not, a favourite idea with General Washington himself. The plan was formed upon a gigantic scale: a few houses were scarcely built at a great distance from each other, before people already began to talk with enthusiasm of the infant prodigy among cities, which, within a century, would surpass and eclipse all the pretensions of Paris and London. But, the city making slow progress, these expectations were not realized. Where no trade or manufactories exist, considerable increase cannot be expected. Washington

has no impulse of this kind, and in all probability never will have any. The houses are scattered, as if they had been sifted by an economical farmer; and, to visit a neighbour, it is sometimes necessary to cross uncultivated fields or dusty sand-hills. The streets are like the deserts of Arabia, blinding the pedestrian with quicksand, a real nuisance. Pennsylvania Avenue, the principal thoroughfare, leads in a straight line from the President's house to the Capitol, a distance of one mile.

The Presidential Palace, or the White House, as it is called, is a plastered brick building, with rows of pillars on both fronts, without much pretension to classical or architectural beauty. It stands on an elevated ground, surrounded by four other buildings, exclusively adapted for public offices*. In one of these is a collection of portraits of Indian chiefs who have concluded treaties with the government, or visited Washington for some purpose or other. This collection is interesting, without having any great value, considered as mere paintings. Here is also deposited the important document which de-

* One of these buildings, occupied by the Treasury Department, was destroyed by fire in the course of this year, and was not rebuilt in the summer of 1834.

clared the independence of America: it is to be regretted that this interesting paper, by being constantly copied, has been so defaced and worn out, that it is not without difficulty that it can be read. The signatures, in particular, are very indistinct, and some of them have disappeared altogether. Why not preserve it in a glass frame, like the Magna Charta of Great Britain? It is a jewel which belongs to the people, and is equally precious to every citizen.

The Capitol, also situated on an eminence, is surrounded by an iron railing. Between this inclosure and the edifice, footpaths have been laid out, winding under trees. A beautiful flight of steps leads to the Capitol from Pennsylvania Avenue; on one of the platforms of which may be seen a naval column of white marble, erected on a pedestal of the same material. It is intended as a monument to those naval officers who fell in the war with Tripoli. The first intention was to surround this column by water; but the plan was abandoned, for some reason with which I am not acquainted, and the monument now stands on a rock, as dry as possible.

The Capitol is built of brick, and painted white. A dome has been raised in the centre,

on both sides of which the national flag is flying while Congress is sitting. The architecture of this building partakes too much of the old French school to please the present taste. The architect appears to have taken Versailles for his model, and to have made a copy of it, preserving all the defects of the old style without adding the improvements in taste of later times. Ornaments are seen, as if sprinkled, without calculation, over the walls, and pillars are crowded together. The whole appeared to me a kind of patchwork, and produced the same effect as a literary effusion, the author of which, to hide the poverty of ideas and their want of originality, is obliged to have recourse to lofty and bombastic language. Some of the late architects, who were employed upon the building, particularly Latrobe, endeavoured to remedy this littleness in the details; but it was found impracticable to remove all the original defects. There are, however, some parts in the interior as well as the exterior of this edifice, which are models of a pure and noble architecture, and among these, the Hall of Representatives occupies indisputably the first place. One of America's sons and ablest architects calls this building "a magnificent

architectural monster."* This laconic criticism is perhaps rather severe, but it is not destitute of truth.

Beneath the dome is a rotunda with four doors, in form resembling the Pantheon at Rome. It is intended to decorate the walls of the hall with paintings illustrative of events in American History, the place being in every respect well adapted for that purpose, the light coming from above and throwing a most advantageous shade on the pictures. The short existence of the Republic has as yet only permitted a small portion of the walls to be thus ornamented: futurity also claims a place for the record of memorable deeds. Four paintings only are at present seen in this spacious hall, all executed by Mr. Trumbull, an American artist of note, who traced from memory many of the scenes which he has delineated on canvass. These paintings represent: 1st, The Declaration of Independence: 2d, Washington's Resignation: 3d, General Burgoyne's Surrender at Saratoga: 4th, The Battle of Yorktown. Between these, a few basso-relievos have been put up, one of which represents William Penn concluding a treaty with the Indians, another the landing

* See G. C. Verplanck's Speech on the Fine Arts in America.

of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, a third, Captain Boone's* combat with two Indians at once, and the fourth, Captain Smith's† escape from death by the interference of Pocahontas. Viewed with the eye of an artist, these basso-relievos are of little value, and not deserving the place which they occupy.

The Hall of the Representatives is perhaps the best adapted room for its purpose that can be seen. The dimensions are magnificent, and in splendour it is not excelled by any thing of its kind. The form is a semicircle, resting on an even base. Round the walls of the semicircle are tasteful pillars, made of a kind of composition, and painted with a grey mottled colour, which produces effect and is pleasing to the eye. Columns of a similar kind also adorn another part of the room, in front of which is the Speaker's‡ chair, a few steps above the level of the floor. Below it, sit the secretaries, employed in reading different papers, &c.; and, higher up, between the pillars, are galleries for the accommoda-

* Captain Boone was the first settler in Kentucky.

† See Thatcher's "Indian Lives," volume ii.

‡ In the following Session, 1833-34, an alteration was made by removing the chair of the Speaker from the straight side of the room to the centre of the semicircle. The reason assigned was that the members were better heard when the sound was directed to the circular part of the room; this may possibly be the case, but at all events the room has not gained any thing in point of appearance.

tion of the public, as well as for reporters for the press. The members are provided with arm-chairs and writing-tables. The greater number keep their heads covered, some with caps, which they only removed when speaking, but the majority were rather reclining than sitting on their seats. Very few appeared to take any interest in the debate, but employed themselves continually in writing letters, reading newspapers, or conversing with their neighbours. The opposition members have no particular place assigned to them, both parties intermixing indiscriminately. The number of members, this session, was about two hundred and forty, of whom forty were from the State of New York, twenty eight from Pennsylvania, and twenty-one from Virginia, being the three largest States in the Union. One member out of a population of forty-seven thousand seven hundred in every State is sent to Congress, so that New York, possessing, according to the census of 1830, a population of one million nine hundred and eighteen thousand six hundred and eight souls, has a right to send forty representatives. Florida again, counting at this time only thirty-four thousand seven hundred and thirty settled inhabitants within her territory,

could send but one delegate to Congress, who has a seat in the Lower House, but no right to vote. Until a State has reached the amount of population prescribed by law, it is not considered as incorporated with the Union; it only goes by the name of territory. Of the latter class there are only three: Florida, Arkansas, and Michigan, sending delegates to Washington. The annual increase of these territories is, however, so rapid, that there is every reason to suppose they will, within a very short time, be raised to the dignity of free and independent States.

The Senate is the American House of Lords, and consists of forty-eight senators, or two from each State. Their hall is much smaller, and in many respects inferior to the other, though fitted up nearly upon the same plan. It looks more clean and polished than the House of Representatives, and inspires that kind of respect which every similar assembly ought to produce. This impression is far from being diminished on seeing the respective Senators take their places. Each of them has an arm-chair and a writing-table. All are uncovered, and support the dignity of statesmen.

When I entered this assembly for the first time, the subject under discussion was that

which for months past had exclusively absorbed public attention all over the country, namely, the Nullification in South Carolina, and the best mode of adjusting matters between all parties. The President had already, by his well-known proclamation of the 10th of December, 1832, in a great measure quelled the spirit of rebellion in the South; but, in Congress, the conflict between the advocates of free trade and those of higher duties for the protection of home manufactures still continued. Both parties persevered in making long speeches in support of their respective positions, which had no other result than sacrificing several months without coming to any decision. This waste of time on the part of Congress has been much censured;* but it is an evil that cannot be remedied, being in the nature of a republican form of government. The Representatives of the people do not make speeches solely with the view of enlightening their colleagues and convincing them of the justness of their ideas and opinions on the subject under discussion —this is too often a secondary consideration,

* In the course of the following Session, no less than seven months were spent, and yet nothing was decided respecting the Deposit Question, or the United States' Bank. Debates took place daily.

an unnecessary trouble, according to their own confession: a member very seldom changes his views from hearing another of a different opinion from himself. No, it is for the people, for his own constituents, that he delivers orations in the Capitol;* well knowing that, through the widely-circulating journals, the speeches will reach the homes of those who have sent him to Congress, and whose good opinion he thus hopes to preserve, so that at the next election he may secure their suffrages, and remain at the post of honour. This manufacturing of speeches entails a great loss of time in the passing of a Bill. All the members of both Houses wished first to have time to express, in long and well digested speeches, their opinion respecting Nullification, and the modification of the old Tariff, as proposed by Mr. Clay, before they would come to any decision. But, as Congress, according to the letter of the Constitution, was obliged to adjourn before the 4th of March, the period fixed for the inauguration of the President, no time was left to deliver the dif-

* That this is really the case, can be proved by an incontrovertible fact. One of the members in Congress having been prevented from delivering a long speech which he had prepared, simply said that it was a matter of perfect indifference to him, provided he could get it printed and sent home to the State from which he came. This request was complied with.

ferent speeches at full length; the consequence was, that Mr. Clay's proposition was considered as the only means of preserving the integrity of the Union. The Bill was therefore passed, the day before the adjournment of Congress, which took place in the night between the 2nd and 3rd of March.

That the adoption of the new duty was, in fact, rather a compromise than a law intended to remain long in force, is fully admitted by both the southern and northern parties; it fulfilled the wishes neither of the advocates nor opponents. For my part, I have no doubt that ten years will not elapse before it is nearly remodelled by the introduction of many alterations. The final liquidation of the national debt, which is to take place in the course of 1836, will, in all probability, have some effect in remodelling the Tariff; for how are the large sums to be employed that will arise from the Customs? "For internal improvements," will be the answer from every quarter. That the United States offer a vast field for improvements of different kinds, I freely admit; but, how and where are they to be undertaken? Will not one State have as much right in sharing the ameliorations as another? It is likely that States situate nearest to the

Ocean, whose commerce, properly speaking, contributes in a great measure to fill the Treasury, from which the funds must proceed, will permit their being exclusively instrumental in benefiting other States—States which lie in the heart of the Continent, and which hardly know what Customs mean? Suppose, even, that these commercial States do not require any portion of the public means for improvements, it would, nevertheless, be an act of crying injustice to tax one State for the benefit of the other. To solve this problem will sooner or later be a source of inquietude to some of America's enlightened statesmen. The evil was certainly not anticipated, when the United States were held up as the happiest country on earth, on account of the extinction of their national debt in 1836.

Before I take leave of this subject, which will no doubt in due time come under discussion, I will just add a few words relative to the present amount of the national debt. This debt, which commenced at the period of the war of Independence, and at one time, 1816, amounted to one hundred and twenty-three million sixteen thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars, nine cents, has, by yearly payments, been so re-

duced, that it could at any time be liquidated by the Treasury, if the stockholders desired it. According to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, of December, 1833, the revenue from the Customs in the course of 1832 was not less than twenty-eight million four hundred and sixty-five thousand two hundred and thirty-seven dollars, twenty-four cents, and the payments in reduction of the national debt during the same period, seventeen million eight hundred and forty thousand three hundred and nine dollars, twenty-nine cents. On the 1st of January, 1834, the debt of the United States amounted to no more than four million seven hundred and sixty thousand and eighty-two dollars, eight cents, of which thirty-seven thousand eight hundred and twenty-one dollars, seventy-nine cents, are payable on demand, and the remainder, four million seven hundred and twenty-two thousand two hundred and sixty dollars, twenty-nine cents, after the 1st of January, 1835.

In America, the greatest orators and Statesmen are generally elected members of Congress. This post of honour, so much courted by every American citizen, is, therefore, seldom filled by men destitute of talents: they must show their ability in some way or

other to attract the notice of the people. This explains a singular circumstance, that, in a commercial country, like the United States, where the wealthy merchant is the only aristocrat, he is very rarely elected member of Congress. On the other hand, we find lawyers occupying the chief places in the legislative body, and standing foremost on the list of statesmen. In illustration of my assertion, I need only examine the returns of Senators for the twenty-third Congress. I there find, out of forty-eight members, no fewer than thirty-nine lawyers: the remainder are three doctors, one Indian agent, one proprietor of a newspaper, one ex-governor of a State, one farmer, one mechanic, and one solitary merchant. In the Lower House also, the proportion of lawyers is much larger than that of any other class of citizens.

The Representatives of the Lower House are elected by the people; the Senate by the Legislature of each State. A senator is seldom elected until he has been a member of the Lower House for some time; and none can, constitutionally, fill the senatorial chair, till he has reached the age of thirty; but at competent to become se. The Senate is

composed of men, distinguished as orators and politicians, the pride, in fact, of America. Talents more consummate than in this Senate have seldom been united in one point, either in ancient or modern times. Many of the senators are well known in Europe, such as Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and others, who are distinguished models among modern orators and statesmen.

Clay is the most popular speaker in America. His language is flowing, nervous, eloquent, and seducing. He is severe towards his adversary, but delivers his pointed observations in a tone generally playful. Without possessing a powerful organ, his voice, nevertheless, fills every corner of the Senate Chamber, particularly on entering into the heart of the subject, after going through the less important preliminaries. Fertility in metaphors is one of his principal ornaments: like the writer of Frithiof, (Tegnér) he is happy in the selection of them, and never fails to fix the undivided attention of his auditory. He is one of those peculiarly gifted individuals, whose eloquence ever enables him to maintain his ground victoriously, after having overcome the opinions of his hearers.

Mr. Webster, again, is a profound and

eloquent statesman, who never meddles with a subject without having given it his utmost attention. His speeches abound in deep thought and sound reasoning, and carry away the auditory by plausibility of purpose and clearness and perspicuity of judgment. It is impossible to listen to this great orator without admiring him. The penetrating and sharp look, so peculiar to him, is in perfect harmony with the character of his language. Woe to the imprudent opponent, who would attempt to involve any thing in obscurity on the straight road traced out by Webster! A glance from him is sufficient to dispel all darkness, and, if I may so say, to crush his adversary.

Calhoun is the third of this mighty triumvirate. He had, this session, been at the head of the Nullification party in Congress, and was, in every sense, a dangerous opponent to the present Government. Altogether unlike the two senators just mentioned, in the method of expressing himself, he is more distinguished by a facility of comprehension, and a clear development of every subject, than by florid language and choice expressions. In his speeches he never appears to care about the introductory part: he enters upon the merits

of the question at once, as if time did not permit him to lead his auditory up the usual steps to obtain a clear insight into the darkest parts of the subject.

Besides these three men, who seem to represent the whole Union — Webster for the Northern and Eastern States, Clay for the Western, and Calhoun for the Southern — there are also a great number of statesmen, some for, others against, the Administration, who would shine in any country, both on account of their rhetorical powers, and great perspicuity and soundness of judgment. Of these, my limits permit me to mention only the following: in the Senate, Poindexter, Preston, Clayton, and Forsyth: in the House of Representatives, John Quincy Adams, Everett, Tristam, Burges, Binney, and McDuffie.

A few days before the adjournment of Congress, President Jackson held a drawing-room, or rather gave an evening party, to which no particular invitations were issued, but where every one that pleased had a right to attend. These *soirées* had often been represented to me as extremely disagreeable, on account of the mixed company usually assembled; and Mrs. Trollope in her book, "The Refugee in America," has placed them

in so ludicrous a light, that one might almost have been led to the belief that the levees given by the First Magistrate in America were exclusively composed of coachmen and servants. Even in Washington, I often heard, among the higher classes, complaints made respecting the mixture of company at the President's house. In spite of this, none appeared disposed to forego the honour of paying their respects to the old General, whenever he held a "drawing-room." Neither did I wish to lose the opportunity of attending in person, anxious to judge of the scene for myself. On arriving at the palace, I was ushered into a large saloon filled with people of both sexes, some well dressed, others again in morning costume. Some of the ladies showed in dress, as well as in manners, that they did not belong to that high class of society which ought exclusively to form the circle of a President: there were, however, a great many whose refinement of manner announced a better *ton*, and this rendered the contrast the greater between the two clearly defined classes.

In the middle of the saloon stood General Jackson, surrounded by Van Buren, the Vice-President, Washington Irving, and some of

the Secretaries of State. The President is an elderly man, of middle size, with an expressive countenance, and a sharp eye, indicative of that firmness of character which he has evinced upon so many occasions, and particularly during the period of his military career, the laurels of which, it may be said, he chiefly gathered at New Orleans. His hair is perfectly white, combed upward from his forehead, which gives his face a long and narrow appearance. His manners are extremely condescending and polite, without derogating from the rank which he holds as the first man in America. Republican custom obliges him to shake hands with his visiters: General Jackson performs this part of the ceremony without losing any of his dignity, without appearing cold or distant. I observed his actions for a long while, to see if he made any particular distinctions between those that presented themselves; but, to his honour, as President of a Republic, be it said, he continued the same the whole evening — polite and affable to every one, and friendly to those whom he knew personally, particularly the fair sex.

General Jackson became President, for the first time, in 1829. He had, at the election in

1825, already placed himself on the list of candidates for the Presidential Chair, but had not a sufficient number of votes to insure his return: the honour of office then devolved on his more fortunate rival, John Quincy Adams. At the election in 1829, Jackson had a majority of one hundred and seventy-eight votes — at that of 1833, again, two hundred and nineteen, showing an accession of votes of forty-one, or, which is the same, a more extended popularity. How far this popularity has increased or lost ground, since the last election, owing to the adoption of certain measures against the Bank of the United States, by which a derangement in the finances has been occasioned, will be better ascertained at the election of 1837, as few people entertain a doubt that the present occupant will try to secure the Presidential Chair for the third time.

On the 4th of March, 1833, General Jackson entered upon the duties of his office for the second time. The ceremony of inauguration, or what in Europe would be called the coronation, is one of the simplest acts that the genius of man could invent. Early in the morning a considerable number of people assembled in the House of Representatives,

anxious, like myself, to witness this ceremony. The arrival of the President was announced in no particular way. Accompanied by Van Buren, the Vice-President, and his private Secretary, the venerable gentleman entered the room, almost unperceived by any present. Both the high functionaries were attired in black, without any decorations whatever, such signs of distinction being contrary to the Constitution. After them followed several foreign ministers in gold-laced costume. One in particular wore a uniform, the whole back of which consisted of a solid mass of gold lace, glittering in the sun, and forming a singular contrast with the numberless black coats present. A person, unacquainted with Washington and its customs, who had the appearance of an inhabitant of some of the remotest parts of the West, happened to stand near me in the crowd during the ceremony. He had never seen the President, and now tried to discover which was the Chief Magistrate. When the gold-covered foreign minister, just alluded to, made his appearance in the hall, attended by several gentlemen equally well dressed, he took it for granted that he must be the renowned hero of New Orleans; but, to make sure of the

fact, he turned to me and asked the following question: "Which of these men is the President?" I pointed out the old grey-headed man to him. "By God! man," answered he, furious as a tiger, "you do not know what you say. The bravest of men, America's hero and favourite, in a suit of black! You are mistaken, stranger, and want information yourself."

The ceremony, however, commenced by a speech from General Jackson, which he read himself, and in which he endeavoured succinctly to state the situation of the country, its relations with Foreign Powers, &c. At the conclusion of it, Chief Justice Marshall advanced to the tribune, and received the oath, which the President repeated aloud:

"I swear to preserve, protect, and defend, the Constitution of the United States."

The Vice-President also took his oath, nearly similar to the preceding. This concluded the installation, and Andrew Jackson was now lawful President, for the four succeeding years, of the greatest Republic on earth.

CHAPTER VI.

Excuse a foreign slip-slop now and then,
If but to show I've travelled; and what 's travel,
Unless it teaches one to quote and cavil?

BYRON.

ALL European travellers, who have in later times gratified the public with descriptions of the United States, have generally devoted a considerable portion of time and space in their books to the consideration of the American Constitution. To judge by their manner of discussing the subject, one would be led to believe that they considered it a duty to give their opinions as to the effects which it is likely to produce in another half century. Thus they have not only discovered faults in this constitution, but even foretold the results that must ensue from the form of government before it has existed one hundred years. I am not a candidate for the honour of predicting the destiny of North America, still less do I believe it in human power to anticipate

the future effect of so liberal a Constitution as the American, tested only by a few half scores of years; but I venture to affirm that, without being perfect, it is of all constitutions, ancient and modern, the one which has approached nearest to the object in view. Attempts have also been made to paint, in the strongest colours, imaginary dangers threatening its existence.

In the United States, there are many people of the same opinion as European travellers, who believe that the least disturbance and misunderstanding within the States may lead to a dissolution of the Republic. This apprehension appears to me rather unfounded, and not unlike that of a person who is afraid of ghosts, and trembles at the sight of a mouse.

In the year 1832, the whole Union seemed shaken to its very foundation by the voice of Nullification from South Carolina; and many had already made up their minds that, within a twelvemonth, the Republic would no longer be able to claim the motto, now its pride and strength, *Ex pluribus unum*. It is well known how easily this misunderstanding in the South was quieted, and how few weeks were required to tranquillize the whole Union. A

year had scarcely elapsed after this occurrence, when North America again seemed to rest on a volcano. The measures adopted by the President against the Bank of the United States, and his famous experiment with the currency, gave rise to new apprehensions as to the stability of the Union. The whole country resounded with cries of despotism, tyranny, monarchy; and the newspapers, from Maine to Louisiana, alluded only to "King Andrew I.," and recommended the nation to defend the Constitution, in imminent danger of being overthrown by a usurper. This was a new species of danger for the unfortunate Constitution; and, at a distance, the United States already bore the appearance of a monarchy. That even this was an untimely apprehension will soon be seen.

Elections, which follow each other in such rapid succession, prevent the Federal Government from making any encroachments, and are like a bulwark for the durability of the Constitution. Changes in it may possibly be necessary; for every age requires such, if people are not too obstinate, and reject the improvements suggested by experience. But the Constitution is not, therefore, to be thrown aside, as not adapted to its purpose, and Re-

publican principles condemned as unsuited to the present times. Party-spirit cannot exist without a certain degree of excitement; and it is this which appears so frightful to those who have had no time or opportunity to follow the effect of the American Constitution on the community, from its origin down to the present day. In a word, North America is happy and free under the form of government which it now possesses, and may with calmness look forward to the future. But what is fitting for one hemisphere and one people is not always suitable for other nations; be it therefore far from me to preach up a republican doctrine in monarchical Europe! We may envy America its benevolent institutions, its liberal principles, its youth, and its strength; but may we never be induced to wish for any thing else!

It was a common topic in the United States to complain of the misrepresentations of European travellers. Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope were those in particular who attracted general animadversion. The former, I was often told, is the more to blame, as he possessed talents equal to the production of a good and impartial book on the country, and was, besides, introduced into the higher

circles, where he received every attention and respect. The latter, again, had so few acquaintances, and was so little known among the higher classes, that it cannot appear singular if she judged the whole nation by individuals in the Western States, where she resided, and with whom she came in contact. Such was the judgment passed in America on these travellers.

The characteristic of an American is hospitality to strangers, and just pride at the advantages possessed by his own country. His house is never shut to visiters; he only expects, and with reason, that these shall not, on returning to their own country, ridicule the domestic relations they have had an opportunity of witnessing under the shield of hospitality. Have not Italy, France, England, and Sweden, many things which, to a foreigner, appear strange, if not ridiculous?

A degree of suspicion and reserve towards strangers has, from this cause, insensibly crept in among a certain class of Americans. It cannot, however, be denied that in the United States there are many customs and things of a repulsive character, rejected by refined Americans themselves. Foreign critics, particularly Mrs. Trollope, have at

least done this good, that they have called the attention of enlightened persons to these objectionable habits. Chesterfield himself could not have produced greater effect on the manners of the multitude; and in this respect Mrs. Trollope is certainly entitled to the gratitude of the nation. To show the useful effect already produced by her work, I may just mention that, whenever an individual in a playhouse happens, when seated in the boxes, to turn his back towards the pit, or, occupying a front seat, to put his feet on the benches, (a want of decorum severely censured by Mrs. Trollope) a general outcry of "Trollope, Trollope!" is heard from every part of the house, and the meaning of it is known to all. Her work is full of striking and true features; but they are pictures, representing scenes in the less civilized parts of the United States, not, as might be inferred from the title of the book,* a description of the manners of the whole American nation. Would it not have been more in harmony with the contents of the book, if she had called her work "Customs and Manners of the Western States?"

In common with other travellers in Ame-

* "Domestic Manners of the Americans" is the title of the book.

rica, Mrs. Trollope has committed the error of taking what she saw at one point of the Union as a standard for judging of all the others. Whoever casts a look on the map of the United States will easily discover the unreasonableness of such a judgment. Louisiana and the New England States are as unlike as two different kingdoms in Europe; and the manner of living on board steamboats in the Mississippi is not to be compared with that on board those on the Hudson. In England the case is totally different—an Englishman is the same every where. A Tory is the same Tory in Lancashire as in Kent; but an American is very different in the South and North, in the West and East, even if he belongs to the same party. A Whig in Boston has not the same ideas as a Whig in New York, and still less as a Whig in New Orleans. Climate, habits, and interests, chiefly cause this difference; but, when this is the case, how unjust it is to pass an opinion on a whole nation from observations made at a single point, or from circumstances that have fallen under the notice of a traveller during a residence of a few months! To obtain a proper knowledge of the United States, it is necessary to remain some time in

the country; to visit various parts of the Union; to make acquaintance with all classes of men; to compare their ideas with results daily occurring, and to lay aside all partiality. Of late travellers, Stuart is the only one who has seen the necessity of pursuing this line of conduct, in order to form a correct judgment of the country; and his "Three Years in America" is a work abounding in interesting facts, and composed after a long residence, which enabled him to consider every object coolly and impartially. Of other descriptions of North America, it can only be said, that Hall's book was a political confession, Mrs. Trollope's a mercantile speculation, Hamilton's a criticism on a republican form of government, and Fidler's an effusion of disappointed hopes.

My limits do not permit me to enter into such circumstantial details of social life in America as the subject deserves. Washington, however, is considered the centre of the best society in the country; manners are there more European than in any other part of the Union. The towns where the *ton* approaches nearest to that of the capital are Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Charleston, and New Orleans. Generally

a certain reserve prevails in society; and, if I mistake not, as little recreation is found there as in European societies. Invitations to dinner are less frequent than to evening parties, and on neither occasion is any particular luxury apparent. At dinner, the tables are provided with a superabundance of different dishes, though not much varied, owing to the difficulty of procuring culinary artists. Nor are balls and suppers more conspicuous for luxury, the collation being generally cold, with ice-cream and champagne.

The manners of the Americans bear some resemblance to those of the English: the women are upon the whole more easy than the men. While speaking to the latter, they appear absent and as if paying very little attention to what is said; but this is far from being the case—they listen to every word. There is a certain slowness in their conversation, the consequence of an acquired habit. Their salutation in a room is, like that of the English, by shaking hands: at parting, they retire without following either the English or the French custom. The women, on the other hand, are pleasing, friendly, and polite. They are gifted with much natural grace, and combine with it a liveliness and ease in words

and actions, which relieve, in a great measure, the reserve and stiffness of a first acquaintance. A stranger, therefore, becomes sooner acquainted with them than with the men.

Dancing is a favourite amusement in all American societies, where quadrilles are almost the only dances permitted. Waltzing has lately been introduced, but the deep-rooted prejudice of elderly ladies still operates against this kind of dance. The objection is strongest in the Eastern and Northern States; in the Southern, again, it scarcely exists.

A European is often surprised at the freedom of manner which prevails in society, and is not unfrequently deceived as to the real meaning of the innocent intercourse carried on among young people. It is not uncommon, for instance, to see a young unmarried lady constantly with the same gentleman, without attracting either attention or illiberal insinuations from the world. From their tenderest infancy, the utmost confidence is placed in their capability of governing themselves, and of mixing in general company, without the assistance of an Argus in the shape of a guardian or a Duenna. Few married people are met with in society, where for the most part all are young and left to themselves. A

young lady may even travel with a young man, without exposing herself to the sneer of scandal. In a word, the intercourse between the sexes rests entirely on mutual confidence, and is consequently free and unrestrained. This confidence is so seldom abused, that it requires the age of man to remember an instance of its infraction. What is applicable to daily intercourse may also be applied to social life in general. Parents are not afraid to leave their daughters alone at a party, and these would consider it a want of confidence if they were not permitted to appear without the attendance of an elderly lady. This, combined with a natural inclination for domestic life, prevalent among American ladies, has however, had the effect of excluding from society almost all married people—such at least is the case in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Far be it from me to object to this custom; still one cannot help wishing at times that, with a view to give a better tone to society, the married would not lead so retired a life.

On the adjournment of Congress, I again left Washington, and returned to New York by way of Baltimore and Philadelphia. A railroad had meanwhile been made between

Amboy and Bordentown, on the road from Philadelphia to New York. The whole distance between the two latter cities is calculated at about one hundred miles, thirty-five of which are travelled by the railroad, and the remainder by steamboats. Many years ago, the number of travellers daily passing between Philadelphia and New York was computed at about twenty; now they are not fewer than two hundred. At that period, the settled price for the trip was fourteen dollars; now it is only three. What formerly required two days to travel is now performed in eight hours: it will soon be done in six. Horses were at first used on the railroad, but, in the course of this year, steam-carriages were adopted, which, at the time of my departure, went at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

I had scarcely arrived in New York, before the ringing of the bells and the swiftness of passing engines announced the breaking out of a fire in some part of the city. The occurrence is here of so common a nature, that the citizens themselves express surprise if twenty-four hours pass without a conflagration of some extent taking place. Whoever visits New York for the first time is struck with

the frequency of these fires, breaking out, night and day, in all quarters of the city. The noise of the engines and firemen is truly sad and annoying, when heard in the night. A false alarm is often given, but the uproar in the streets is not less on that account. A greater activity and attention to duty than are displayed by those who have the management of the engines I certainly have nowhere seen. The first cry of Fire! is hardly heard, before all these undaunted men hasten to their post; and, let the night be ever so dark or boisterous, they never fail to run to the assistance of the sufferers. I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the intrepidity of these men: no roof was too high, no wall too steep, for them. They stood in the midst of the fire, with leather hose in their hands, never quitting their post till the roofs or walls were ready to fall in.

The firemen in America are divided into companies, the members of which engage to be always in readiness for service, whenever a fire happens. In return, they are exempt from militia duty, and possess other small advantages, indemnifying them in some measure for the sacrifices which they are daily obliged to make. The greatest unanimity

prevails among these companies, although each tries to surpass the other in activity and intrepidity whenever a fire occurs, and also in the tasteful and cleanly appearance of the engines. It is impossible to see any thing lighter and more pleasing to the eye than these engines. They are kept in the best possible order, always looking as if new: the brass is so shining, that one would imagine it was placed there only yesterday; and the paintings which adorn the sides of the carriage are often executed in a style worthy of a great artist. To behold all these engines, upon some great occasion, when they parade the streets, accompanied by their attendants, who, dressed in different uniforms, and belonging to different companies, display their varied colours, is a sight equally singular and interesting. Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, rank foremost in regard to these fire establishments.

The worst of all fires, happening during my residence in New York, was one which broke out in the night between the 29th and 30th of April 1833, in that part of the city bordering on Greenwich Village, near the Hudson. Twelve hours sufficed to reduce nearly one hundred dwellings to ashes; some

accounts even made them amount to one hundred and thirty. The greater part were wooden buildings, occupied by the lower class of Irish, and emigrants lately arrived in the country, a circumstance which rendered the event still more deplorable. Four squares, or blocks, were laid level with the ground. The fire commenced at night in a stable, where nearly fifty horses were kept. The flames, fed by much combustible matter, spread with such amazing rapidity, that none dared approach to save the poor animals, fastened in their stalls. More than forty perished in the midst of the fire and smoke; only three saw daylight again, after the halters had been consumed, and they were thus released from their confinement. In the course of the following day, the remains of the ill-fated animals were seen lying in a row, in the same order in which they had stood. Their half-consumed bodies were still smoking, several hours subsequently to the fire, and filled the whole neighbourhood with a stench of the most disgusting kind. For a considerable distance round the scene of desolation, household furniture of every sort was piled up; and on the smoking ruins were seen half-naked mothers with hungry children in their

arms. Misery, poverty, and wretchedness, formed the principal features of this heart-rending picture. The preceding evening, these individuals were not wealthy, but at least richer than they now are. Yesterday they possessed chairs, table, and a bed; to-day they are without a home. Yesterday, they complained, perhaps, of the bitterness and sorrows of life; to-day they regret even the independence and happiness of yesterday. Ask that pale and agitated woman, that hoary-headed man, that care-worn father, their ideas of the experience they have acquired of life: with tears in their eyes they will answer: "There is no misfortune that might not have been greater."

Fanaticism still reigns to a certain extent, not only among the people in the Western States, but also among a portion of the inhabitants settled on the Atlantic Ocean. Let not my meaning be misconstrued; I do not presume to speak against the religious principles of any particular sect; I only intend to allude to a few facts which occurred during my residence in the country, leaving to my readers to apply what name they please to the spirit which they bespeak.

1. One Saturday afternoon, I was sitting

with a few friends near a window on the lower floor of an hotel in New York. A well-dressed female, about thirty years of age, wearing a black veil and carrying a Bible in her hand, stopped before our window, and began to harangue us from the street. "To the city has come a prophet!" exclaimed she. "He is the only Christian who has preached the true Gospel, as announced by the Redeemer of the world." Having concluded this piece of intelligence, which was rather unexpected to the gentlemen present, she declaimed for nearly an hour. The tendency of her sermon was to praise the prophet, and to prove that she was herself inspired, and commanded by the Supreme Being to proclaim on earth who this new prophet was. Several hundred people had, in the mean time, collected round her, and listened, with peculiar attention, to every syllable uttered by this female fanatic. "I invite you all," concluded she at last, "to hear him preach to-morrow. Lose not the opportunity. You will be born anew by the agency of his instruction!" This female belonged to a respectable family, and was by no means labouring under mental alienation, as might be reasonably supposed. She was an extremely well-

informed woman, and distinguished by the brilliancy and acuteness of her observations on general subjects, religion excepted.

2. One of the most eminent dealers in dry goods, in the city of New York, was always in the habit, whenever he gave checks on the Bank for benevolent purposes, to word them: "To the order of the Lord." In his books the same individual kept a regular account current with the Lord, in which He was debited for all sums paid for any good and charitable purpose.

3. On the breaking up of Congress, in 1832, General Jackson left Washington in the beginning of August, to take a little recreation in the country, and to pass a few quiet months, after a stormy session. A rumour was propagated that, during this excursion, he had travelled a few miles on a Sunday, instead of keeping that day holy by attending divine service. The press, in all parts of the country, was loud in its condemnation of so profane a violation of the sabbath; in some congregations, even the President was already looked upon as an incorrigible atheist. Public indignation at the circumstance ran, at length, so high, that the friends of the President were actually obliged to refute, in the newspapers,

the correctness of the assertion, and declare to the nation, that the President, so far from having travelled on the day in question, attended divine service as usual, and did not continue his journey till the following day.

CHAPTER VII.

If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die:
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone, man with his God must strive.
BYRON.

AMERICAN prisons, regulated upon the new penitentiary system, attract, at the present moment, general attention in Europe. The friend of humanity actually shudders, and with justice, on visiting the gloomy, unhealthy, and, in our enlightened times, really disgraceful dungeons, where criminals on our side of the Atlantic are confined. On entering these receptacles of misery, what presents itself to the eye? Accused and condemned, old men and young, all mixed together in the same place. Nothing is heard of but frequent desertions, continual infractions of discipline, cruel punishments, and dreadful mortality. Contemplate these prisoners—what is the expression of their looks? Revenge, nothing but revenge. After such a sight,

may not one ask, "Do these prisons answer the purpose?" Without hesitation, I shall answer, No!

The Americans were the first who thought seriously of a prison reform. By repeated trials, a new system has been established, which has already shown, and will still further display, important results; which, moreover, although it at first encountered considerable objections on the part of the advocates of the old prison-discipline, now spreads with extraordinary rapidity all over the Union. Prisons have hitherto been only places for the infliction of torture, and schools for the commission of crimes — now, they are converted into hospitals for the cure of those who are morally sick. A prisoner not only atones for his offence; his moral reform and improvement are at the same time effected. It is not necessary for him to be, as heretofore, a burden to the State, during the period of his detention; nor, after his liberation, is he branded with infamy for ever. The State has only lost him so long as the period of punishment lasts; he is then only considered as having laboured under moral infirmity. When he has recovered his former vigour and health, he enters upon the scene as a new

man, a member who may still be useful to society.

In America, there are at present two new systems that are acted upon. One is the Auburn system, as it is called, which rests upon this basis: work together in the day-time in profound silence, and solitude at night. This plan is followed at the new prisons at Sing-sing and Wethersfield, the former in the State of New York, on the banks of the Hudson, the latter in Connecticut. Massachusetts, Maryland, Tennessee, Kentucky, Maine, and Vermont, have also regulated their prisons upon the same plan. The other system, again, is that which goes by the name of the Philadelphia, and which has for its basis: solitude, night and day, with labour. The State of New Jersey is as yet the only one which has followed the example of Pennsylvania.

As detrimental as is an excessive tenderness to prisoners, so also is cruelty, when exercised towards them. The medium is in this, as in many other cases, what should be adopted; and, if this course, as regards prisons, has ever been found available, it certainly is in the new Penitentiary system. Severity is sometimes practised, but it does not border on tyranny, or aim at compelling the

prisoner to lead a life unbecoming a man, still less at debasing him in the eyes of his fellow-creatures; its sole object is to bring about a reform, which gradually raises the fallen to that station in society from which he sank at the period of the commission of the crime. That this great benefit is more fully accomplished by the Penitentiary system than by any other hitherto attempted, I consider beyond a doubt. The most conclusive proof is the statement that the number of persons sent back to the old prisons, as compared to that of condemned criminals altogether, was in the proportion of one to six, whereas, in the new prisons, the average was as one to twenty. I am, however, not of opinion that a man, who from infancy has imbibed questionable habits and principles; who, during a course of vice, has allowed them unrestrained indulgence — and, in a word, has been so complete a slave to their influence, that his character has received a deep impression from them; I do not believe, I say, that such an individual can be completely reformed. There are people who pretend that such a change is not only practicable, but has actually been effected: be this as it may, if a prisoner, on recovering his liberty, is not morally worse than when he entered the

house of detention, which was the case in the old prisons, something at least has been gained. As long, therefore, as no system has been found that produces, if I may be permitted the expression, a regeneration of the criminals, that system ought to be considered the best which does not destroy them.

But how can this regeneration be accomplished? The habits of the prisoner must be changed, and a new direction given to his thoughts and ideas. Solitude is in this respect highly essential. The isolated situation of the prisoner prevents him from injuring others, and makes him, if not better, at least not worse. He is severely punished for his crime, I admit; but he is treated as a fellow-creature, for whom we feel, and whose welfare is dear to us. He was indolent, and knew not how to work; solitude has now compelled him to have recourse to labour, which is given to him, to prevent his dying from inactivity, and habit makes it, at last, indispensable. He could neither read nor write, and had no more idea of religion than the slave in the West Indies. The Bible is now a valuable consolation to him. He disliked quiet and order—habit, become mechanical, makes him follow with exactness the rules laid down for him. He

scoffed at virtue, and threatened Heaven itself: his long, not corporeal but mental, sufferings soon inspired him with a dread of crime. He has ever defied the laws: he now finds that they are stronger than he. He is, perhaps, not the man whose honour is more sacred than life; but he has acquired honourable habits, and, thus impressed, he leaves the prison with a deep respect for the laws of the country. What more can be expected from a prison?

Auburn prison, the first which followed the new system, was founded in the year 1816; and in 1821 it was sufficiently ready to receive eighty prisoners, in different rooms. Attempts were made, at first, to improve the criminals by uninterrupted solitude, without labour; but the result soon showed that, without producing a reform, it brought on insanity or death. Those who did not sink into the deepest state of depression, often bordering on aberration of mind, were gradually undermined by a slow disease, which consigned them to a premature grave. The experiment was, therefore, immediately abandoned, and, in its stead, a modification of the system adopted, which has since been followed with success. Auburn prison was, however, found

too small for such a State as New York, where each prisoner must have a separate room. Elam Lynds, an enterprising character, for a time at the head of the Auburn establishment, now undertook the building of Singsing, the largest prison, upon the new system, in America. The manner in which it was built is singular, and deserves to be recorded.

Accompanied by one hundred criminals from Auburn, whom he had brought to obedience, he traversed the country, a distance of about three hundred miles, and arrived on the banks of the Hudson, where he encamped. There were no walls or arms to detain them: his own strength of mind and his authority over them alone inspired fear and commanded obedience. He employed every one in some useful handicraft business: masons and carpenters sprung up in rapid succession. Several years elapsed before they were able to erect and complete their own prison; and, even to this day, the unfortunate delinquents are occupied in constructing walls, which, when ready, will exclude them from the world. There is something so heart-rending in the sight, that it is impossible to visit Singsing without deep emotion; and yet that system

must surely be admired which only requires, for the superintendence of one thousand criminals, a collective guard of thirteen individuals. "The strength and perfection of this institution," say the Commissioners in their report of Singsing prison of the 16th of December, 1831, addressed to the Legislature of New York, "do not appear to be generally known. Here are about one thousand offenders, from the lowest delinquent—the refuse of society—to the most hardened desperado, whose hands are, perhaps, imbrued in blood, and whose past life has only been a series of abominations and crimes. Of all these, there is not one confined under lock and key during the hours of labour, or surrounded by walls, or fettered and handcuffed; they are all scattered in various directions, and some at work a quarter of a mile from the prison. What keeps them in this state of obedience? Thirteen overseers? (For there are no more at one time). No, only by the force of discipline are they brought to obedience and submission to their superiors, employed in the most useful and advantageous manner, and moved as if propelled by the most perfect mechanism."

When I visited this interesting prison for the first time, I certainly cannot deny that

it appeared to me an absurdity, I may add folly, to attempt to manage and keep in awe one thousand offenders by means of only thirteen individuals: and, when I afterwards went into the midst of them, and found myself surrounded by thieves, assassins, and criminals of every kind, who walked freely about me, I could not refrain from putting this question to the superintendent, "What security is there that all these prisoners will not rise *en masse* on their keepers, murder them, and escape?" "Our security, and the success of the system," answered he, "rest entirely on the silence prevailing. As long as that can be kept up, there is no danger. A prisoner may harbour as horrid plans as he pleases; if he is not able to communicate them to other criminals, his projects prove abortive. Should he attempt alone to have recourse to violence, he is seldom or ever supported by other prisoners, for they do not know what is his object, and dread, besides, immediate punishment, which always follows every offence in the prison. It is, therefore, with little difficulty that the overseers, provided with loaded guns, are able to frustrate plans of escape and murder. But these attempts seldom occur; the severe discipline

constantly preserved by steady labour, and invariable attention and vigilance on the part of the keepers, convinces them every moment, more and more, of the necessity of blindly obeying the rules laid down. The prisoner has not been here long before he perceives this necessity; he soon conforms to what is required of him, and gains confidence in his overseers, knowing that they are just, though severe."

It is not lofty walls, iron gates, or heavy chains, which are necessary to keep prisoners in awe. Do we not frequently hear that criminals, loaded with chains, scale walls, break gates, or effect their escape in various other ways? In reliance on the height of walls, the strength of gates, the weight of irons, overseers gradually relax in their duty, and become wrapped up in imaginary security; and prisoners, who have leisure to observe every thing, and easily perceive that the guardians place all their trust in the supposed strength of the prison, cease to dread them, and seize the first opportunity to show this. Such is not the case in a prison arranged on the plan of that of Singsing; it is just the reverse. The prisoner is at liberty to move about the whole day in the open air,

works without being fettered, breathes only at night the prison air, is surrounded by no walls, and still cannot escape, nay, hardly thinks of it. Undoubtedly, the confidence shown by the overseers must make an impression on him, and lead to the belief that they possess a superiority which needs not the aid of material strength. I thought also I could read in the countenances of most of the prisoners an expression of perfect resignation; not that resignation which is the offspring of tyranny, but that which results from the prospect, however distant, of a better condition.

The prison at Singsing stands on the banks of the Hudson, surrounded by hills. On these, sentries, with loaded guns, are placed in such a situation that they can survey the whole of the ground on which the prisoners are scattered, and at work. On approaching these hills, and seeing the workmen, partly employed in cutting stone, partly assisting in finishing the building, it is scarcely possible to conceive that it is a prison. The difficulty is increased on mixing among these people, perceiving their general assiduity, and hearing the continual hammering among the industrious beings. You would rather suppose that it is a

public workshop or some charitable institution. Each individual appears to attend to his particular business, without being reminded by the overseers, and seems to pay no attention to what is passing immediately around him. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could attract the attention of one of them; but this was only for a moment; the next he appeared as indifferent and unconcerned as ever. During the few hours that I remained there, I did not hear a single word uttered by any of the prisoners, nor could my ear discover the slightest whisper; nevertheless, I do not think it is in human power to prevent a word now and then from passing between them. This, however, happens but rarely; and the few words exchanged are so unconnected, that the other prisoners cannot make out a regular sentence. It must indeed be a singular and horrible situation for a man to associate with other people, to be constantly with them, to work by their side, to be aware that they are all partners in misfortune, and yet not to know any thing about them. It is a kind of society where the members see each other, but have not the slightest intercourse. There is a link which seems to connect them all, and yet they are not united; their bodies

approximate, but their minds are divided. Can there be a greater or severer punishment?

Whenever a criminal enters this prison, he is immediately taught a trade, if he has not yet learned one. The chief occupation of the prisoners at Singsing is cutting marble, the whole neighbourhood being full of a species of white marble, that may be broken and worked with little difficulty, and at a trifling expence. I was shown several specimens of Corinthian and Doric pillars, pedestals, &c., made by the prisoners, with an accuracy which reflected great credit on the master, as well as on the pupils. Besides the works in marble, every article required in the prison is manufactured there, such as clothes, shoes, implements, &c., with a number of other things, which are sold for the benefit of the institution.

The prisoner is also taught to read, if he happens to be utterly ignorant. A Sunday School was established there a few years ago, and has indeed had the happiest and most extraordinary success. The Bible, hitherto unknown, and lying the whole year on the shelf in the cell unopened and unread, is now perused with eagerness and delight. The solitary hour no longer inspires a feeling of horror, since the prisoners are able to read. The lan-

guage of the Bible consoles and gives them hopes; it calms a conscience agitated by solitude, and gives to the thoughts a different direction. They now begin to see the advantage of industry, temperance, and order; and acquire at last, by the practice of these virtues, a taste for their exercise, which, when once they recover their liberty, will prevent a recurrence of former errors. It has been often insinuated that industry, temperance, and order, forced upon an individual contrary to his inclination, under the threat of corporal punishment, cannot leave a lasting and pleasing impression—a conclusion which seems to be generally prevailing among those who prefer the Pennsylvania system, as well as those who advocate the modified Auburn system, as practised at Wethersfield; but at Singsing, at least, the conviction appears established that flogging does not produce the baneful effect of making a hypocrite of the prisoner, who sees the necessity of showing himself obedient and improved, even if he entertains the idea of returning to his former propensities, at the expiration of the period of punishment. The experienced inspector on the spot, Lynds, affirms that flogging is the most humane, and at the same time the most

effective, of all corrections. It is, therefore, frequently used at this prison; the least offence is followed by immediate flogging. It produces an instantaneous submission on the part of the prisoner, and does not interrupt his work for many moments, or injure his health: but still I am not convinced that its application is absolutely necessary for keeping the prisoners in order.

In the prison in Philadelphia, no flogging is allowed. In refutation of this hypothesis, it may be observed that, when prisoners are kept in constant solitude, night and day, such a mode of punishment becomes unnecessary. This I admit: but, at Wethersfield, where prisoners work together as at Singsing, they have for several years past been managed without flogging. Another objection may be started, namely, that a prison, containing only two hundred prisoners, may be conducted without having recourse to this mode of correction; but that, at an establishment like Singsing, with one thousand delinquents, order and obedience could not possibly be maintained without flogging.

This observation leads me to the conviction that a prison, which contains more prisoners than the overseer and clergyman can have

opportunities of examining to ascertain their character, and where, because it is out of their power to study the disposition of each, to scrutinize his inmost thoughts, and to give salutary admonitions sufficient to eradicate his failings—a prison where corporal punishments are resorted to for the same offences which would not have been committed, had time allowed these functionaries to devote a few hours to each —such a prison, I contend, does not answer the purpose. A mechanical obedience is, surely, not the only thing required of the prisoner: his reformation is the principal aim of the new system; and how can an overseer of such an establishment, at the period of the release of a prisoner, be fully convinced that he has not, during the whole time of his detention, played the part of a hypocrite, if he has not known him thoroughly, kept alive his few good qualities, and warned him against a return to former iniquities? If neither he nor the clergyman has leisure to attend to this important duty, the institution, in my opinion, is not better than the former prisons.

That part of the building at Singsing appropriated to the prisoners is very large and extensive, and runs in a parallel line with the

river. In the space between it and the stream, there is a large yard, where all the stone-masonry work is performed. The dwelling-house, properly so called, is five stories high, with two hundred cells in each story, or altogether one thousand rooms, five hundred of which are on each side of the length of the house. The rooms are built one above the other, with doors towards open galleries, sufficiently large for one person to walk about, and terminating at a staircase. All this, again, is surrounded by an outer wall, which, ten feet from the inner one, supports the roof covering the whole. To me, the building appeared like an immense box, over which a glass frame had been placed. The doors of the prisoners' rooms are of iron, painted black; opposite to them are windows in the outer wall, through which light and air are admitted, without giving the prisoner an opportunity of looking out. Iron stoves and lamps are placed in the galleries, so that light and heat are equally distributed. The overseers are never permitted to leave their post in these galleries, as long as the prisoners are in their rooms. They wear on their feet mocassins, as they are called, which are shoes made of woollen yarn, so that their steps are

never heard. The galleries are also built in such a manner, that the least noise, even whispering, in the cells is heard by the overseers.

It is impossible to imagine any thing more awful than to spend a few hours here during the night. There reigned not only the silence of the grave, making the mind afraid, if I may so say, of its own shadow; it was also a distressing, a heart-rending feeling, to fancy one's self in the midst of a thousand fellow-creatures, and yet seem as if inclosed in an Egyptian catacomb. The black iron doors, with their small bars, gave the whole building a dismal appearance; and the lamps threw a dim light along the galleries, where a solitary being mysteriously advanced, and, in his progress, appeared now a giant, now a dwarf, in proportion as he approached to or moved away from the lamps. Not a word, not a sound, of any kind, could the ear distinguish. I believe that if even a gnat had been dancing round the head of a criminal, the buzz occasioned by it would have delighted the remaining four hundred and ninety-nine in their solitude.

Each cell is seven feet long, seven feet high, and three and a half wide, consequently

sufficiently large for a person who only spends the night in it. The walls are so thick, that communication with neighbours is impossible. Heat and light are introduced through the grating in the door. Each room has a ventilator, which passes through the ceiling, and keeps up a free circulation of air. The bed and bedding are kept in a state of perfect cleanliness and order, and, in the day time, turned up on one side of the wall. A Bible belongs to each cell. No prisoner is employed in more than one particular kind of work: whoever has the charge of the kitchen is never employed in any thing else. The same is the case with those who wash linen, or clean rooms. Others are occupied as tailors, coopers, stone-masons, weavers, and smiths; all these trades, however, are carried on in different places, some under sheds, others in workshops, under the superintendence of inspectors, well acquainted with the work, and whose business it is to instruct those who are ignorant. Care is taken to place the prisoners as far as possible, in such a situation that all their faces shall be turned one way, so that their eyes may not meet, nor any signs be given. Behind the workshops are dark walks, with narrow and hardly perceptible

apertures in the wall: here the inspector of the prison can walk without being heard, and see through the holes if prisoners and keepers do their duty. This system of *espionage* on the part of the overseer is of the utmost importance: the prisoner is aware that an invisible eye watches his actions every minute, and that offences, which may possibly escape the vigilance of the keeper, may be perceived by the overseer, who never yet left a fault unpunished. Even the keeper is sensible of this secret vigilance, and dreads it; occupying as he does a lucrative and confidential situation, by the favour of the overseer, he may also be deprived of it, if the least neglect of duty is discovered.

I amused myself for some time in walking through these dark corridors, and examining the different workshops. No where could I discover a single transgression: smiths were working with activity, coopers hammering incessantly, carpenters sawing and planing with an assiduity that did them credit; shoemakers bending over their lasts, sewing with their long black twine, and on the tables were seated a dozen tailors, *à la Turque*, all as silent, unmusical, and careless about the world, as if they had been a set of automata

just turned out of the hands of the ingenious Mälzel. Who ever heard of a tailor's board, filled with workmen, without the accompaniment of singing, laughing, joking, and anecdotes ?

In most of the European prisons, where offenders are kept at work, they receive a portion of the produce of their labour. This is not the case in American prisons, according to the new system, with the exception of that at Baltimore, where a certain task is set for each day, after finishing which the prisoner is at liberty to work for himself. At Singsing this plan has not been adopted. They here act upon the principle that a prisoner is indebted to the State and to society a larger sum, arising from the expence necessarily incurred for the maintenance of Courts of Justice, prisons, and police establishments, than can possibly be derived from his labour. He therefore works without the slightest remuneration, and without hopes of saving, by dint of industry and indefatigable exertions, a small sum which might be serviceable at the period of his release. A law of the State of New York enjoins an overseer of a prison to give every prisoner, on recovering his liberty, a sum not exceeding three dollars, and a suit of

clothes, which must not cost more than ten. At the prison in Philadelphia, four dollars are given him, and at that of Boston, five dollars, with clothes worth about twenty.

In general the labour of prisoners in confinement in America is disposed of by contract beforehand, the contractor paying a certain price for the labour of every day. Such is the case at Singsing. The principal point in such cases is, to guard against the too great influence of the contractor in the prison, from his frequent inspection of the work. He is, however, forbidden to hold any other conversation with the prisoners but such as has reference to the progress of the work, and that only in the presence of the overseer. But, notwithstanding all these precautions, it has been found that the presence of a contractor in the prison produced certain inconveniences. At Auburn, attempts have been made to preclude the contractor from access to the prisoners; the consequence was, more order, but, on the other hand, numberless objections on his part; he was never satisfied with the work, and started continual difficulties. The restriction was at length abandoned, and the contractor was again allowed to inspect the progress of the work. At

Wethersfield, this principle is entirely rejected, and the administration there not only provides for the maintenance of the prisoners, but also attends to the disposal of their work. This is, undoubtedly, the best method, and worthy of imitation, although it increases the labour and trouble of the superintendent.

The rate paid for one day is the same for the whole year. Neither summer, winter, autumn, nor spring, neither birth nor wealth, have the slightest influence — all goes on in a regular and irrevocable course. At daybreak, a bell rouses the prisoners from sleep. A prayer is then read aloud by a clergyman, so placed that he can be distinctly heard by one side of the house at a time; after which the prison-doors are opened, and, on a given signal, the prisoners march out and form in a line, in which order they proceed down to the yard, where they are obliged to wash their hands and faces, and deliver such utensils as they have on the preceding day taken to their cells. Their march is very singular, their bodies being close together, but, nevertheless, they can have no communication with each other. All the motions are so uniform, the steps of one follow so closely upon those of the other, and the bending attitude of the

bodies is so much alike, that one is led to believe that the whole line is moved by a single string, pulled by the overseer. All eyes are fixed upon him, and never turned from that direction, until the procession reaches the place appointed for work.

When the breakfast hour arrives, the prisoners again leave their work in profound silence, and march back to their cells in the same close ranks and with the same mechanical appearance as before; on their return, they pass the kitchen, where every one takes his breakfast-plate, without, however, stopping a moment or falling out of the line. As soon as they have entered their cells, the doors are fastened, while, in perfect solitude, they take a simple and wholesome yet sufficient repast*. In Auburn, again, all prisoners take their meals together in a large refectory, provided with several tables and benches. Holding up a finger is a sign that the party making it wants more food: in spite of this precaution, which contributes to maintain silence, it has been found that this plan is not near so good as the one adopted at Singsing; all other prisons have, therefore, followed the latter.

* In the latest built American prisons, each prisoner is allowed one pound of meat, besides other food.

After breakfast, work is resumed, and not suspended till dinner time. The whole afternoon is also devoted to the prosecution of labour, which concludes at dusk. Discipline is strictly observed in the whole course of the day; and it is only after having again washed hands and face, and listened to the prayers repeated by the clergyman, as in the morning, that the prisoner lies down in his dismal cell, and is relieved from toil. Experience has shown that it is at this period of the day, when exhausted with fatigue and left to himself, his mind is best disposed to be moved by the truths of the Gospel. The indefatigable clergymen attached to the new prisons avail themselves of this favourable disposition to produce the deepest impression. At Singsing, as well as at Auburn and Wethersfield, they are seen at dusk going from cell to cell, and every where leaving behind calm and composed minds.

I was anxious to hear the result of their inquiries respecting the character of various criminals, and spoke with several as to the causes which had particularly led to the commission of crimes. From the answers I received, I should infer, that the motives or incitements were principally the four fol-

lowing: ignorance, neglect, and indifference of parents, drunkenness, and, finally, the influence of women. "It is really lamentable," says the clergyman at Singsing in his report for 1831, "to see how many cases of drunkenness constantly occur, upon many occasions purposely resorted to, to instil a greater daring and dismiss reflection, in the commission of a foul deed." The resident clergyman at Auburn says again, in a report for the year 1833: "The number detained in this prison, at the present moment, is six hundred and eighty-three, of which, five hundred and eight, or nearly three fourths, may be classed as addicted to drunkenness; one hundred and fifty-six are more temperate, though still given to liquor, and only nineteen abstemious and sober." But, if drunkenness has so baneful an influence, what has not a dissolute and abandoned woman? Singular enough, there is hardly a criminal, in the course of whose life a bad woman has not played some conspicuous part, either in the shape of a faithless and unworthy wife, who has induced him to commit crime, sometimes merely with a view to satisfy extravagant inclinations; or, in that of an unnatural mother, who, by examples of levity, has planted the first seeds of

crime in the bosom of her young children. This, I am compelled to confess, is the general result of the experience of those who have studied the heart of a culprit, and is therefore subject to very little doubt.

The prison at Wethersfield, as I have already observed, is the smallest of all, and contains only about two hundred prisoners. The discipline here is not so severe as in the others, corporal punishments not being allowed. Nevertheless, delinquencies are not more frequent there than in places where the practice of flogging is adopted. The plan was made upon a very economical scale, and the yearly maintenance has so decreased in amount, that, instead of costing the State large sums, it yields a revenue, by no means inconsiderable, when the limited number of prisoners is taken into account. In the course of three years and a half, that is, from 1828 to 1831, it produced to the State no less a sum than seventeen thousand one hundred and thirty-nine dollars, fifty-three cents, after deducting all expences.

The prison at Auburn is larger, and contained, when I visited it, in the summer than seven hundred were women.

High walls surround this prison. Many complaints were heard on this account, and the resident clergyman informed me, that diseases among the women were eight or ten times as frequent as among the men; a circumstance by which he endeavoured to prove the injurious effect of every kind of confinement in the day-time, the former being kept constantly in doors, whereas the men work all day in the open air. This unjust treatment of the weaker sex, I am in hopes, will soon be remedied, by the erection of a new prison, exclusively for women. "To be a male prisoner in this prison," says the same clergyman in his report for 1833, "is tolerable; but to be a female prisoner for some time is worse than death." This expression, emanating from a credible and experienced man on the spot, speaks for itself.

I was so far favoured as to be admitted into this part of the building, and found the unfortunate beings in a situation very different from what I expected, judging from other parts of the prison. They were all assembled in a large room, and employed in various occupations. In no countenance could I read that tranquillity of mind, visible, in most cases, in that of the men; nor did they appear

very submissive to the newly established discipline. No noisy mirth, I admit, or astounding oath, met my ears; but there was an incessant whispering, and their significant looks evidently showed that they understood each other. In a word, much as I admired the prison of the men, I reject, as perfectly unfit, that of the women, and add, that if no alteration is made in the detention of the latter, no reform can be expected in that quarter; and the liberated female will re-appear in the world, not better, but considerably more demoralized, than when first apprehended.

The friends of the Philadelphia system again contend that no reform is practicable unless the prisoners are kept night and day in a state of solitude. Following this plan, a prison has been founded which, when ready, will resemble a sun, with rays diverging in every direction. The centre is composed of a rotunda, appropriated to a watch-room; from this run long corridors, possessing the strongest echo, so that every sound, however distant, may be heard from one end to the other. On each side are the cells, between which the walls are so thick, that all communication is impossible. Each cell is eight feet wide, twelve feet long, and sixteen feet high. It

has a free ventilation by an air conductor from the corridor, is provided with sufficient water, light, and heat, and is, besides, fire-proof. The bed of the prisoner is turned up in the day-time against the wall, so as not to take up too much room. Outside the cell is a yard, eight feet wide, and twenty feet long, surrounded by a high wall: the prisoner is there permitted to breathe fresh air, and enjoy the sight of the blue canopy of heaven. From the passage, through small openings, every thing may be seen that is passing in the cells, and a secret police is kept up without the slightest difficulty. The prisoner is never permitted to leave his cell or yard, till the period of his detention has expired. When divine service is performed, small shutters, fixed in the wall towards the passage, are removed; and, that the prisoners may not look at each other, a curtain is put up for the occasion, in the middle of the corridor, from one end to the other. The clergyman stands in the door of the watch-room, and directs his voice towards the prisoners: the echo of the vault carries every word distinctly to the most distant cell. In the year 1832, the number of prisoners was only ninety-two; but the new outbuildings, now under con-

struction, will soon allow space for one thousand criminals.

Few moments, according to the saying of the prisoners themselves, are more dreadful than the first entrance into this tomb-like cell, from which no release can be hoped for months or years. I was fortunate to obtain a sight of an offender, condemned to four years' imprisonment, at the moment of his introduction. His first look was that of curiosity, the next astonishment, the third horror. His arms crossed on his chest, he remained a long while immoveable; at last, as if roused from a lethargic dream, he looked round, and fixed his attention on the smallest trifle. But it was not long before every object had been surveyed. He still seemed to doubt the possibility of his detention. In vain did he rub his eyes: the walls were still there. A natural impulse drove him to the door, which he endeavoured to unlock: it could not be opened. He laid his hands on the walls, to find out of what materials they were composed: even these held out no hopes of escape. He looked towards the ceiling: this he could not reach. "Damn it!" exclaimed he, whilst beating his forehead wildly with both hands. He gnashed his teeth with fury,

and the froth of rage whitened his lips. At that moment nothing was sacred to him. Father, mother, mistress, friends, all could he now have despatched in cold blood. He forgot heaven and earth, and rent the air with imprecations and the language of hell. He scoffed contemptuously at religion, and threatened the whole world with vengeance. Work was offered him: he rejected it. The Bible, that great solace of the unfortunate and the unhappy, he shut with scorn, and wished it might be given to some godly old woman of sixty.

Let us return to the same individual six months afterwards. The first paroxysm of passion has subsided. Solitude, indeed, has calmed all the passions. He now threatens neither God nor man. His own conscience occupies him from morning till night. Despair makes him open the Bible: a new and true doctrine now speaks to his heart. From this moment he patiently submits to the discipline of the prison. His vindictiveness gradually changes into submission, and his wounded self-love is cured by a consciousness that nobody witnesses his punishment and dishonour. He knows that no fresh infliction awaits him, that no human being can upbraid him for transgres-

sions committed, or induce him to commit new ones. Solitude becomes at last pleasing, a result which he little anticipated, on entering a prison. Offer him the company of another condemned criminal; he will on his knees pray that he may be allowed to preserve his former seclusion. But, without occupation in his confined cell, how wearisome and insupportable would life be to him? Man is born for society: if all communication with living beings is cut off, he must be employed at something that fixes his attention. Among all the prisoners whom I examined on the subject, there was not one that did not speak of work with feelings of gratitude. "Sunday," said the very prisoner, whose history I have briefly endeavoured to relate, "is the only day which appears long to me: I have then no opportunity of working." Occupation gives a certain interest to the cell, which it did not possess before; it has, besides, the advantage of fatiguing the body, without depressing the mind. This individual, driven to the commission of one of the most atrocious crimes by thoughtlessness and indolence, now found, singularly enough, his only happiness in occupation. Indolence had excited in him a degree of abhorrence which, when once libe-

rated, will enable him to earn his bread in an honourable way. What prison can better advance the improvement of a culprit than that which imperceptibly teaches him to repent, to hope for a better life, to hate idleness, and to seek in religion his only consolation?

To induce a prisoner to reflect, undoubtedly the first step towards reformation, he should be alone. The Pennsylvania system, as I have before observed, says that solitude at night is not sufficient to answer the purpose, inasmuch as a man who is exhausted by the day's fatigue, when night comes, gives himself up to the solace of rest rather than to the seriousness of thought. A man who, in the course of the day, works with other prisoners, sees so many new objects around him, that, with the best inclination in the world, he cannot devote time to think of himself and his former crimes, or of the manner of reconciling them to his present life. Left, on the other hand, in solitude, night and day, he is obliged to think, the narrow cell offering no distraction, no food for his thoughts. Where a spider or a worm may form an epoch, there indeed is man left to his own reflections!

On common prisoners, such in particular as have hardly received any education, this uninterrupted solitude has, in general, had a still stronger influence. They have none of the resources of an enlightened mind, which can revert to the great productions of former days, to the politics of the present day, or to calculations for the future: they are continually reminded of the cause of their detention. On persons so disposed it is easy to make a favourable impression. If these precious moments are not lost, if the clergyman knows how to take advantage of them, no doubt can be entertained that the criminal may be reclaimed. The voice of religion, from the lips of the spiritual adviser, makes deeper impression, and causes greater emotion, in solitude than in the bustle of the world. His language, at once warning and encouraging, threatening and full of hope, penetrates the heart, like a voice from the other world. The captive not only views his own physical sufferings with resignation, but imbibes clearer ideas of God, of eternity, of future punishments and rewards. What seems particularly to operate upon a prisoner thus situated is the recollection of his family, his nearest relations. The name alone of a de-

serted wife, an aged father, a sickly child, shakes his nerves. "Tell me only that my wife and son do not curse me," said one of these prisoners, "and I will cheerfully submit to my fate!"

It has often been affirmed that solitude entails the most injurious effect on the health of prisoners. This is an unreasonable assertion, completely refuted by experience. When I visited the prison in Philadelphia, none of the inmates had a sickly look: I do not mean to say that they had the freshness of health, but their faces did not bear the yellow tinge so common in other prisons. Medical men even asserted that their health was better than when they entered the prison. The most common cases were colds, dysenteries, and consumptions. During the prevalence of the cholera in the city, not a single case occurred here. Nor was insanity more frequent than among the same number of men in the enjoyment of liberty. From the establishment of this prison, down to the end of 1833, the average mortality may be calculated at less than five per cent. Which of these two systems is then the more conducive to usefulness and to the ends proposed by the community?

The Philadelphia system guarantees the impossibility of contamination by contact.

The Auburn system depends in this respect on the attention of the overseers.

Philadelphia produces the strongest impression on the prisoners, and, consequently, a greater reform than

Auburn, which, however, forms them more for social life.

Philadelphia leaves the prisoners in perfect ignorance as to their comrades in misfortune.

Auburn only prevents their verbal intercourse. On recovering their liberty, it is natural that their former sufferings should make them contract intimacies, for the purpose of committing new crimes.

Philadelphia has not yet opened its doors a second time to a single prisoner, after the expiration of his first detention. Hence it may be inferred, either that a complete reform has been effected, or, what is more probable, that the prison inspires such horror that it deters him from fresh trespasses.

Auburn cannot show the same favourable result. At this prison, the proportion of prisoners condemned for the second time to those composing the aggregate of inmates

was, from the year 1824 to 1831, as one to nineteen.

Philadelphia is more expensive than its rival, and must ever cost more than

Auburn. Here it is necessary to remark that the prison built in Philadelphia was more expensive than necessary. Experience has shown that a great saving may be effected.

Philadelphia ought to pay as well as Auburn: I cannot see any reason why work done in solitude should not be as lucrative to the institution as that executed in a common workshop. It would, undoubtedly, require some time before the prison could maintain itself without assistance from the State, though, according to the report of the overseer, this desirable result has already been attained. Hence it may be hoped that it may one day, like prisons following the Auburn system, have a surplus revenue.

Auburn has hitherto paid better than Philadelphia. Prisons adopting this plan have not only maintained themselves, but have exhibited the singular result of a considerable surplus accruing to the State. This is the case at Auburn, Wethersfield, Baltimore, &c.

The Philadelphia system is, therefore, in my opinion, more radical in its effect, better in its execution, and deserving in every respect the preference to the other, if sufficient funds are found to act upon it at the first foundation of the prison.

CHAPTER VIII.

Enfin, qu' est votre chef?
PASSEVAL.

THE person of the President of the United States is not more sacred than that of any other private individual. The Constitution provides no farther protection for him than it affords to the meanest citizen in the Republic. For a provocation or insult, he has no remedy but that which is open to every one—the tribunal of the country. A singular circumstance, applicable to what I have been saying, happened in the course of the present spring. General Jackson had deemed it consistent with his duty to strike out of the rolls of the Navy the name of an officer for an alleged neglect of duty in the service. Whilst proceeding on a journey to Fredericksburg in Virginia, whither he had been invited for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone for a monument in honour of Washing-

ton's mother, he was grossly insulted at Alexandria, in the cabin of the steamboat which stopped there for a few minutes, and struck in the face by the aggrieved lieutenant, who had previously determined to be avenged, in the best manner he could, for what he conceived to be a gross injury. The President, although advanced in years, placed himself in an attitude of defence, and intended to inflict on the bold aggressor a summary chastisement with his own cane. During the confusion incidental in such a scene, the lieutenant effected his escape, and fled across the boundary line into Virginia. He was afterwards arraigned before the tribunal in the same State, for having committed an assault upon the first magistrate of the Republic, and sentenced to a short imprisonment; here the matter rested, and nothing more was heard of it. The suit was between General Jackson, not President Jackson, and the accused, consequently, between two individuals, who had to abide by the decision of the court. Whether the aggressor had been justly or unjustly dealt with by the President, it was, nevertheless, unwarrantable and disgraceful for a man of honour to resort to personal violence towards a man of the President's advanced years.

Scarcely had he returned from this excursion, when General Jackson determined to undertake his famous tour through the Northern and Eastern States. I have little doubt that this plan was mixed up with political considerations, and that its object was, in part, to uphold the courage of his friends, and if possible to lessen the number of his enemies, at the ensuing elections. Several towns through which he passed arrayed themselves on the side of opposition: notwithstanding this declaration, they received the distinguished guest with every demonstration of outward respect. In Boston, for instance, where his measures were condemned by the majority of the citizens, his reception was such as to preclude the inference of a general dislike to his policy. Persons, who had upon all occasions been his most inveterate opponents, and who had never ceased to counteract his wishes, placed themselves foremost in the ranks of those who offered General Jackson their congratulations on his arrival. It was not to the man, but to the President of the United States, that they wished to show attention; and upon this principle they neglected nothing which could possibly enhance the splendour and *éclat* of his reception. In New York,

nearly half its population assembled on the occasion at the Battery and at Castle Garden; and the crowd in the streets was beyond all precedent. It certainly is not going beyond the limits of truth to state, that the number of those who received him could not be less than one hundred thousand; I even heard them computed at a still greater number. He came on that day from Philadelphia, and landed from the steamboat at Castle Garden, where the authorities of the city paid their respects to the distinguished visiter. Here he mounted on horseback, proceeded to the Battery, received a number of militia, and continued his route to the place of residence assigned to him, amidst a mass of people, whose continual huzzas and waving of handkerchiefs sufficiently indicated the joy and satisfaction they derived from the presence of their chief magistrate in New York. In passing the bridge, connecting Castle Garden with the Battery, he however, had well nigh terminated his glorious career. Hardly had his horse quitted it, before one end of this decayed structure gave way, and fell into the water, with the whole weight of a dense mass of people, which followed close behind the President.

Curiosity had also led me to the spot, in company with a few friends, to witness the landing; as the crowd, every moment on the increase, precluded the possibility of a retreat, we were obliged to remain on the bridge till it had somewhat dispersed. At this moment, part of it, with a small gate adjoining, gave way, and precipitated all those on it and on the roof into the water. Hundreds took a comfortable cold bath in honour of the festivity: others, less fortunate, stuck fast in the mud, and looked at each other with woeful countenances. The sight was at once laughable and melancholy. The fright was, however, greater than the danger, the water being low and the bottom consisting of soft mud, as was clearly shown by the garments of those who had just emerged from it. A few corpulent individuals suffered most, and were dreadfully squeezed by the crowd. In front of us stood several persons, labouring under this disadvantage, who, when they once felt their feet slipping, could not possibly be checked before they had reached the bottom: this incident, coupled with an opportune retreat of a few yards from the spot, a second or two before the accident occurred, saved us from participating in the aquatic experiment.

None perished, or received any injury: a few hats were swimming in the bay, and numbers of coats had to be sent to the tailors for immediate repairs, being torn in various places.

After having feasted a few days at New York, shaken hands with thousands of citizens, given audience to the ladies of the city, received presents from the authorities and private individuals*, the President started for Boston, where he met with the same cordial reception, although he could not, among the whole population, calculate upon more than one-sixth as his political friends.

At Roxburgh, not far from Boston, a triumphal arch had been erected, on which was the following inscription: "The Union must be preserved," which alluded to an expression used by General Jackson the winter before, when the principles of Nullification threatened a dissolution of the States. The President was delighted on reading this inscription, and exclaimed, in a tone which characterized his determined disposition, "It shall be preserved, as long as there is a nerve in this arm."

In Boston itself, he was received by all the authorities, and proceeded in an open landau

* ...thorities of the city presented him with a beautiful sad-
... tailor, with a new black suit, &c.

through the ranks of several thousand well-dressed children of both sexes. Further on, he passed all the Engine Companies, with their colours and other insignia displayed; and, finally, through the ranks of several militia regiments, some of whom had no uniforms, and were known to be soldiers only by their carrying muskets on their shoulders, and cartouch-boxes at their backs.

Independently of reviews, breakfasts, suppers, and entertainments of different kinds, at which the President was obliged to drink wine with any one who chose to solicit the honour, he was completely fatigued by continual presentations, at which custom required him to shake hands with every one.

This, coupled with various attacks of colds, attributable to his exposing his bare head to rain, operated so seriously on the health of the veteran, that, instead of continuing his journey, as he intended, through all the Northern and Eastern States, he was obliged, at Concord, in New Hampshire, to retrace his steps towards Washington.

During the greater part of this journey, he was accompanied by the Vice-President, and one of the Secretaries of State; but as both, particularly the first, were no favourites with

the people of Boston, they thought it expedient to keep in the back-ground, and only appeared under the shade of the President.

Shortly after the arrival of General Jackson at New York, came also the celebrated Indian Chief, Black Hawk, who, captured during the war of 1832, in the Western States, had, together with the Prophet and their full-grown sons, been sent, first to St. Louis, and afterwards to a fort not far from Washington. They had now been restored to liberty, and, accompanied by an interpreter, they at length obtained leave to return to their wives, children, and home, on the other side of the Mississippi.

Black Hawk himself was an elderly man, with a bald head and serene look. His son appeared to me the *beau ideal* of human strength; and, although rather fat, possessed all those advantages of person so well calculated to subdue even the coldest female heart. The Prophet, again, had in his looks and manners a stoical dignity, which he never failed to support. It was not difficult to discover that this man had devoted part of his life to thoughts of more depth than those that generally engage the minds of Indian warriors. In him, as well as in the countenance

of his son, I thought that I could discover a certain secret savage disposition to spill human blood.

These Indians happened to arrive at New York at the very time that a bold aëronaut, of the name of Durant, made an ascent in a balloon. Of all they had seen in the United States, nothing made a deeper impression on them than this aërial voyage. The great crowd assembled upon the occasion, the handsome buildings, the splendid equipages, most undoubtedly had struck them: perhaps they might even have fallen in love with some of the many fair *squaws*, who, from motives of curiosity, daily visited them during their stay in New York, and who, as the Indians conceived, were desirous to marry them. But the aëronaut was always uppermost in their admiration; they looked upon him as a sorcerer, and never mentioned the name of the Great Warrior, for so they styled him, but with the deepest veneration. Probably, in the account given by them to their children of what they have seen, he plays as great a part as the father himself at Washington.

About this time, in the beginning of the summer, I undertook a short excursion to Newport and Plymouth.

Newport is situated in the State of Rhode Island, not far from the spot where the same river which runs through Providence discharges itself into the sea. The town has an ugly and old-fashioned appearance, and the houses seem so indifferent that one might almost imagine them to have been collected from the refuse of all parts of the New England States. The inhabitants subsist almost exclusively by shipping, which is not inconsiderable. In summer, this place is much frequented by strangers, attracted by the excellent sea-bathing. For my part, it would be the last spot I should select for a summer residence, having nothing inviting, either within or without the town. This is an additional evidence of the singularity of taste prevalent in America, which induces people to spend the summer not in the country, but in a petty town, for the purpose of enjoying the pleasures of a winter's social life, in preference to inhaling salubrious country air. I felt anxious to see the curiosities of the city, and was at once shown two places situated outside the town of Newport, known by the names Purgatory and Paradise, and which, according to what I was told, formed the sum total of what the city had to boast. My readers, I

presume, are as anxious as I was to become acquainted with two places so interesting. Let us perform a pilgrimage together.

Along the sea-shore is a steep rock, in which a cleft has been formed, equally narrow and dark. The sea penetrates to the inmost recesses of the aperture, and recedes with noise from the opening, where the froth of agitated waves rises like a white column. In the upper part of this cleft, a few birds had formed a settlement, and hovered restlessly to and fro in the dark pit. This was Purgatory. A little further on, at the foot of a mountain, is a grove, on one side inclosed by an ugly and miserable hedge. Under the shade of trees, a few fat cows were seen feeding; and not far from them slumbered on the grass, pleasant to behold, a damsel who, to judge from the empty pail standing by her side, must have repaired to the spot for the purpose of milking the said cows; but, probably struck with the beauty of the place, had fallen into a profound sleep. This was Paradise.

Satisfied with a hasty peep into the dark recesses of Purgatory, and with enjoying as much as I could of the felicity of Paradise, I proceeded by land from Newport to Plymouth,

in Massachusetts. The country presented no peculiar feature worth mentioning, and the road was extremely sandy. Near Newport, fish-bones and fish-skins were used as manure for the fields, by which a most offensive stench was diffused all over the neighbourhood. I was assured that it was not injurious to health. This point I do not mean to contest; at all events it was extremely disagreeable, and took away all the balmy fragrance of country air.

On leaving Newport, I was accompanied in the stage by only three individuals, which number was not increased till we were half way to Plymouth, when we were joined by four elderly men, just returning from a wedding, where they had been partaking of all the amusements usual upon such occasions. They appeared to me regular bacchanalians, and to have done ample justice to both wine and punch; but my travelling companions, who happened to be distinguished promoters of the Temperance Societies in New York, did not at first perceive their state. Not a word was uttered in the coach for a long while; the four new-comers diverted themselves with looking at those who were previously in the coach. They must have become

pretty well tired with this examination, for, all at once, they pulled out of their pockets a few dozen biscuits, pieces of bread, and tarts, which they attacked most voraciously. But the critical moment came at last: out of their coat-pockets peeped modestly the necks of a couple of well-filled bottles. The promoters of the New York Temperance Societies turned pale at the sight. They had previously, with the patience of Job, allowed the hungry travellers peaceably to consume their dry provisions, and tamely submitted to a profusion of crumbs carelessly sprinkled over all present. But when they saw the bottles making their appearance, and detected the odour of whisky-punch, so repulsive to a member of a Temperance Society, they shrank back with horror, and gazed at each other, as if to consult what measures were proper to be adopted on this emergency. One of them, who shortly before, in a dissertation, which lasted four long miles, had, as he thought, eloquently treated of "the beneficial influence of water on the human frame," at length took courage, and thus addressed the drinking party: "Temperance Societies, I presume, have few advocates in the neighbourhood of the place where you reside, gentlemen?" "Fudge on

your Temperance Societies!" exclaimed one of the opponents, with the bottle to his mouth. "They have already done harm enough in this world. Of late years, people have actually been as if smitten with a mania for drinking water; and what is the consequence? That they died like horse-flies the moment the cholera made its appearance." "As for me," rejoined another, "they have totally ruined me: my rum-distillery is nearly knocked up, and if we do not soon find some remedy for this distemper, all the distilleries in the New England States will, upon my honour, be shut up, and what will then become of us? Neither the people nor the Government can do without them." "Europeans who have visited this country," observed a third, "make it a point to state in their travels how extremely thin and dry we Americans are in general, and wonder why our faces are so long and withered! How can it be otherwise, when people drink nothing but water! Think of that, nothing but water!" The champion of Temperance had, in the mean time, collected a store of arguments in support of water-drinking and abstinence; and I could easily read in his eyes a certain impatience to defend his cause. To judge by his anxiety, he must in-

deed have prepared one of the most eloquent orations on this interesting subject; for, when the last speaker had concluded, his countenance cleared up, and a kind of confident smile graced his lips, as if certain of victory beforehand. At this moment, the fourth of the wedding party finished the bottle, exclaiming, whilst throwing the empty vessel into a ditch close to the road, in a tone of voice capable of deterring the boldest arm: "As true as I am sitting here, I will drown the first Temperance friend I get hold of in a tub of brandy!" A gesture, suitable to the expression, followed this solemn assurance. The friend and champion of water was staggered. He by no means relished this vow made to Bacchus, wisely conformed to circumstances, and continued silent. The laboured speech which was ready to burst from his lips remained undelivered, or was reserved at least for a more favourable opportunity, when it will no doubt appear pregnant with irresistible arguments.

The conversation was here suddenly cut short; every one resumed his former silence; and the coach rolled on without interruption, until we arrived at the old town of Plymouth.

This place, which recalls to memory so many remarkable events in American history, stands on the sea-shore, at the foot of an eminence. The harbour is large, and would be one of the best in the United States if it were deeper. It is formed by a projecting point of land opposite to the town, which stretches into the sea in the form of a semicircle. In the opening, appear several islands, of which one is called Clarke's Island, because a man of that name, one of the pilgrims, was the first who set foot on this shore. On this island the pilgrims passed the Sunday before they landed on the American territory, which they did the following day, on a rock now for the most part covered by a store-house. These English emigrants, whose only objects were the free exercise of their religion and a peaceable home, landed on the 22d December, 1620.

Wild was the day, the wintry sea
  Moaned sadly on New England's strand,
When first the thoughtful and the free,
  Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
  With years, should gather round that day;
How love should keep their memories bright,
  How wide a realm their sons should sway.*

* Bryant's Poems, p. 204.

On an eminence above the town is a cemetery, where the remains of some of the first inhabitants are interred. Numerous gravestones are scattered over this ground: on one of them was sitting, or rather reclining, an elderly well-dressed man, whose eyes appeared to be fixed on the fine harbour and the small island at a distance. The sound of my steps roused him from his deep meditations: he seemed to be almost offended at being disturbed. The beautiful view, and the fineness of a moonlight evening, gave me as much inclination as himself to enjoy both. I sat down in silence on one of the grave-stones at his side, and examined with interest the green moss which here and there covered them, and hid the names of those who reposed beneath. Sir Thomas Browne's celebrated dissertation called "Hydriotaphia" now presented itself to my imagination. How true did the ideas of this profound philosopher appear to me! "Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years," says he, in one part of the said work; "generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Gruter; to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names; to be studied by antiqua-

ries, who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages."

An affinity of thoughts and purposes brought me at length in closer contact with the elderly man. His conversation bore the stamp of learning, and the language which fell from his lips was eloquent in the true acceptation of the word. With peculiar delight he seemed to dwell on those events which had given to Plymouth a place in history, and spoke, with real enthusiasm, of several traits in the life of the Indians, with whom the first colonists had to fight for possession. His description of the progress of the colony, and the consequences which have resulted from it, were in the highest degree interesting: I have since often regretted that I could not retain every word in my memory. From former times, he came at last to the present; and concluded his narrative with a few short and poetical reflections respecting the cemetery, the moonlight, the stillness of night, and the prospect before us. "Look around you," exclaimed he, in an elevated voice; "here lies a world of men!" At the conclusion of these words, he rose; and, pursuing his way among

the tombs, his shadow soon disappeared from my sight.

From Plymouth I proceeded to Boston, and thence again to Lowell, distant twenty-six miles from the latter city. A canal has, for some years, been employed for the transport of goods between Boston and Lowell; but a private company is now occupied in constructing a railroad in the same direction, which will further facilitate the communication.

Lowell is situated at the junction of the Rivers Merrimack and Concord, the banks of which are extremely interesting to the eye. The town, which twenty years ago could only boast of one hut, has now, according to a late census, a population of twelve thousand three hundred and sixty-three. It has already assumed the appearance of a large town, contains several fine and wide streets, and is particularly embellished by a number of extensive factories, of which nineteen were in full activity. The prosperity of Lowell is, in a great measure, attributable to the encouragement given in later times to home manufactures; and this place was particularly favoured by the circumstance that the soil in the New England States is generally so poor that it neither can support its population, nor

hold out to capitalists sufficient inducement to invest their property in that branch of industry. The number of factories is on the increase every year. All are carried on by water power from the two streams, the falls of which are calculated at about thirty feet.

The whole amount of capital already invested in these manufactories is about six millions of dollars, of which the Merrimack Company alone has embarked one million and a half. The buildings are about one hundred and fifty feet long, by forty-five in width, and five stories high. The number of looms is more than three thousand. Of cotton no less than eight millions of pounds, or twenty thousand bales, are annually worked up: the manufactured goods amount to twenty-seven millions of yards. Five thousand persons, one thousand two hundred males, and three thousand eight hundred females, are employed at the different manufactories, and receive yearly for their labour the considerable sum of one million two hundred thousand dollars. Several of these manufactories have yielded to the shareholders dividends of from sixteen to twenty per cent.

Not only are cotton stuffs manufactured here, but carpets and fine cloths are also

made, in which five hundred thousand pounds of wool are used in a year. Many of these carpets, as far at least as richness of colour is concerned, vie with those manufactured at Brussels. It is presumed that, in the course of time, this place will be able to supply the whole country with these articles of luxury.

At the cotton factories the work is chiefly performed by young girls. The Merrimack Company employs no fewer than one thousand two hundred, the cleverest of whom earn as much as three dollars and a half a week. They board and lodge in the neighbourhood at the rate of one dollar and a quarter a week, and have thus a handsome surplus, which they deposit in the Savings' Bank. It not unfrequently happens that these girls, by industry, save so much as to be able to discharge the debts of an unfortunate parent, or to redeem a small property, which, by the mismanagement of relatives, has been mortgaged or offered for sale. The greater part are farmers' daughters in the neighbourhood, and they have nearly all received the first rudiments of a simple education. None of them look unhealthy, but, on the other hand, they cannot be said to have much colour on their cheeks. Their morals are unexceptionable:

they are even so particular in regard to each other's conduct, that, if any of them should be suspected of an act of frailty, she is compelled by the others to leave the place. The manager of one of these factories assured me that the police established among themselves is so severe, that, when several years ago, a young woman, whose previous life had been objectionable, was admitted into the factory, they unanimously insisted on her expulsion. It was of no use to tell them that the accused now conducted herself with propriety : it was enough that she had once been frail. She was accordingly discharged, to prevent the possibility of a revolution in this republic of women.

When the President visited Lowell about this period, he was received with great pomp by the factory girls, who determined to hail his arrival in a distinguished manner. Dressed in white, with coloured sashes and bare heads, and provided with parasols, they went in procession to meet him, preceded by their respective ensign-bearers. The sight must indeed have been singular and imposing. The President no doubt felt proud of such a reception, for it is not the good fortune of every ruler to pass through a line of young girls a mile

in length. Each of these Lowell belles advanced five dollars towards the formation of a general fund for buying articles requisite to enhance the splendour of the ceremony. In Boston, as well as in York, sashes and parasols of every possible colour were eagerly bought up, so that the ladies complained bitterly for two months afterwards of being left destitute of these necessary attributes of costume.

On my return to New York, I found the whole city in a state of uproar bordering on confusion, on account of the celebration of the 4th of July. All offices and shops were closed, and the lower classes of people seemed disposed to have a frolic. The militia paraded the streets, to the great gratification of the curious; and the discharge of crackers and of different species of fire-arms filled the whole atmosphere with smoke. Quarrelling, fighting, and a few accidents, were to be expected from a crowd left to its own discretion, and determined to enjoy this, almost the only national festivity in America. In justice, however, it should be stated that, taking the whole mass together, they behaved very peaceably.

The following day was celebrated by the

Negroes, being the anniversary of their emancipation in the State of New York. A procession of Blacks, accompanied by a band of music, passed through the principal streets. On the flanks of this procession, rode Negroes dressed in white, with epaulettes, sword, and cocked hat. The whole was a perfect farce. The evening concluded with a grand ball, exclusively patronised by the sable population.

CHAPTER IX.

La plupart des grandes découvertes ont commencé par paroitre absurdes, et l'homme de génie ne fera jamais rien s'il a peur des plaisanteries.

DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

IT was a fine summer's day when I again quitted New York, to commence my journey through the northern and western parts of the State, and at the same time to visit the English possessions in Canada. The sun was scorching, but refreshing westerly winds cooled the air, and made the trip up the beautiful Hudson one of the most agreeable I had taken during my residence in America. Never did the naked walls of Palisades appear to me so high and perpendicular; never had I seen the sloping banks so rich and luxuriant, covered as they were with thick woods and verdant fields; never had the highlands appeared so imposing. The stream was enlivened by innumerable sloops, boats,

and vessels, and steamers passed each other in rapid succession; every thing breathed life, and joy, and summer.

The river has a very different appearance beyond the small town of Hudson up to Albany, from that which it exhibits southward of that place. The banks seem almost to invade the mighty stream; islands, shoals, and heaps of stones, have done their utmost to arrest the progress of the water. The country on both sides is plain and highly cultivated. Cottages and country-seats were seen in every direction.

After a trip of eleven hours, I arrived at Albany, a distance of one hundred and forty-five English miles: I have been assured that it has been performed in ten, averaging about fourteen miles and a half an hour. Could I but one day be permitted to awake Fulton from his slumber, and show him what steamers now navigate the Hudson, how astonished would he be! How incredulously would he shake his head, on being told that a steamboat may at present perform a distance of one hundred and forty-five miles in the short period of ten hours, including stoppages! He would still recollect the day, when weeks, yea, months, were required for this journey;

and even after his application of steam as a propelling power for boats, it took as many days as now hours to proceed from New York to Albany. The following anecdote shows what extraordinary improvements have been made on steam-engines since Fulton's time.

When steamboats, contrary to the opinion of reasonable and unreasonable persons, were found, to the great satisfaction of Fulton, to answer the purpose, the general ridicule at first bestowed on the invention was suddenly changed into the warmest enthusiasm. Several steamboats were put in motion on the river, and competition followed in those times as well as in ours. One of the steamers is stated to have one night encountered a real London fog (who has not heard of a November fog in London?) The captain discerned, however, in the dark, a dim light, which made him come to the natural conclusion that it proceeded from another steamboat. He looked at it stedfastly for a long time; at length he thought it neared him; and, convinced that it was in reality another steamboat, wishing to run a race with his, he encouraged his men to increase the fires and raise the steam. Anxious as to the result, he could not be per-

suaded to retire to rest for a moment: he narrowly watched the light, which at times appeared to gain upon him, and again seemed to be distanced, and when the former was the case, he was heard addressing the engineers: "Go on, boys! don't spare fuel! more steam!" At length morning arrived, and the fog began gradually to disperse. The impatience of the captain may easily be imagined to look his antagonist in the face, and by a single glance to crush his audacity at once. He was so agitated, that he could not remain stationary for a moment, but ran up and down deck, now standing on tiptoe, then stooping to look through some aperture between the dispersing vapours. With a tremendous oath in his mouth, he was ready to launch execrations at his competitor; fire and flame issued from his sharp eyes. "He will overtake us! He is close upon us!" resounded from several of the spectators. The sailors ran from stem to stern, and back again. The furnaces were filled with more fuel than prudence dictated for the safety of the boilers. The paddles went round with more velocity than the wheels of a French stage going up hill. Confusion and perplexity reigned on board. One would almost have

believed that a privateer was in sight. But, instead of a strange vessel or any antagonist, what was visible when the fog dispersed? The light, which in the dark had been supposed to proceed from another steamboat, and had caused so much uneasiness, was only a lantern on shore. So weak was the power as yet on board steamers, that it was a hard task to maintain the same position against the current, and not to lose ground!

Albany is the capital of the State of New York, and looks upon itself as the first city, although, in point of wealth, population, and commerce, it has but a secondary rank. Next to Jamestown, in Virginia, it is the oldest city in the Union, and dates its origin from 1612. The Dutch, who first settled here, could scarcely have selected the spot on account of the fertility of the soil, which in this neighbourhood consists chiefly of sand. Their plan was to have a point suitable for trade with the Indians, and a better selection they could scarcely have made. Albany has, at all times, been a thriving place; and even at this day, although obliged to yield the palm to New York, as the first in the State, it still retains with pride recollections of its antiquity, and boasts also of its wealth,

which would have appeared to greater advantage had the situation been more distant from New York, a city that carries every thing before it. Its locality, close to the Hudson, and at the mouth of the Erie Canal, as well as at the beginning of the railroad between Mohawk and Hudson, renders it one of the most important places in the Northern States. Very large sums are in consequence circulated in the town: the produce of the West and East, as well as goods from Europe, pay a transit duty, which is not inconsiderable when we take into account the immense tract of land situated west of it, that must send and receive every thing through this city. When to this is added the facility afforded by the canal and the railroad to the transport of goods, it cannot be matter of wonder that Albany should be in a thriving condition.

The appearance of the city fully confirms its flourishing state. While shops of every kind meet the eye, and the bustle characteristic of Americans is perceptible every where, parts of the city are found, which remind you of some of the finest towns in Europe. That street, in particular, which goes by the name of State Street, and ascends

a hill not far from the river up to the Capitol, a building not destitute of taste, where the Legislature, as well as the Tribunals, hold their sittings, is wider than any street I have seen in America, and produces a very striking effect. Of all the buildings, however, the City Hall is the handsomest: it is upon the same elevation as the Capitol, on one side of a square, to which a third edifice, the Academy, forms another ornament. It is built of white marble, and has a dome, which, like St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's in London, is visible at a great distance.

Albany still possesses many of the old families: that of Van Rensselaer, for instance, traces back its ancestry to a period anterior to the foundation of the city; and to this day a respectable member of it retains the title of Patroon, an old Dutch word, equivalent to our "master." This distinction, however, has produced this effect, that the *ton* of the inhabitants is more aristocratic, and their manners are more addicted to ceremony and etiquette, than in any other parts of the country. I often fancied that I recognised those stiff yet venerable personages, so happily described by Washington Irving in Knickerbocker's History of New York: and

I really met an individual so completely answering the description of a fat, substantial, smoking, and half-sleeping Dutch settler, that I could not help bursting out into a most hearty fit of laughter.

From Albany I proceeded to Saratoga springs, a distance of about thirty-six miles and a half, performed on the railroad in little more than three hours. This railroad belongs to two companies: one called The Mohawk and Hudson Company, the other The Saratoga and Schenectady Company, both formed since 1830. The first, whose object is to unite the two rivers, had many difficulties to surmount, and has embarked a very large capital in the undertaking; but, notwithstanding this, the shares were a great deal above par. Although the Erie Canal goes as far as the Hudson, with which it forms a junction at Albany, still the communication by the railroad between this city and Schenectady is so active, that the cars, generally loaded, run almost every hour of the day. In a few years, when railroads will be made from Saratoga to Whitehall, on Lake Champlain, this [illegible] probably be the most frequented route to [illegible]nd, in a country where travelling [illegible]rogue, these companies may

fondly anticipate success from future operations.

In no country in the world are there so many railroads as in America; their number is daily increasing to such a degree, that, within the ordinary period of a man's life, they will be more numerous than in all other parts of the globe put together. Since my arrival in the country, I have counted at least a dozen which have been partly begun, partly opened for conveyance, not one less than fifteen miles in length, and the greater part exceeding fifty miles. Large sums have thus been invested by private capitalists for promoting the public good; and although here, as in other places, the expences generally exceed the original estimate by fifty per cent., yet speculators are always ready to take shares. It seldom happens that a company cannot be formed for want of subscribers: I found that, in most cases, shares were taken in a shorter period than we in Europe take to consider, or to sign our names. This does not exclusively apply to railroads, but also to banks, canals, and all possible undertakings. Money is generally so abundant, that most proposals are listened to with a view to make a profit. In this manner have the United States, within a

few years, derived more internal improvements from the speculations of private individuals, than if the whole had been left to Government. It is almost incredible, yet true, that when the railroads between Boston and Providence, and Baltimore and Washington, are finished, which will not take many months, one may travel from Maine to Virginia by steam, that is, by steamboats and steam carriages, a distance of above seven hundred miles, in sixty-five or sixty-seven hours. Many of the present generation will perhaps live to see the day when railroads will be made from Virginia, through North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, to New Orleans, thus uniting Maine and Louisiana.

Government never interferes in private undertakings of this kind, which are open to every one. When a company is formed, it only makes an application to the Legislature of the State in which the enterprise is to be carried into effect. If it is considered useful by the members of both Houses, or at least not prejudicial to the public, permission is granted, and an a t passed incorporating the

now no impediments

ıy land wherever

› rate. Rail-

roads and canals often traverse orchards and parks belonging to wealthy individuals, who dare not resist, because "the public benefits by it," and patriotism requires that private convenience should give way to the public good.

Many complaints have arisen on account of the privilege thus granted to private persons to tax travellers; but this prerogative is seldom abused. If that should happen to be the case, the abuse cannot last long; for another company soon starts in opposition, and the consequence is, that one or both generally fail. At all events, the public is always benefited by the competition; even if both can be supported, prices are lowered, otherwise the company which charges the least is patronized, the other is abandoned to its fate, and dies a natural death. In no country have I seen the spirit of competition carried so far as in America. I remember once travelling one hundred miles in a stage for one dollar, whereas the expence was generally seven dollars. Upon another occasion, I took a trip of forty-four English miles by a steamboat for twelve cents and a half, and was thanked by the captain into the bargain: the usual charge was one dollar and a half.

The railroads, which were partly finished, partly in progress at the time when I visited

the United States, were as follows. I have marked the length of them, to show the immense distance that each of them traverses, or will have to pass:

	Miles.
Baltimore and Ohio (from Baltimore to Pittsburg)	250
Massachusetts (from Boston to Albany)	200
Catskill to Ithaca (State of New York)	167
Charleston to Hamburg (South Carolina)	135
Boston and Brattleboro (Massachusetts and Vermont)	114
Albany and New York	160
Columbia and Philadelphia (from Philadelphia to York, Pennsylvania)	96
Lexington and Ohio (from Lexington to Cincinnati)	75
Camden and Amboy (New Jersey)	60
Baltimore and Susquehanna (Maryland)	48
Boston and Providence (Massachusetts and Rhode Island)	43
Trenton and Philadelphia about	30
Providence and Stonington	70
Baltimore and Washington	38
Hollidaysburg and Johnstown (Pennsylvania)	37
Ithaca and Oswego (New York)	28
Hudson and Berkshire (New York and Massachusetts)	25
Elizabeth and Somerville (New Jersey)	25
Boston and Lowell (Massachusetts) about	24
Schenectady and Saratoga (New York)	21½
Mohawk and Hudson (New York)	15
Lackawaxen (from Honesdale to Carbondale, Pennsylvania)	17
Frenchtown to Newcastle (Delaware and Maryland)	16
Philadelphia and Norristown (Pennsylvania)	15
Richmond and Chesterfield (Virginia)	12
Manch Chunck (Pennsylvania)	9
Haerlem (from New York to Haerlem)	8
Quincy (from Boston to Quincy)	6
New Orleans (from Lake Pontchartrain to New Orleans)	5½

The extent of all these railroads forms an aggregate of one thousand seven hundred and

fifty miles. Ten years hence, this amount of miles will probably be doubled or trebled, so that scarcely any other roads will be used than those on which steam carriages may travel.

But let us return to the railroad between Albany and Schenectady. It commences in the middle of the city, close to the Hudson River, and ascends the eminence on which the Capitol stands, with an inclination of one foot in eighteen, until you reach the summit, which is one hundred and eighty-five feet above the level of the water. The gradual descent continues afterwards for several miles, but only in the proportion of one in two hundred and twenty-five feet; and, after having ascended subsequently, almost imperceptibly, you arrive at last at the elevation near Schenectady, three hundred and thirty-five feet above the Hudson.

The country, hitherto destitute of interest, excepting what it derives now and then from a well cultivated farm, and exhibiting only deserts of sand, now assumed a different appearance. The most smiling landscape presented itself to the eye: the immense Erie Canal wound through luxuriant prairies, fields, and groves, and boats were drawn in

rapid succession by trotting horses on each side. Schenectady, with its University, Union College (annually attended by about two hundred students), and the beautiful and wide Mohawk River, which runs through the town, contributed not a little to enhance the beauty of the picture. At a distance, enveloped in a dark mist, appeared a chain of mountains, which, if I mistake not, was called Heidelberg, but is in fact only a continuation of the Catskill Mountains. The declivity from this elevation to the canal is about one hundred and fifteen feet, and very steep, so that it would be impossible to descend without the assistance of some counterbalance, checking the velocity of the carriage. This has been provided for by the agency of a steam-engine, which sets in motion a horizontal wheel, round which runs a strong rope. One end of this rope was fastened to our coach, and the other again to a waggon filled with stones, which ran on a railroad close to that on which we were travelling. The ropes ran on iron pulleys, placed in the middle of the roads at certain distances from each other. As soon as the engine was put in motion, our coach took a sudden start down the steep railroad, although not propelled either by horses or by

steam, without driver or engineer. We met half way the solitary waggon, loaded with stone, which ascended the hill with the same velocity that we descended; and our coach, when arrived at the foot of the elevation, stopped immediately. We were then in Schenectady.

Without making any stay, I moved at once from one coach to another, and set off on the just-finished railroad to Saratoga. The country through which it passes consists almost exclusively of sand, which renders this trip less pleasant and varied than the former; but, although five miles longer than that from Albany to Schenectady, it cost the company less than the other. According to statements shown to me, the Mohawk and Hudson railroad is said to have cost not less than from eight to nine hundred thousand dollars; whereas, that to Saratoga was completed at an expence not exceeding two hundred and seventy thousand dollars. The shares of the former were, nevertheless, lower than those of the latter. In the course of the three summer months, June, July, and August, no fewer than thirty thousand five hundred and sixty-five persons travelled on the railroad between Saratoga and Schenectady.

About six miles from Saratoga is Ballston Spa, a village, like Saratoga, known only for the properties of its waters, which are highly beneficial in many complaints. The place itself has nothing attractive, but is in my opinion far superior to Saratoga. The environs of both places consist of nothing but plains and hills of sand, producing a scanty crop between dark pine trees, the only productions of the vegetable kingdom which appeared to thrive in that soil. Saratoga has, nevertheless, on account of the preference and patronage given to it by the capricious goddess Fashion, acquired such celebrity, that many are found who certainly have heard of the name of Ballston, but know nothing about the place itself.

At these watering places there are several hotels, whose charges vary according to the prevalence of fashion and the class of visiters. Hence arises a certain distance between the guests, who seldom associate except with boarders living in the same hotel. Here, more than elsewhere, may be discovered the distinction that really prevails among persons of different classes in America. I heard, for instance, on various occasions, individuals, boarding at the fashionable Congress Hall,

speak of those who had taken up their quarters at the Union, or United States Hotel, in a way which clearly indicated their own presumed superiority in point of rank. This aristocratic tendency in Republican States may be condemned or not; certain it is, that exorbitant prices, combined with a ridiculous extravagance in dress, have jointly succeeded in causing Congress Hall hotel to be frequented by the first company in the Union. In the month of August, in particular, people resort to it from the South and from the North; all who can lay claim to beauty, genius, and talents, are to be found here. They do not repair hither for the sake of health—far from it. Their sparkling eyes and smiling faces prove that they do not labour under great infirmity. Those who, unfortunately, are real invalids, take up their residence at more quiet hotels, seldom mingling with those who are in possession of good health. Most of the individuals here met with say that "they come to drink the water," that is, to "take a glass every other day." Their particular object is amusement, and to kill time in every possible way. When such visiters arrive at a watering place, extravagance, as a matter of course, reaches its climax, and

they try to surpass each other in expenditure.

The fair sex have here a fine opportunity of displaying their taste and elegance in dress. I shall not venture to advert to the studied cut of the coats and waistcoats of the beaux, fashioned as they are after the last patterns from London or Paris. The most fashionable ladies have a peculiar dress, adapted for the process of drinking the water, a kind of *demi-négligé*, another for the ceremony of breakfast, a third for the recreation of riding or driving, a fourth for display at dinner, and a fifth and last for exhibition at a concert or ball in the evening, which concludes the day. Health appears to be the last consideration. On rising in the morning, the prevailing rule is to devote the whole day to eating, sleeping, and the display of dress; and when evening, or rather midnight, arrives, they retire to rest, satisfied with having got over an agreeable *soirée*—young ladies dreaming of the conquests they fancy they have made, and which they calculate will be followed up by a matrimonial alliance in the ensuing winter; young dandies, again, delighted with the figure they have made, and some chance witticisms which they have uttered, and which have been

graciously and smilingly received by the belles.

But, before we bid adieu to Saratoga, let us once more visit the springs, and take a review of those who drink the "wholesome waters." Who is that handsome lady, who, with rosy cheeks, approaches the iron railing near the spring, and with a feeble voice asks the little boy standing inside for a glass of water? She is from New York, having visited Saratoga four successive years, to get cured of an inward disease which no person can define, and which, strange enough, every year shows itself in different forms and symptoms. What extraordinary and beneficial effect the water has upon her! In the fall, she resumes all the frivolities and pleasures of the city, dancing, and happy; for she has already given her heart to a swain, who has promised, before the end of winter, to offer her his hand. Not far from her stands a man in the prime of life, with a goblet to his mouth: he is pale, but it is not a sickly paleness; he is silent, but it is not suffering that imposes this silence. With what delight does he drink the brackish water! with w[illegible]evotion does he empty the last drop! F[illegible]rs almost to bless the water, that g[illegible]aven, anc[illegible] takes

his departure to a neighbouring field, the resort of cattle and musquitoes, to ruminate and philosophize. He is one of the "cold, watery, fish-blooded young men, incapable of a glass or two,"* who, foolishly enough, either from want of means, or in consequence of a debilitated constitution, has joined an excellent society, which drinks nothing but water, and wages war against wine and brandy. How he enjoys it, poor fellow, this ice-cold, clear, and medicinal beverage! It is an instructive lesson to contemplate his contented face. Are his philosophical ravings equally instructive? Know that the individual is a genius, who has written many romances, which have been printed and admired by contemporary authors.

This bustling, noisy, and talkative man, who makes wry faces at every drop he seems to force down—who is he? Philadelphia is his birthplace, and in New York he has received the rudiments of his education—a perfect fool! None is a better judge of a bad tragedy, or a vapid novel; and none can excel him in the knowledge of the history, qualities, and fortune, of every lady. He [illegible]ur under some serious infir-

* [illegible]es, by an Amateur," vol. i. p. 65.

mity, and tells every young lady, smilingly, that his disease consists in continual heart-aches, in an enlargement of the heart. He says that he has only one enemy in the world, which is morning, always coming too early, and on which, before rising from bed, he invariably bestows a certain quantity of invectives. That the waters have very little effect on his constitution is not matter of surprise, as he never takes more than one glass immediately after a hearty breakfast. He complains of being poorly.

But who is that original, who, despising water, always appears with a glass of julep,* swearing at every thing, so as to frighten the old ladies? Born in the South, he has from infancy been accustomed to be attended by slaves, and forgets himself every moment, thinking that all the free and independent servants in the house are slaves, who ought to understand and obey his commands at the first signal. His dress is composed of summer trousers, in size resembling those of a Turk, and a jacket of the same stuff, the sleeves of which

* Julep is a favourite beverage, particularly in Virginia, where it is as palatable to women as to men, old and young. It is a compound of rum, ice-water, and mint; is very cooling, and generally taken in bed, before rising.

are regular bishop's sleeves. With a face covered with hair, he stares at the company, to the no small terror and annoyance of the ladies. A stick, cut out of an orange tree, and called the snake-killer, is likewise an object of such terror, that none of the fair sex dared approach him. He was, however, constantly surrounded by men, who discussed the favourite subject, "Nullification." Alone, he advocated the cause of South Carolina, with a warmth which compelled many of his opponents to give way, leaving the field to the champion of the South. But whither am I wandering? A volume would hardly suffice to depict the different characters I had occasion to observe during a residence of a few days at Saratoga: but this is not my intention; therefore, peace be with them for the present!

The water at these springs contains a great proportion of soda and magnesia, mixed with chalk, iron, gas, and atmospheric air. This analysis has been made by a Doctor Steel, who has published a very interesting work on the subject. "The temperature of the water at all these springs," he remarks in his work, "is nearly the same, varying only from eight to fifty-two degrees of Fahrenheit's

thermometer, and is subject to very little variation from the changes in the temperature of the air. The different seasons seem to have hardly any effect on the quantity of water." Its property for various disorders, as, for instance, dyspepsia, so common in America, is questioned by none: on the contrary, it is injurious in liver complaints and consumptions, and has, upon several occasions, when imprudently resorted to, accelerated the dissolution of the patient.

CHAPTER X.

"Ja wohl, bin ich nur ein Wanderer — ein Waller auf der Erde!"
GOETHE.

ON returning to Schenectady, I availed myself of a canal-boat on the point of starting for Utica. These boats are generally very long, but low, in consequence of the many bridges thrown across the canal, beneath which they must pass. They are fitted up with two rooms, one inside the other, taking up the whole length of the boat, with small windows on the sides. The inner room belonged exclusively to the ladies, and was considered as a sanctuary into which the profane dared not set foot; the outer one again was used both as a drawing, dining, and bed room for the gentlemen. When — as was the case number of travellers exceeded ajority belonged to the t of remaining on

board twenty-two hours was not very agreeable. It was impossible either to walk, to sit, or to lie. Moving about upon deck was out of the question, owing to the number of bridges beneath which we had to pass; at every passage it became necessary for the whole company to lie down flat, to avoid being swept away by the beams of the bridge. As soon as we approached one, which happened every five minutes, the steersman called out, "Bridge!" and at the same instant the company fell prostrate. It was ludicrous for a while to take part in this manœuvre; in the long run, however, it became wearisome, and no other alternative was left but to go down, by way of change, into the close and narrow cabin.

Night made our situation still more uncomfortable. Although three tiers of beds, one above another, had been fitted up on the sides, their number proved insufficient; the floor was covered with mattresses. Had I been permitted to select a sleeping place, I should unquestionably have preferred a mattress on the floor, for the beds on the sides were only slung by a cord to the top: had that given way the whole sleeping apparatus would have been precipitated to the ground; and the conse-

quences might have been serious, from the corpulence of some of the travellers. Unfortunately, nearly all had the same idea as myself. The captain, a peaceable man, wishing to accommodate every one, saw that it was not in his power to do so, except by drawing lots for the births. I drew my number with a trembling hand, and behold! it turned out to be one of the lowest beds on the side. The prospect now darkened indeed: to lie down, having two other births occupied by heavy inmates above, and only supported by small cords, was a prospect by no means enviable. But what was to be done? I had no other chance but quietly to take my place, unless I chose to spend the night on deck; and this was still more objectionable, owing to a heavy rain which continued till the following morning. I thought it prudent, however, to enter into a convention with the occupants of the upper regions, stipulating that they should remain quiet in their births, and that, if a change of position became absolutely necessary, they should inform me beforehand of their intention, to guard against the possibility of accidents. Immediately above me lay a young man, who, by his reserved and strange behaviour, had already attracted

my attention; and above him rested an excessively corpulent man, whose frame took up more room than was allotted to two.

The beginning of the night was rather auspicious: I already felt reconciled to my unpleasant situation, and amused myself by listening to the different sounds, from the finest tenor to the strongest bass, proceeding from the snoring gentry. A sudden thump against my side of the boat at length spread consternation among the travellers. The shock, occasioned by another craft coming too close to ours, was so violent, that the beams cracked, and the doors flew open. About a dozen sleeping individuals were precipitated from the second and third tier on the unfortunate beings who were lying on the floor. One cord gave way after another. Snoring had ceased: lamentations filled the room. The ladies rushed in among us. All were running, shoving against each other, swearing, and making a noise in the dark: confusion, in short, was at its height, until the captain had made a favourable report, which restored tranquillity. The births were soon re-occupied. The young man who was above me did not, however, return to his birth. I perceived that, without saying a

word, he had gone on deck; and, as he did not come back, I followed, with a view to engage him in conversation. I found him wrapped in a cloak, seated on a trunk. His countenance appeared calm: it almost announced an indifference for the whole world. It was with difficulty that I prevailed upon him to speak; and not till I had made several ineffectual attempts did he at length give me the following biographic sketch of himself:

"I am son of one of the first settlers in the State of Missouri. I was brought up in the wilderness. My father was a real 'Backwoodsman,' not one of those lawless individuals, expelled from civilized society, on whom the Atlantic States have conferred this title. No; he was one of the mildest, most upright, most virtuous men, that this earth can produce. He had voluntarily emigrated to this part, for the purpose of cultivating a richer soil, and accumulating a little property, for the benefit of his children. His manners were, perhaps, rather blunt, but his roughness offended nobody. Dressed in a bear or deer-skin, with a knife in his bosom, a gun on his [redacted]d always accompanied by a
l nothing in his appear-
stranger. But, if

you visited his cot, in case of necessity, or appealed to his generosity, his hospitality, he was not behindhand in assisting you. This is the picture," he added, "of my father, and of every real Backwoodsman. His plantation was about fifty miles from the small town St. Géneviève, on the river Mississippi, and consisted of a rather extensive tract of land, which he had cleared and cultivated himself, and raised to three-fold the original value. In a word, our family was happy, wealthy, and contented.

"Not far from us was a settlement, occupied chiefly by a race of men who were neither Americans, French, nor Indians, but a mixture of the two latter, an amalgamation often met with in the Western States; strange enough it is never the case between Americans and Indians. These men preserve none of their original native qualities, but have all the faults, frailties, and vices, of both races. They are of a copper colour, excessively indolent, but easily offended; and, their passions once excited, nothing is sacred to them. Their ideas of manly virtue and elevation of soul consist in making man a wild and impious being. The strongest champion is their idol, and the most horrible oath their

admiration. One of these demi-savages—who stood, at that time, highest in their estimation, because he had always given but never received a blow — a giant, whose eyes only bespoke thirst for blood and murder, determined one day to set fire to my father's wood. Impelled by a strong northerly wind, the flames spread in a few hours in all directions. To stop their progress was impossible: to prevent their reaching the dwelling-house was equally out of human power. Surrounded on all sides by the devouring element, my unfortunate parents fled from the spot, with their little children in their arms, over smoking moss, and between burning trees. Their escape was almost miraculous. My father, however, lost no time in arraigning the incendiary before the proper tribunal; but, alas! he had no proofs to adduce. Finding it impossible to obtain justice or redress, in a moment of rage he repaired to the residence of the suspected person, determined to take personal revenge. He found him at home. Too honourable to commit murder, my father challenged him, as is customary in the West. The challenge was accepted. The place of meeting was fixed on a high ground, on the banks of the Mississippi, about sixty miles from the

junction of this stream with the Ohio. The spot lies on the right shore, and rises, in the shape of a pyramid, about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the water. It has been called the Tower. On its summit a few cedars are seen growing. Opposite to it, on the Illinois side, is a remarkable excavation in a rock, one hundred feet from the surface of the water: it goes by the name of the Devil's Oven.

"Under the shade of these cedars, the two combatants met. Their rifles, which never yet had missed, were aimed at each other's breast. They fired, and for a moment the two duellists were enveloped in smoke. The echo resounded from rock to rock, and the silence of death again filled the valleys. My unhappy father was the only victim. The ball had pierced his heart. Lifeless he lay at the feet of his foe. An affected smile was seen on the lips of the conqueror; and, not satisfied with his deed, he added insult to injury, by throwing the corpse down the rock. Thus the bottom of the Mississippi became the sepulchre of virtue; and—curses on the murderer!—the only dirge which was sung at the funeral of my father.

"I was now fatherless — soon after I lost

my mother. By the charity of a relation, I was sent far away from the murderous scene, and finished my education in one of the New England States. Nothing could prevail on me to remain there long: an ardent desire to return to the West made me soon leave my benefactor. It seemed as if I could never rest till I had performed a pilgrimage to that spot where my father had fallen by the hand of the incendiary and the murderer. I have with pleasure accepted the appointment of missionary to regions on the other side of the Mississippi, and, thanks to God! am now on my way thither."

I asked him what his plans were for the future. "I will attend to my duty as a missionary," answered he. "I do not dread the future; for a man cannot last long, suffering as I do."

On finishing these words, he rose to conceal a few tears that were rolling down his cheeks, and proceeded to a corner in the fore-part of the boat, where he remained till we arrived at Utica. None dared disturb his deep meditations, nor would he have answered if spoken to. He appeared absorbed in thought, and [redacted]ned, even after landing, in the same [redacted]te. I tried several times to [redacted] a day at Utica, and

afterwards proceed with me; but my intreaties were vain—he was immoveable. After remaining in town a few minutes, he took his passage on board a canal-boat bound to Buffalo. Since that time, it has been totally impossible either for me or any of the passengers on board the boat to obtain intelligence of the fate of this unfortunate young man.

To travel by canal-boats is at all times a tedious experiment. The country through which they pass seldom possesses any other variety than that offered by the locks, in lowering or raising the boats. Their progress, hardly perceptible, over the smooth surface, produces an inclination to sleep. The horses, which pull the boat, rarely go out of their usual trot. Even the steersman bore the general aspect of drowsiness; he never opened his mouth, except when duty required him to call out, "Bridge!" An oath, although I abhor the practice, would at least have kept the eyes of the travellers open for a few minutes, fatigued as they were by heat and the great crowd. Of all the landscapes I had observed from canal-boats, this was, however, the least monotonous. In some places the scenery was truly picturesque. The canal, for many

miles, wound through a small wood, on the side of a rising ground, at the foot of which lay a fertile and smiling valley, intersected by Mohawk river, at a short distance from which the canal runs almost uninterruptedly. The stream is now and then concealed from sight; but when it shows itself again, it is with redoubled beauty, amidst a picture of the richest and most cultivated nature.

At sunrise the following morning, we arrived at a place called Little Falls. Few spots in America are so romantic as this: it would be a subject of admiration even in Switzerland. A chain of the Catskill Mountains cuts straight through Mohawk river, which, arrested in its course, is obliged to seek a narrow passage over the ridge, from which it precipitates itself, roaring and foaming, into a stony valley. The first view I had of this wild scene was truly magnificent. A projecting mountain prevented my seeing any thing until the boat was close to the Falls. On the left side was a huge wall, in appear- [illegible] resembling one rock piled upon another. [illegible] are here very singular, being al- [illegible]ular, with uneven and smooth [illegible]ces, which are not incon-

siderable, grow a great quantity of trees of various kinds, which spread their rich branches over the apertures, and give a darker aspect to the whole. To the right again rushed, in wild confusion, between detached stones, the river, still foaming, after the Fall; and, on the other side of it rose a wall of rocks, as sterile as that which follows the course of the canal. Before me appeared the five locks that raised the boat forty feet — further, the Fall itself, through an excavation in the rock — the village of Little Falls, not far distant — and, finally, the aqueduct across the stream, a handsome and ornamental piece of workmanship.

In the cool of the morning, the valley which I had traversed lay behind me; there I could still discern fertile fields, orchards, and mansions. The water of the canal is here conducted over a wall, from twenty to thirty feet high, the foundation of which is kept constantly wet by the running river. From the boat the eye may easily follow the straight side of this wall down to the rocks, surrounded by foam. What a variety of sensations crowd on the traveller! It seems as if he were himself sailing in a mild and genial latitude, above the tempests and passions of

the earth. He hears the noise behind the mountains like the roar of thunder. He discovers the spray arising from the conflict between the restless elements; but it does not reach him. His soul is raised to regions which the pestiferous vapours of the earth seldom permit him to behold. He is a renovated being, with nobler sentiments, purer intentions, and loftier ideas.

After having spent a few hours at this place, I continued my journey, and soon arrived at Long Level, a vast plain, sixty-nine miles and a half in length, which extends as far as Salina, and is not interrupted by a single lock in the whole distance. It is the largest plain along the whole canal.

Of all the States in the Union, none has more communications by water than New York. The country is so intersected by them, that there is scarcely a district, however remote, that may not profit by the canals for the transport of produce to the great markets, such as Rochester, Utica, Albany, and New York. But, of all the canals, the great Erie Canal occupies the first place. It unites the waters of Lake Erie with those of the Hudson, is three hundred sixty-three miles in length, and has

eighty-four locks, all constructed of granite. It begins at Albany, where it is five hundred and sixty-five feet lower than Lake Erie, and terminates at Buffalo. The elevation and decline from both extremities are altogether six hundred and ninety-eight feet. The canal is forty feet in width, and four feet deep. It is to the genius of the immortal de Witt Clinton, that New York is indebted for this national monument, conceived and completed by his activity and perseverance. It was begun on the 4th July, 1817, and finished in October, 1825. The State, which had undertaken the execution of this work, as well as a canal between Lake Champlain and Lake Erie,* incurred a debt of not less than ten million, two hundred and seven thousand, three hundred and twenty-eight dollars, of which nine million, twenty-seven thousand, four hundred and fifty-six dollars, five cents, were for the Erie Canal, or about twenty-three thousand nine hundred and sixty-one dollars for each mile. The annual expence of keeping it in repair is very considerable, owing to its being constructed in too great a hurry, and sufficient attention not being paid to its solidity; the revenue, never-

* This canal is sixty-three miles in length.

theless, so much exceeds the expenditure, that, in the course of a few years, the whole debt will be liquidated. In the year 1822, when only portions of it were ready, the receipt for tolls on goods forwarded on both canals amounted to forty-four thousand, four hundred and eighty-six dollars, seventy-two cents: in the year 1832, it had risen to one million, one hundred and ninety-five thousand, eight hundred and four dollars, twenty-nine cents. The goods principally sent by this conveyance were, according to a statement furnished me, timber, staves, flour, wheat, butter, stone, iron, and ashes.

The day after my departure from Schenectady, I arrived at Utica, a small but flourishing town, situated near the canal. New houses spring up every day, and the wide streets, constantly filled with loaded waggons, prove unequivocally the prosperity of the place. In a description lately published of the Falls of Trenton, the immortal author gives the following picture of Utica: "The great thoroughfare of this region, an internal emporium of business, with a population of cultivated minds and courteous manners!*" The town has received a considerable acces-

of Trenton Falls," by J. Sherman, p. 3.

sion in population, and, for a while, contested with Rochester the supremacy among new places on the canal, but it has now ceded the palm to its rival. In the year 1813, it counted only one thousand seven hundred inhabitants; in 1830, eight thousand three hundred and twenty-three.

Fifteen miles from this place are the celebrated Trenton Falls. The road leading thither, although short, is one of the worst in America. A traveller who is fortunate enough to arrive in safety at the place of his destination, without having been upset, or his carriage having stuck fast in bottomless mudholes, is ungrateful indeed if he does not thank his lucky stars. Several parties visited the Falls at the same time that I did. Their broken vehicles and begrimed faces fully confirmed the general opinion entertained of the danger and unpleasantness of proceeding by this route.

The Falls of Trenton are situated on a river called West Canada Creek, about twenty-three miles from its junction with Mohawk River. The number of Falls amounts to six, besides several small divisions, which, separately taken, would form Falls of themselves. The distance between the uppermost

and the lowest is about two miles; but, if the descent from the upper to that below, called the Conrad Fall, is taken into account, it will be found that the whole range of Falls in the river include an extent of not less than five miles, and are altogether three hundred and eighty-seven feet in elevation.

From the hotel is a pathway through a small close wood, leading to steps on the side of a steep rock, about one hundred feet from the surface of the water in the valley below. The banks have a most imposing appearance. They consist of two almost perpendicular rocks, about one hundred feet high, which confine the stream within a very narrow compass. What a grand and majestic *coup d'œil* presents itself to the visiter from the lower part of this valley! The two rock-walls, which appear to surround the place on all sides, without leaving an outlet, seem to separate man from the world. The trees, which grow on the summit, are tinged by the beams of the sun; but the sun itself does not penetrate to the regions below. The shade involves all objects in faint darkness. Thunder shakes even the foundation of the earth; and the stream meanders tremblingly between fragments of disjointed rocks and suspended

branches, and is gone one knows not whither. On millions of petrified animals the stranger now directs his steps; his contemplations recall the times when these species of animated nature were as full of life and motion as himself. A trifle is sufficient to reduce him to that state of insensibility in which they now are. A slippery piece of rock or a leaf is all that is required to frustrate plans, schemes of ambition, and pride. Poor man, how insignificant art thou!

A small and crooked pathway, in some places formed by nature, in others carved out of the solid rock, led me to a Fall, which goes by the name of Sherman's. It is thirty-three feet high, and formed at this period, in consequence of continual rains, a single undivided stream from one shore to the other. Below the Fall, the water appeared to draw off a little to the left, but only to receive additional impulse, and dash its foaming waves against projecting rocks rising on the right. Beyond these, it rudely seeks an issue from the valley.

Above this Fall the stream has collected great masses of stones, which, heaped one upon another, form in the middle of the water a kind of tower, ready to crumble whenever

the mass of water shall become too powerful. At the distance of a few paces, a fine view of the other large Fall presents itself. It has three different divisions, altogether about one hundred feet. A bare rock, from which fragments are annually broken off, is the wall over which the stream seeks the valley. The undermining of the water on one side of it is stated to be so considerable, that the eye can easily discern the effect produced in a short time. The western corner is the point particularly attacked: here the re-action of the waves has undermined the walls, and formed a circular excavation, about ten feet in diameter. Close to this, I climbed up the rock, and found myself in a parallel direction with the stream, exactly above the excavation, whence issued steam as from a boiling kettle. The sunshine gave it a magic effect, heightened as it was by the contrast with the surrounding landscape. Here cedars bend their heavy branches over the foaming stream —there piles of stones defy the power of the waves. Here again smiles a verdant hill— there roars the waterfall. Here a few scattered and diminutive bushes are kept in a constant state of humidity—on the summit of the rocks, again, sun-burnt trees struggle

with death. This is, in my opinion, the finest Fall at Trenton.

A few yards above it, a small cot has been built, as a retreat and resting place for strangers, as well as a spot for the sale of crystals and petrifactions to amateurs of mineralogy. I found there several parties, who were enjoying the fine prospect of the Falls, and bargaining with the vender of the minerals for the lowest price: the stones were all in imitation of diamonds. Alone at a table sat a young man, whose clothes were dripping wet; he had shortly before taken the same walk that I did, but unfortunately made a false step, and fallen into the river, about ten yards above one of the higher Falls. By singular good fortune, he floated against a heap of stones on the verge of the precipice itself, and was thus saved, to the no small surprise of every one present. To restore heat after so extraordinary a bath, he now had recourse to the tankard, and held it unremittingly to his lips, laughing at the incident, as if the whole had been a farce. The expression of his looks and the paleness of his cheeks were, however, little in harmony with this assumed indifference to life.

The other Falls exhibited a feature different

from that which I have just been describing. The locality was not so confined as before, but lost, at the same time, that wild appearance which had so much charmed me in the others. Fearful of losing the impression already produced by the sight of the first Falls, I stopped short, and returned to the hotel, delighted, yes, highly delighted, with the scene which I had been contemplating.

I started on the following morning from Utica for Auburn. The road passed through the small towns of New Hertford, Manchester, Vernon, Oneida, Lenox, Chitteningo, and Syracuse. All bore the stamp of youth and activity; but the last, in particular, appeared most flourishing, owing to the salt mines situate in the immediate vicinity. The annual amount of the article made in these parts is not less than one million and a half of bushels.

At Auburn I remained only time enough to visit the prison, of which I have already spoken in another place, and then continued my journey through a fine and well-cultivated country, to Geneva and Canandaigua, two villages celebrated for their neatness and beauty, and which might serve as models for any other. The first is situated on a declivity near the north end of Seneca Lake, and fol-

lows the course of the left shore for nearly a mile. The prospect over the calm surface of the waters, surrounded by lofty mountains rising on both sides of the oblong lake, is truly magnificent. I know not exactly whether it was the similarity of name that excited my imagination, or the fineness of a summer's evening, full of freshness and varied shades, that recalled to my memory the appearance of a lake in Switzerland: this I know, that American Geneva is one of those spots on earth where even a person fond of town-life would delight to reside.

Canandaigua is also situated at the extremity of a lake bearing its name. The streets are laid out in straight lines towards the lake, and are embellished by white-painted houses, orchards, walks, and terraces. Many are built in so good and pure a taste, that they would prove ornamental to any town whatever. I cannot deny that, upon various subsequent occasions, I not unfrequently wished to get a sight of these fine wooden buildings, as a relief to the monotony of red brick houses, invariably found in every American town. Like Geneva, Canandaigua is not so much a commercial place, as a town where wealthy persons take up their resi-

dence, for the purpose of enjoying a quiet life. Society has gradually imbibed the influence of this taste for repose. Neither gossip nor scandal, so usual in petty towns, was current here; no calculations heard as to a rise or decline in cotton were heard; political contentions and intemperate debates were also excluded. Every one took care of his own house without interfering in the affairs of his neighbour. Hospitality prevailed every where; the stranger was always welcome. General wealth, and satisfaction derived from a consciousness that speculation was not the origin of acquired property, imprinted on every countenance a serenity, a degree of content, vainly looked for in New York, and which may otherwise be said to be one of the peculiarities of the New World. It is a town without being a town, possessing all the pleasures and varieties of country, without its solitude. What more can be desired?

Rochester, a town already full-grown, though but yet in its infancy, which twenty years ago did not exist, but now counts a population of more than thirteen thousand inhabitants, may very properly be called one f the prodigies of the country. The situa- so very favourable, that the produce

of the West, as well as of the Atlantic States, is brought hither in transit; and, from the vicinity of Lake Ontario, to which Genesee River runs from the town, the inhabitants have the advantage of being able to choose the most advantageous markets, such as Quebec, New York, or towns situated on the western lakes. Flour is the principal article of exportation, of which very large quantities are made. A single mill produces from four to five hundred barrels a day: by additional exertion, it might even yield six hundred, a larger quantity than any other mill in the United States. These mills, as well as those adapted for sawing planks, are worked with facility and great economy of manual labour, by the abundance of water—a source of great wealth to Rochester. Besides the River Genesee, which, as I have said before, runs through the town, the Erie Canal also traverses it, crossing the stream by an aqueduct, eight hundred and four feet in length.

The inhabitants are chiefly Presbyterians —a sect distinguished by the strict observance of their tenets and regularity of conduct. Their self-denial, in many instances, borders upon pedantry, and will, if persevered in,

lead to the dissolution of the system. A Presbyterian condemns all other sectarians, and believes that their souls cannot be saved; he goes farther, he even prays for them. To fail of attending service is considered a heinous offence, which can only obtain pardon by long repentance and the intercession of others. "I had once the misfortune to be absent from church during two consecutive services," said a man of liberal sentiments to me who was settled at Rochester. "On the following Sunday, I was not a little surprised to hear the whole congregation pray for the salvation of my soul." This is certainly carrying fanaticism to a great length. From one pulpit, execrations are fulminated on the congregation assembled in the next church. Wrapped up in fanatical delirium, the spiritual preachers forget that all are brothers and Christians, and that the form of worship only differs. Who cannot but pity these mistaken and blind advocates? Does not that clergyman deserve our animadversion who, from the pulpit, exclaims that his colleague of another sect is no other than the Evil Spirit himself wrapped up in a cloak? Yet this has actually taken place in Rochester.

At one extremity of the town is the beauti-

ful Genesee Fall, ninety feet high. The water runs so smoothly over the precipice, that, at a distance, the eye can hardly perceive the motion. The banks below the Fall preserve nearly the same elevation as above it; the left shore being embellished by houses and mills, between which little waterfalls almost steal through. The opposite side commands a perfect view of the whole neighbourhood of Rochester at a distance, and of a rock, covered with verdure, projecting over the Falls, from which Sam Patch, an eccentric character, leaped into the other world. Anxious for renown, he abandoned a lucrative situation in a cotton manufactory; and, upon various occasions, threw himself down waterfalls, to the no small terror and surprise of the spectators. At Paterson he had already acquired a wreath of immortality; but, not satisfied with it, he precipitated himself with impunity down Niagara.

"And here our hero should have stopt,
And husbanded his brilliant fame;
But, ah, he took one leap too much,
And sure most heroes do the same."*

The last leap he made was from Genesee Fall, in 1829. A drop taken too much un-

* "Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing," p. 239.

fortunately deprived him of the proper equilibrium, and sent him headlong into the abyss, whence he never returned.

> "The crowd, with fingers in their mouths,
> Turn'd homeward, one by one;
> And oft with sheepish looks they said,
> 'Poor Sam's last job is done!'"*

One morning I found myself again on board a canal-boat, bound to Buffalo. The company was this time not so numerous, but in every respect more agreeable than on the journey from Schenectady to Utica; yet even here, as in most things, there was a dark side. A dozen ugly, offensive, squalling, restless, and troublesome children left not an individual a moment in peace. The mother of this hopeful brood of urchins cared very little about the confusion and uneasiness which her dear little ones produced among the company, but devoted herself with perfect *nonchalance* to the occupation of knitting stockings. On the shoulders of the husband devolved the task of attending to his offspring; and round this unfortunate father swarmed the little group, as indefatigable as bees, constantly buzzing.

We had travelled only a few miles when

* "Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing," p. 239.

the captain informed us that the canal, a few miles on the other side of the village of Brockport, had broken in, and that there was not sufficient water for the progress of the boat. This piece of intelligence was far from agreeable, inasmuch as no accommodation by land could be found for so large a number of women and children, leaving entirely out of the question carpet-bags, trunks, portmanteaus, bundles, and bandboxes, without number. After a great deal of trouble, and as a particular favour, a kind of vehicle was at length procured, hung upon springs; but the destructive hand of Time had made such serious havoc with it, that the leather springs might be torn away piecemeal. The body had the form of a barrel, which, laid on one side, rolled from right to left, according to the nature of the road; of the wheels nothing can be said, except that they danced a quadrille among themselves. In this comfortable conveyance, women and children were packed together, and their fate was left to a kind Providence. Waggons, which jolted most unmercifully, were given to the men. A few of the travellers, before they seated themselves, shook their heads a little; but circumstances permitted no other choice. They started. I

remained alone, wishing to superintend the stowing of the luggage in another coach, having no springs, but built in one whole length, which made it very difficult to turn round. Trunks were piled upon trunks, bags upon bags, and bandboxes upon bandboxes — who has ever heard of ladies travelling without bandboxes? — and over these hard cushions a buffalo skin was spread, on which I was invited to sit down. Thus equipped, we set off, exposed to a scorching sun, and enveloped in dust, which often deprived us of light as well as respiration. After travelling in this manner nearly twenty-five miles, we arrived safely at Knowlesville, a village where the canal-boat might be resumed.

Night had already arrived, when we went on board again; and, instead of coming to Lockport before dusk, we did not see this place till three o'clock on the following morning. Darkness prevented me from examining attentively the five locks built here: I was obliged to content myself with walking up a few granite steps, made on the sides of the canal, and, with the assistance of a stick, trying to grope my way as well as I could. At length I had reached the upper [illegible] feet above the basin, I found

myself, all at once, in the middle of Lockport, a village entirely built on and surrounded by rocks. It was a singular sight to look down from this point on the double row of locks, built close to each other, dimly lighted with lamps, and in the dark appearing as so many flights of steps. Each lock is twelve feet wide: the stone-work is executed with much care and taste. To obviate the possibility of the detention of the canal-boats at this place, two sets of locks are built, by which arrangement one boat is able to ascend, whilst another descends. This happened at the time I was examining their excellent construction. A boat, laden with produce from Ohio, was lowered to the right, with the same rapidity as ours was raised on the left. The lanterns on deck were the only mark by which I could perceive whether the craft rose or fell, the noise of the rushing water entirely drowning the voices of the steersmen. The effect of the glimmering light between the black stone walls was like magic. No traveller should visit Lockport without witnessing such a scene.

From Lockport the canal runs, for a distance of three miles, through a tunnel made in the rock, about twenty feet deep, a

most gigantic and wonderful piece of work. Thence to Buffalo the canal presents nothing remarkable to the eye. At a village called Black Rock, I first obtained a view of Lake Erie. This small place is situated on the left shore of Niagara river, about three miles from the lake. The original plan was to finish the canal here; but the insecurity of the harbour occasioned its abandonment, and it was found necessary to make a dam along the shore, to render the passage safe for boats as far as Buffalo, where the canal forms a junction with Lake Erie.

Buffalo is a fine and increasing city, which bids fair to become, in the course of time, one of the largest places in the interior of the country. Emigrants here take leave of the civilized world, before they start for the immense forests in the West. Here, goods, destined for places many hundred miles off, are loaded and unloaded. Buildings spring up with incredible rapidity. Streets are laid out of a size that indicates the anticipations of future prosperity. Stores are filled with goods from Paris and Cincinnati, London and Rochester. Magazines of fashions are read [redacted] as much avidity as in any leading [redacted] Europe: mantua-makers, milliners,

and tailors, are as important personages here as with us. By way of contrast, a few Seneca Indians are seen here and there: wrapped in dirty blankets, they wander about the streets, and gaze at all the extraordinary changes which have taken place since their infancy. If one of these rude beings were asked what he thinks of such a goddess as Fashion, would he not show his contempt, by pluming himself on his own blanket costume?

From Buffalo I proceeded by the stage to Niagara, crossing at Black Rock the river Niagara, which unites two large lakes.* A ferry-boat, drawn by horses, brought me to the Canada side, where I landed at a small village called Waterloo, in the vicinity of which Fort Erie was formerly situated. From this place the road follows the course of the river, and leads through Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, two places renowned in the last war where sanguinary battles were fought between the English and the Americans, on the 5th and 25th of July, 1814. In the middle of the stream lies Grand Island, which is twelve miles long, and from two to seven in breadth. At the northern extremity, the river

* Niagara river is thirty-five miles in length, commences at Lake Erie, and discharges itself into Lake Ontario, near Fort Niagara. This is the boundary between Canada and the United States.

takes, for a short distance, a westerly direction, and with each mile the rapidity of the current increases. No boat ventures farther than Chippewa, two miles from the Falls, where the river is nearly two miles wide, decreasing to one mile near the Falls.

About seven miles from this great natural wonder, we were overtaken by an awful storm, such as is frequently experienced in the American hemisphere, and of which only those who have witnessed it can form any conception. I have repeatedly seen storms of a terrific nature on the Alps and Apennines; but such a convulsion in Nature as that which I now encountered surpassed my imagination. The heavens were clothed in a sable mantle, apparently so heavy, that it seemed to rest on the tops of the trees. The reflection on the stream gave it a sad and gloomy colour, such as the sea presents when the waves open their bottomless abysses. A kind of darkness, neither dusk nor night, covered the scene — only now and then interrupted by flashes of lightning, visible in every direction, as if they were waging war against each other. It was not imagination that made the atmosphere feel extremely oppressive, almost obstructing respiration; even animals felt its influence

— the horses of the stage would scarcely move. This oppressive state of the atmosphere continued a long time, and was a source of great annoyance to all the persons crowded together in the coach. Nothing makes travellers so silent and dejected as a storm : the most lively and talkative assumes a serious look, when his eyes are blinded by lightning. Conversation ceased as soon as the storm became serious — every one probably communed with his conscience. I only perceived the heavy breathing when the thunder ceased for a few seconds. All communication with each other was suspended, for the crashing of the thunder was deafening, and continually increasing. None of the females had, as yet, shown any symptoms of fear, whatever they felt ; but, when the flashes of lightning followed in such rapid succession that all around appeared in a blaze, accompanied by awful peals of thunder, cries of anxiety were heard in the coach. Our situation was rendered still more disagreeable by the rain pouring down in torrents, and penetrating, without difficulty, the roof and doors of the coach. Who did not then wish himself under some hospitable roof? But where was such a one to be found? The driver had, on

the first appearance of the storm, been desired to stop at the nearest house, and assured us it was at only a short distance; but this short distance, it was found afterwards, meant a few miles; so that it was not till the worst part of the storm was over that we saw signs of a human habitation. Here we waited till the weather cleared up. The air became by degrees lighter and cooler; and Niagara at last resumed its empire, by raising its powerful voice, which is heard for several miles round.

CHAPTER XI.

Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
MILTON.

Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are heard in heaven.
YOUNG.

IT was already late in the afternoon when we arrived at a large but badly conducted hotel, situated on the Canada side. From a piazza attached to this building, the Falls were visible; but the prospect there gave me but an indifferent idea of Niagara; and I asked myself, rather disappointed, "Is it possible that this can be the greatest cataract on earth?" I quitted the piazza with disappointed expectations, and retired to my room, where I sat down near the window, to ruminate over the many miscalculations in human life, and what wrong ideas we often form. As luck would have it, however, the window looked towards the Falls, and by mere chance I fixed my eyes on the white wall of

water, at times hid by a rising vapour. I could see only part of the Horse-shoe Fall, and consequently had no idea of the sublime part of the precipice below the Fall; but I heard a continual noise from the falling mass of water, and felt the whole house shake to its very foundation. I listened every moment with more eagerness to the sound, and felt a strong inclination to take a closer view of Niagara. Another moment, and I could no longer resist the impulse. Alone, I soon wandered down the steep height, leading from the hotel, and came closer to the Fall, though not without having previously paid my tribute of curiosity, by getting thoroughly wet by the spray, which the wind carried in that direction.

The first point from which I saw the Fall at a short distance was a rock, projecting a few yards above the precipice, which forms, as it were, one extremity of the Horse-shoe. This rock goes by the name of Table Rock. Several pieces have lately been detached, and fallen into the abyss; in the remainder there are deep cracks, which, sooner or later, will lead to the demolition of the whole Table Rock. As it is at present, it gives a most excellent view of the Fall, being nearly on a

level with the water, and opposite to the semicircle.

At Niagara, there are two Falls, which, taken separately and placed in different situations, would each be considered prodigious. The Canada Fall, or the Horse-shoe Fall, as it is likewise called, is, however, the most remarkable. It no longer deserves the latter name, as, from the undermining of the water, it has assumed nearly the form of a semicircle. Were I to judge from what I was told on the spot, the Falls at a distant period were not far from Lake Ontario, having by degrees receded to the present place. This assumption rests upon the circumstance that the Falls have, within the memory of man, actually receded nearly seventy yards. If to this is added that the wear of the stones at the bottom always continues the same, and, that the bottom is the same all the way to Lake Erie, the inference is reasonable that the great Falls of Niagara will, in the course of time, be removed to Buffalo, which is situated on the lake just mentioned.

Long before I arrived at Niagara, I had often and repeatedly been told that it is not in the power of man to describe and paint these Falls in true colours. I even met with

Americans who went so far as to consider it a sacrilege to attempt to depict Niagara by word, pen, or pencil. One day—I still have a lively recollection of my surprise—I happened to pass a bookseller's shop in New York, in company with a native American: several excellent drawings of Niagara were exposed in the window for general inspection. I stopped, and drew his attention to them, expressing, at the same time, my delight at the various engravings. Uncertain whether I actually meant what I said, he eyed me a long while with a penetrating look, and exclaimed at last, with a sneer, "You have not seen Niagara!" and then cut short his conversation. This remark hurt me at the time, and I was almost resolved to follow the example of a certain traveller, who heard so much said of the waterworks at Philadelphia that he determined not to see them at all. Luckily I did not act upon the same principle at Niagara; but my curiosity became so excited, that I can only compare it to the sensation I felt when entering Rome for the first time, or wandering in the streets of Pompeii. In truth, there are no words expressive enough, no pen gifted with sufficient inspiration, no pencil endowed with an adequate

share of poetical imagination, to describe Niagara as it actually is. The production will be a picture, a copy; but it will never convey a correct idea of the original. St. Peter's at Rome has also been many times described; but neither canvass nor paper can give the sublime impression which the first sight of the original produces.

"You have not seen Niagara!" In these words there is a certain hidden truth, of which I was subsequently thoroughly convinced. It is necessary to see with one's own eyes the immense mass of water, rolling like a sea from the sky down into unknown depths—it is necessary to feel the earth tremble under one's feet, and to listen to the noise resembling thunder a thousand times repeated, or the plaintive sounds issuing from the burning heart of Vesuvius — it is necessary to have tottered on the tumultuous waves, to know and understand what Niagara is. No distance, however great, should prevent a person from visiting this Fall: whoever has seen it may safely say that he has seen the greatest natural wonder in the world, and then rest satisfied. Boast afterwards, weak creature, without blushing, of thine own strength, thy extensive plans, thy great per-

formances, when thou recollectest what thou wast at the foot of Niagara!

The Rapids, as they are called, above the Falls, are formed of stones, which, scattered in every direction over the bottom of the river, make a fearful resistance to its progress. If they may be compared to any thing, they resemble a wild and furious mob, rushing forward in a state of delirium and confusion. The waves cannot be likened to those of an agitated sea, or to those near a coast full of shoals: no, there is in them something absolutely different; they are more like a mass of boiling water, from which issue clouds of steam. Here and there the surface is as smooth as a mirror, having a greenish tinge; but again it appears boiling, and then assumes a glittering whiteness. The stones and rocks which make the resistance have nothing remarkable about them, the froth thrown high in the air being the only sign of their existence. The danger of coming in contact with them is very great: it is the forerunner of certain death to the unfortunate person in the Fall itself. The current between the Rapids is so strong that even birds, which happen to come near the surface, cannot possibly esca[illegible]

An Indian, it is reported, chanced, a few years ago, to come too near the Falls, in attempting to cross the river in a canoe, not far from Chippewa. Seeing no hope of escape, he laid himself quietly down in his frail bark, which, in a few minutes, disappeared in the abyss. In the midst of the strong current is a small island, only a few yards in circumference, on which moss and grass grow in abundance; a spot which may boast of never having been trodden by mortal footsteps. Its smiling verdure is a tantalizing object to ambitious man, who is at length obliged to confess that his genius has here suffered shipwreck. The depth of the stream round this island is very considerable, particularly towards the Canada side, where the shore forms a semicircle.

At the Falls, the water resumes its green colour, and rolls over the precipice in one immense mass, which, however, becomes more contracted at both extremities of the semicircle, and thus loses the colour sooner than in the centre. The sun was still diffusing its lustre when I first came in sight of the Fall. Each drop, at a distance, looked like the most perfect diamond, glittering to the eye in variegated colours. Amidst the Fall, appeared

a number of rainbows, one of which formed a complete circle, whose extreme side dipped in the white foam at the bottom of the pit. Before the water reaches half the distance to the bottom, it is again changed to white; and here the eye is incapable of following it any longer. A vapour as impenetrable as the fogs of the ocean involves the remaining part of the cataract in a mysterious darkness, and rises three times as high as the Fall. When the wind happens to be strong, the spray is carried as far as the hotel, and it was often impossible to see from one shore to the other.

As soon as the water has collected in the dark and gloomy abyss, it appears from above like a moving snow-field, or rather a sea of snow—if I may be allowed the term—the billows of which roll with difficulty. The stream remains in this state for a few hundred yards, and, apparently exhausted with fatigue by the fall, runs feebly between the high and steep banks, which consist of naked walls of rock, dotted only with pines and cypresses. At length it approaches the beautiful American Fall, the waters of which advance from the right, and both uniting into one agitated and disturbed mass, now run past the ferry, until

they disappear together among the mountains. How can a conception of the sublimity of this picture be imparted to any one who has not visited Niagara! A wall of millions of glittering diamonds; a noise which makes the very earth tremble; a vapour which mingles with the sky; rainbows of a thousand variegated colours; a gloomy darkness, an icy atmosphere, in the abyss—no, the effect of these combined cannot be conveyed to the mind by description, without doing injustice to Niagara.

The sun had, in the mean time, set beyond the Canada boundary, and the darkness of night came on suddenly. I had, nevertheless, great difficulty in tearing myself away, and remained, as if fixed to a rock, till the midnight hour had struck. If Niagara appeared majestic in the midst of sunshine, it was not less so in the faint light of a summer's night. Darkness did not prevent my distinguishing every object; but all appeared surrounded by a light mist, such as great summer heats produce in northern regions, and which furnish an allegorical subject for poets. The noise itself assumed a solemn character: it might be likened to a language from an unknown world.

On the following day, I had occasion to see

the Fall from different points; among which I must not forget particularly to mention that at the foot of Table Rock. It is not without difficulty that a person can find his way to this spot: loose and detached pieces of rock render it exceedingly dangerous to advance: whoever is bold enough to venture, not only exposes himself, by a single false step, to be precipitated to the bottom, but he must also be able to resist the influence of a damp and suffocating atmosphere, rising from the bottom of the pit. But the prospect is unparalleled, and he who accomplishes the descent into the abyss is well rewarded for his trouble: he enters a subterraneous path, the roof of which is a projecting rock, whose outer side bounds the rolling mass of water. This path, about two feet in width, and at some places only one, extends about one hundred and fifty-three feet towards a rock, known by the name of Termination Rock. The roof shoots forward considerably towards the top, and at one point projects about forty feet.

It is impossible to cross the river to the American side, unless at a considerable distance from the Canada Fall, and even below the American. The passage in a ferry, or

rather a boat, is performed in about fifteen minutes; but it is attended with many dangers to an inexperienced boatman, the current being very strong and the water rather rough. When safely arrived on the opposite side, the traveller is obliged to ascend some wooden steps, built along the face of a steep rock, and finds himself at last near the American Fall, as it is called. This, taken by itself, deserves admiration, as one of the stupendous works of Nature; but, from its situation so near to the other, its effect is less striking. The water is precipitated over an almost straight wall, appearing, at a distance, as if raised by the hand of man, in the form of a rampart. Loose stones and fragments of rock break the mass of water before it reaches the bottom, and the spray flies off as far as the stream above the Fall. Viewed from below, it is most imposing, and leaves a deep impression even upon persons who have already seen the Canada Fall.

Two bridges are thrown across this part of the river, not far from the Fall, uniting Goat Island with the main land. One of them fills every spectator with astonishment, the rapidity of the stream being so great that an eye, not accustomed to the sight, ex-

pects every moment to see it carried away, and precipitated over the Fall. The visiter hastens across without knowing why, and feels pleasure in setting foot on the island. None visit Goat Island without being regaled with a romantic story of a young man, who lived several years as a hermit on this isolated and woody spot. Hermits, now-a-days, are so uncommon and so much out of fashion, that a traveller often spends years without ever meeting with one. It is, therefore, not without some interest that the visiter listens to the gloomy tale of the eccentric but unfortunate Francis Abbott. The miserable hut in which he dwelt, the beaten path between the trees, selected for his daily recreation, the discordant guitar, his only companion in many a lonely hour, the projecting bridge over the abyss on Terrapin Rocks, from which he lowered himself at times—all these relics are beheld with interest, and recall to memory one, who, though young, looked upon the world with contempt, and only sought felicity in retirement and wild Nature.

Goat Island is still a wilderness. A thick forest yet stands in its primitive splendour, untouched by the hand of man. The banks on three sides of this island are very low; the

fourth, towards the North, situate between the two great Falls, has an elevation of about one hundred and eighty-five feet above the surface of the stream. On this side, not far from the American Fall, a diminutive Fall has formed itself, which is, in my opinion, one of the most enchanting I ever saw. Compared with the other two natural wonders, it is like a plaything to amuse children. The water has worked a narrow passage between roots of trees and bushes, forming a thick wall, the only banks which the eye can discover. Winding in numerous curves, the mass of water finally draws near the precipice, where it disappears. A bridge, made of two beams, is thrown across the river, a few steps only from the Fall; the view from this rustic spot is extremely romantic. Inclosed, as it were, in the brushwood, the visiter can only see objects lying before the Fall, and hear the roaring of the great Falls, without being able to discern them. The heights of Canada, and the town of Clifton, or the City of the Falls *, as yet only marked out on paper, rise on the other side of the scarcely visible stream in

* This town, which at present consists of only a few houses, is built on speculation, and will probably, in the course of time, become an agreeable retreat to those who prefer the grand scenery of Nature to the noise and bustle of great cities.

the valley, and close the prospect in that direction. The whole forms a beautiful and romantic picture.

The American Fall, according to the information which I received on the spot, is one hundred and sixty-four feet high, and about nine hundred feet wide. That again on the Canada side is calculated at about one hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy feet in elevation, and about two thousand feet in width; if to this height is added that of the Rapids, the aggregate elevation of the Canada Fall will be from two hundred and ten to two hundred and twenty feet. To ascertain, with any degree of accuracy, the depth of this Fall in the centre is impossible; but, if the depth of the current half a mile distant, which is two hundred and fifty feet, may be taken as a criterion, it is not improbable that the depth in the middle of the great Fall is at least five hundred feet. The current is calculated at the rate of six miles an hour, which, with very little variety, continues the whole year through. From this it may be inferred, that more than one hundred tons of water are hourly precipitated over the Falls, and, consequently, in twenty-four hours, not less than the immense quantity of two thousand four hundred tons.

Scenes of a barbarous character have, upon various occasions, been exhibited at this spot, for the purpose of collecting and amusing a number of people. In the summer of 1827, a small vessel, filled with animals of different kinds, was sent down the Falls, in the presence of several thousand spectators. The unfortunate animals, consisting of bears, wolves, dogs, cats, geese, &c. covered the deck, and for a while looked at each other with surprise and fear, as if unable to account for this sudden and unusual association ; but, when the bark struck against the rocks above the Fall, the confusion on board was beyond description ; and in the midst of it a bear was shoved into the stream. Luckily he swam on shore, notwithstanding the rapidity of the current. The small vessel, meanwhile, ran aground, lost its masts, and gradually filled with water. The poor animals gathered on that part of the deck which was most elevated above the water, and in a second the whole party was precipitated down the Fall. Shattered fragments now appeared on the surface of the deep, and of all the animals only two were picked up alive — a cat and a goose. What cruel sport for an enlightened people!

Days passed like hours at this remarkable place, where Nature has done so much, that

Art dare not venture to attempt any more. My time, however, did not permit me to remain any longer; I therefore left Niagara for a small place called Newark, situated on the Canada side, at the spot where Niagara River discharges itself into Lake Ontario, opposite to Fort Niagara on the American side. About half way between the Falls and Newark is Queenston, a village remarkable only for a battle fought here in October, 1812, between the English and the Americans, in which General Brock, the English commander, was slain. The Legislature of Upper Canada has erected a monument to his memory, consisting of a stone column, of spiral form, one hundred and twenty-six feet high. It stands on an eminence, two hundred and seventy feet above the surface of the Niagara River, and is a conspicuous object in the neighbourhood. The prospect from the top is represented to be extremely beautiful; but the sudden departure of the steamboat prevented me from visiting it.

From the confluence of Niagara River, steamers are, during the fine season, continually plying between Prescott and Ogdensburgh, on the St. Lawrence. One of the largest, the Great Britain, carried me across

Lake Ontario to Prescott, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, in thirty hours, including several stoppages. Lake Ontario is an immense sheet of water, an absolute sea, and at times very dangerous to navigators. It is one hundred and seventy-one miles in length, and four hundred and sixty-seven in circumference; its depth is in many places unknown. Opposite to Kingston it is about ten miles wide; afterwards it decreases gradually, and forms the River St. Lawrence, which, for a considerable distance, continues of the same breadth, about two miles. A number of islands, scattered, as it were, over the surface, has obtained the name of "The Thousand Isles."

The steamboat stopped at several places to land and receive passengers: the principal were Oswego and Kingston. The former appeared to be in a flourishing and improving state, owing to its advantageous situation at the mouth of the canal, which unites Lake Ontario with the Erie Canal at Syracuse. Kingston, again, is a town in Upper Canada, that will, according to all appearance, become one of the most important places in this part of the country. It is a naval station, which circumstance, coupled with its active commerce

with the interior, gives it a life and animation little according with the environs, destitute as they are of every thing picturesque, and only distinguished by well cultivated corn-fields. A canal has been cut, at the expence of Government, for the purpose of avoiding shoals and dangerous points in the St. Lawrence, every where found between Prescott and Montreal. This canal, known by the name of the Rideau Canal, commences at a short distance from Kingston, and terminates at Ottawa River, which falls into the St. Lawrence at Montreal. Important results to Kingston are expected from this undertaking, and I have little doubt they will be realized. Attempts have lately been made to remove the seat of government for Upper Canada, now at York, to Kingston; but hitherto without success.

The distance from Prescott to Montreal is not more than one hundred and fifty miles: this was one of the most wearisome trips I had in Canada. The current over the shoals and sand-banks was so strong, that the steamboats did not venture to cross them. We were, therefore, obliged to land on arriving at three different flats, and to proceed a few miles by stages, until the river became navigable again. In this manner were the tra-

vellers compelled, during this short trip of one hundred and fifty miles, to alight five different times, and to remove from steamboat to stage, and *vice versa*. It is to be hoped that the Canadians will remedy this evil, by building stronger and more suitable steamers, of sufficient power to work against the strong current. I must also add, that they must improve stages and roads, which are really very indifferent.

During this excursion, I had frequent opportunities of seeing Indians. They were, as is common in the vicinity of Whites, destroyed by the influence of ardent spirits and debauchery, but gave, nevertheless, a characteristic appearance to the landscape.

In many places, where the flats prevented the steamboats from advancing, the Indians undauntedly pushed forward their canoes through rushing waves, and between blind shoals in the river. The frail bark flew with the rapidity of lightning over the flats, and was easily managed with a single oar, held by an Indian sitting in the stern. Here and there, on shore, I also saw groups of these Red Men, all peaceably occupied in cooking their victuals, or taking their *siesta*. The village of St. Regis, which is the boundary

between Canada and the United States, is inhabited by an Indian tribe. These people are in general baptized, and have even a church, where divine service is performed. They subsist partly by agriculture, partly by the sale of trifling articles manufactured by them, and are said to be very amicably disposed towards the Whites.

CHAPTER XII.

Happy the nations of the moral north!
Where all is virtue, and the winter season
Sends Sin, without a rag on, shivering forth.
('Twas snow that brought St. Anthony to reason.)
BYRON.

MONTREAL is the second town in Canada, and is situated on an island in the River St. Lawrence. Seen at a distance, it looks like a compact mass of buildings, confined within narrow boundaries. The streets, with the exception of St. James's Street, are narrow, crooked, and badly laid out; the houses, chiefly built of brick, are low and destitute of taste. This defect is not perceived outside the town, so that the first impression of Montreal is by no means disagreeable. The roofs, covered with tin, and glittering in the sun, give them a singular appearance, and partly correct the obscurity of the gloomy streets. A number of steeples rise between the buildings, at the head of which appears the ma-

jestic cathedral, undoubtedly the largest in North America. Opposite to the town is St. Helen's Island, which is fortified: and beside it, the Island of Nuns, and several others. Towards the west, again, is a mountain, standing like a bulwark against storms. from which the city derives its name. Here and there, between the openings of this mountain, are seen neat country-houses, the whiteness of which forms an agreeable contrast with the surrounding green parks and groves. At the top of the mountain is a thick wood, whose richness imparts life to the whole landscape.

Among the public buildings at Montreal generally shown to strangers, the cathedral and some of the convents deserve to be mentioned. The first is built of stone, in the Gothic style, two hundred and fifty-five feet in length, and one hundred and thirty-four in width. The plan of the architect was to build six square towers, two hundred feet high: this has, unfortunately, not been carried into effect. Two towers only have been commenced, and even those are not finished; so that the front of the church has a very unfinished appearance. The interior contains nothing remarkable. The paintings

over the altar are not particularly good, and cannot be called masterpieces. Behind the principal altar there are a few painted windows, representing Christ and the twelve Apostles, deservedly admired on account of the freshness of the colours and the correctness of the design.

The convents are almost exclusively appropriated to the care of the sick. The Hotel de Dieu is a spacious hospital, managed by nuns, whose zeal in the good cause is not surpassed in any Catholic country in Europe. The Grey Sisters have another hospital in the convent, where the orphans who had the misfortune of losing their parents during the prevalence of the cholera last year are taken care of*. It is scarcely possible to express in words the active humanity, the extreme kindness, shown by these charitable nuns towards the unfortunate children; it is equally impossible to convey a correct idea of the careful education which they give to these fatherless little ones. The Protestant can appreciate such noble actions as well as the Catholic; such sacrifices and such a renunciation of all the enjoyments of life in favour of a good

* In Quebec, two thousand five hundred persons died of this epidemic; in Montreal, two thousand.

cause, must be admired by every sect on earth. The nuns possess a convent chapel, fitted up with taste and elegance. A stranger is, without difficulty, admitted into it, as well as into the convent; he is only expected to buy a few articles manufactured by the nuns.

Montreal has an extensive trade, and may be considered as a more thriving place than Quebec, although the latter city is better situated for trade. The population of Montreal, in the year 1825, was about twenty-four thousand souls; at this period, it was stated to exceed thirty thousand. Lower Canada had, in the year 1814, a population of three hundred and thirty-five thousand; at the present moment, it cannot amount to less than six hundred thousand. To judge by the influx of emigrants of late years, the population of Upper Canada ought to be nearly equal to that of the Lower Province.

Canada, according to a late census, contains one million inhabitants. The number of persons who have come hither, within the last ten years, for the purpose of settling, is very considerable, and annually on the increase. In the year 1825, nine thousand and ninety-seven emigrants arrived: in 1832, forty-nine thousand, four hundred, and twenty-two. Large

districts, particularly in Upper Canada, are peopled with the same incredible rapidity as in the Western States of the American Republic. "Forests are, in every direction, levelled with the ground," says Flint in his work often referred to — "and large and compact villages spring up in two or three years from the period of erecting the first hut." The price of uncultivated land is nearly the same as in the United States. Several private companies, to which Government has made considerable grants of land, are striving to induce new comers to settle near the shores of Lake Huron; but the districts to which the tide of emigration principally flows are those in the neighbourhood of the River St. Lawrence, in Upper Canada, and about Lake Ontario.

A wealthy, and rather better-informed, class of individuals from Europe has, of late years, settled in Upper Canada, in preference to the Lower Province, on account of *les Lois des Seigneurs*, which are still in force there. These laws, which give proprietors the same prerogatives as during the existence of the feudal system in Europe, date their origin from the times when Canada was peopled by French emigrants. The Government of the

mother country, as usual upon such occasions, was not dilatory in making large grants of land to court favourites. The consequence of so impolitic a step may easily be imagined. The new proprietors had more land than they could manage; and, as they neither possessed sufficient means to engage hands for carrying on agriculture upon an extensive scale, nor were permitted, according to an express stipulation in the French patent, to dispose of any portion of their land, with a view to the better cultivation of the remainder, it was natural that the improvement of wild tracts should proceed but slowly. "Upon the whole," says the author of the interesting work, England and America — "it will seem that the establishment of these absurd lordships in the wilderness was, after the Dutch plan in South Africa, the best way to ruin the colony, by means of the restrictions thereby imposed on the useful appropriation of waste land."

In Upper Canada, on the contrary, where such laws never existed, the emigrants found every possible encouragement for settling. If it is considered that Lower Canada had a large population at the time the Upper Province was peopled only by Indians, and if,

moreover, the increase is added, which has taken place in the interior only of the country (exclusively of that in Quebec, Montreal, and other towns,) it will be seen that Upper Canada has gained a great accession of inhabitants in a very short time, and that ten years have there effected more than one hundred in Lower Canada. Such is always the consequence of unreasonable laws in this enlightened age.

The Catholic religion is the prevailing one among the Canadians, particularly among those who inhabit Montreal and Quebec, and the whole of Lower Canada, where the offspring of former French colonists still reside. In Upper Canada, again, which has received the greater part of its population from England and Scotland, the Protestant religion is prevalent.

The name of Canada has given rise to many conjectures, and antiquaries still differ as to its etymology. The Spaniards visited this country before the French. One individual of the former nation, named Velasco, it is said, expecting to find abundant gold and silver mines, on being disappointed in his expectations, exclaimed repeatedly to his followers, *Aca nada*, which means "Nothing

is to be found here." The Indians, hearing the disappointed Spaniards often repeat this expression, remembered the sound, and mentioned it to the French on their arrival, presuming that they belonged to the same nation, and consequently understood the meaning of it. The French, unacquainted with the signification, thought *Aca nada* was the name given to the country by the Indians, and therefore determined in future to call it Canada. Another explanation says, that Kannada is an Indian word, meaning a village, or dwellings of the natives, which induced the French, it is said, to call the whole country by that name. The real Canadians, I mean the descendants of French colonists, are of diminutive size, strongly built, with lively, healthy, sun-burnt faces, and, upon the whole, contented and happy. Their eyes are black and sparkling, their cheeks thin, and the chin pointed. They speak French, but it is a kind of *patois*, which no Frenchman can understand. They are naturally quiet, and satisfied with little: improvements are intolerable to them. Education has, unfortunately, made but little progress among this mass of people, who are blindly led by priests and monks. Their manners have a slight

tinge of the characteristics which distinguished their forefathers, chiefly natives of Normandy. Towards each other they are friendly and full of attentions, fond of singing, dancing, and mirth. They are strangers to fear, and endure privations and misfortunes with extraordinary apathy. This peculiar trait is not met with in Canada only: wherever Frenchmen have settled in America, their descendants have the same characteristics. A traveller will find them in the Western States, from the Pacific Ocean to the mouth of the Mississippi.

Their costume is unique, but old-fashioned. The men wear jackets, with a red sash round the waist, hats or caps, and mocassins of coarse leather. The women also have a costume, which reminds you of the fashions which prevailed several hundred years ago.

From Montreal I proceeded by a steamboat to Quebec, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, in eighteen hours. The River St. Lawrence has its source in unknown regions in the West, forms Lake Erie in its course, precipitates itself down the Falls at Niagara, and is finally lost in Lake Ontario. Thence to the sea, it goes by the name of St. Lawrence. From Montreal to Quebec, its

width is continually changing, being in places only two miles, in others, again, fifteen, as at the Lake of St. Peter's. The banks are covered with houses, churches, villages, and mansions, belonging to wealthy *seigneurs*. The roofs of the houses and churches are covered with tin, and the buildings generally painted white. Between them may be seen large fields of Indian corn, and meadows, parks, and groves; and, in the background, appear lofty mountains, or wild forests. On the banks fine wheat, barley, grass, and tobacco, are cultivated. The soil, however, becomes less fertile as you approach Quebec; and, upon the whole, agriculture appears less advanced than in Upper Canada. A few miles up the country, within a short distance of the shores of the River St. Lawrence, the axe has not yet touched a single tree; there still stands the virgin forest in all its primitive majesty.

The principal places between the two cities just mentioned are William Henry, or Sorel, and Three Rivers, two sandy and very disagreeable spots. At Sorel, the Governor of Lower Canada has a country-seat, where he resides with his family several months in the year.

The distance from Quebec is still considerable when the famous Fort, Cape Diamond, becomes visible. Near to the city, on the right shore, the mouth of the river Chaudière is passed, and Wolfe's Cove, on the other. It was at this point that General Wolfe, in the year 1759, led the English army up a steep hill, one hundred and fifty feet high, with the intention of taking possession of the heights above, called the Heights of Abraham. Wolfe, as it is well known, fell in the action; but had the satisfaction of first witnessing the discomfiture of the French army, and hearing the sounds of victory proclaimed. He expired shortly afterwards, but left to the English nation the inheritance of Quebec and all Canada, which he sealed with his blood.

The City of Quebec is situated on the left bank of the St. Lawrence, three hundred and fifty miles from the sea, and immediately above the point where the river St. Charles joins the mighty river. Nature has divided Quebec into an upper and a lower town. The first is built on a steep rock, three hundred and forty-five feet above the level of the water, and surrounded by walls, on which fortifications have been erected, forming the

ornament and celebrity of Quebec. The lower part, again, is built at the foot of the same rock, and exclusively occupied by the lower classes and by merchants' offices. The streets are narrow and mean; even in the upper part they have the same defect. The houses are chiefly built of brick, two stories high, with tin roofs: a great many are painted white, which improves their appearance. The population, in 1800, amounted to twelve thousand, in 1825, to twenty-two thousand, souls. English is spoken in the higher society: among the lower ranks, again, French is as much heard as English. The Indians, of whom there is a great proportion, speak a corrupt French as well as their native tongue, and even make use of the former language among themselves.

The public buildings in Quebec are far from possessing any remarkable feature; still they have more the appearance of what they profess to be than others of the same character in various parts of Canada. The principal of them are, the Roman Catholic church, with a few tolerable paintings; the Seminary, formerly exclusively appropriated to the study of theology, but now open to every other branch of learning; the Court of Justice; the

Ursuline Convent, founded as early as 1639, in which a number of girls are educated; the Castle of St. Louis, or the palace of the Governor, built on a perpendicular rock, about two hundred feet above the stream. This building was consumed by fire in the winter subsequent to my visit.

But the greatest and finest ornament of Quebec is the Fort at Cape Diamond, thus called on account of the glittering appearance of the stones that form the rock, on which the citadel is built. It commands not only the whole city, but also the surrounding parts of the neighbourhood. The English government has expended immense sums upon these works, and even to this day the gigantic undertaking is far from being completed. When once finished, the fortress will be impregnable on all sides, excepting that on which the Heights of Abraham are situated. These heights are nearly of the same elevation as the ramparts of the fortress, and close to them. It was from this side that General Wolfe attacked Quebec.

No point in Canada offers a more extensive and delightful view than this citadel. From the upper walls one may see far and near, and every hundred yards in advance presents a

different prospect. Below, lies the confined city, with its tin roofs; the residence of the governor, with the adjoining garden; the harbour, full of ships, steamers, and sloops. The mighty St. Lawrence is seen for a distance of some miles, rolling its waves between lofty banks; towards the north it is divided into two parts by the Island of Orleans. To the west of the city runs the fine river St. Charles, and, on the other side of it, opens an extensive country, studded with houses and cottages, which, like a long and endless street, follow as far as the eye can reach. Behind these cultivated and closely built parts, mountains rise in succession, some at a distance, others quite near, with sharp and pointed tops. The Tsononthuan Mountain, with its two peaks of two thousand feet, is seen foremost in this chain, which extends from the coast of Labrador to Lake Superior. Opposite to the city appears Point Levi, a small village, the church-spire of which shoots up in a most picturesque manner, in the midst of the thick wood. From another quarter, again, may be seen the Indian village of Loretto, whose romantic situation is pleasing even at this distance.

There are two waterfalls in the vicinity of

Quebec, which every traveller should visit. One is called Montmorency, the other Chaudière. The Montmorency is about eight miles from the city, on a river of the same name, not far from the spot where it discharges itself into the St. Lawrence. The stream runs a great distance between narrow cliffs, till it approaches the Fall, which is one hundred feet in width. It there precipitates itself, with extraordinary velocity, over a perpendicular forest-clad rock, two hundred and forty feet high, and is transformed into white foam before it reaches the bottom. The love of gain has here, as in many other places of the like nature, destroyed the beauty of the Fall, by the erection of saw-mills, for which purpose considerable portion of the water has been diverted from the general mass. Several small cataracts have formed themselves on the sides of it, so that the quantity of water, which now, in an undivided column, precipitates itself down the rock, is small in proportion to what it would be if the stream fell uninterruptedly into the abyss. In winter, the surrounding heights are used as *Montagnes Russes.*

The Chaudière Falls are situated on the river of that name, nine miles from its influx

into the St. Lawrence. The stream is about four hundred feet wide, and the height of the Fall one hundred and thirty-five. Several rocks divide it, so that, properly speaking, it forms three different Falls close to each other, which afterwards unite into a single undivided mass of water, before reaching the bottom. The neighbourhood is extremely romantic, and enhances the beauty of the whole. Whichever way the eye turns, nothing but rocks of manifold shapes are seen, whilst verdant forest-trees bend their heads over the stream. The uniform and sublime noise of rolling waters is heard in every direction. The spot deserves to be called the Lover's Waterfall in Canada, as Trenton in the United States is denominated.

The government of Canada is conducted by a governor for each province, appointed by the King of Great Britain. These officers select seventeen Members of the Council, or Upper House, which, together with the Lower House, whose members are chosen by the people, form the Parliament or legislative body that rules the English colony of Canada. To possess a right to vote, it is necessary to be settled in the country, to have an income of five pounds a year, and to pay taxes

to the amount of ten pounds, Canada currency. No law is valid until it has received the sanction of the King, and no measure, of whatever import it may be, can be acted upon before it has been submitted and signed on the other side of the Atlantic.

Is Canada really happy, ruled as it is by an English King? This question is often put by natives, as well as foreigners, visiting the country. I will answer it in the very words given to me: "Canada has, for several years past, been in a feverish state, and yet no means have been adopted for allaying the symptoms. On the contrary, a policy, at once uncertain and hesitating, has visibly increased the malady; so that all the component parts of the State, commerce, agriculture, and industry, have suffered very seriously. England, it is true, has endeavoured to conciliate the affections of the colonists, by granting various advantages in regard to duties on timber, the principal article of export from Canada, the whole country being, with few exceptions, nothing but forests. But the colonists know, also, that they render a great service to the mother country, by receiving and providing for the poor surplus population of Great Britain, unable to live at

home. They know that it is a misfortune to England to possess so large a population, and that Canada serves the mother country as much as herself, when she receives into her bosom that which is a real incumbrance to the other. England can therefore only blame herself, if she neglects the opportunity of deriving from the colony all the advantages which may be expected from a country possessing in her soil so many treasures and riches. Restless demagogues adroitly avail themselves of the conjuncture, and excite wavering minds against the mother country. The English Governors are daily losing their popularity, in the same proportion as the democratic party is gaining the ascendency. Principles of freedom from the neighbouring States penetrate imperceptibly among the rising generation, and the force of example will sooner or later induce the Canadians to hoist the standard of rebellion, and to declare themselves independent."

All this is possible, perhaps probable; but would such a step, I ask, so much improve the condition of Canada, as to preclude the expediency of first taking into consideration the many perils to which the colony would be exposed by declaring itself independent of

Great Britain? I do not know enough of Canada to answer this question; yet I cannot help thinking that such a measure, if acted upon by the colony, would rather benefit than injure the mother country.

In order to be able to return to the United States, I was obliged to travel back to Montreal, and thence continue my route, partly by steam, partly by land, to St. John's, a small town on the River Richelieu, which unites the waters of Lake Champlain with those of the St. Lawrence, discharging itself subsequently into the latter stream at Sorel. Several projects have lately been in contemplation to facilitate the communication between St. John's and La Prairie, on the River St. Lawrence, by means of a canal or railroad, but neither had been carried into execution in the summer of 1834.

At St. John's I went on board the fine steamer Franklin, which started on the following morning for Whitehall, a town situated at the southern extremity of Lake Champlain, which forms the boundary between the States of New York and Vermont. It is one hundred and forty miles in length, and fourteen in width, at the widest part. At both extremities it is so confined as to resemble a

narrow river. The banks are in some places in their natural state, full of woods and morasses: in others, cultivation has made some progress. With the exception of the country about Burlington, which is extremely pretty, I found nothing grand or striking in the appearance of the shores of this lake. During the French war, and the struggle for independence, this neighbourhood was frequently the scene of sanguinary battles between the hostile armies. Of the fortifications then existing nothing remains but the ruins of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, the first of which has a very picturesque appearance, between the two lakes, Champlain and George. It was erected by the French, in 1756, and afterwards fell into the hands of the English. The Americans took possession of it in the year 1775, and retained it till 1777, when the English General, Burgoyne, retook it. At the present moment, it is only a heap of ruins, with a few of the walls still standing.

Lake George is one of the finest lakes in America. It is about thirty-six miles in length, and from three quarters of a mile to four miles in width. It is interspersed with a number of islands; among which Diamond

Island deserves to occupy the first place. The water has a peculiar clearness, known so well all over the country, that it has become a proverb to say clear as the water of Lake George. The banks, chiefly consisting of mountains, are clad with the verdure of trees and bushes, and sometimes shoot up close to the water's edge, sometimes recede towards the interior, leaving between the margin and the top of the mountains long and gradual ascents, which the husbandman is able to cultivate to advantage. The whole lake had something so pleasing and inspiring, that it was with the utmost difficulty the visiter could be prevailed on to quit this enchanting neighbourhood. More than once, while traversing Lake George, did I call to mind the beautiful Loch Katerine in Scotland. I thought that I recognised Helen's haunted Lake, its magic island, and romantic banks; I fancied myself once more in the country of Walter Scott.

At the southern extremity of Lake George is a small village, called Caldwell, distinguished by its pleasant and country-like situation. During the summer months this place is much frequented by inhabitants from the larger cities, desirous of some relaxation

after the noisy pleasures of a winter's town life. From this place I proceeded to Saratoga, passing, on the road, through Glen Falls, an insignificant place, with a waterfall, only known by Cooper's interesting novel, "The Last of the Mohicans," the scenes of which are partly laid here, partly on the shores of Lake George.

From Saratoga I again travelled to New York, in the beginning of September, 1833. The heat was extremely oppressive; and such of the citizens as were not actually obliged to remain at home had repaired, some to the sea-coast, others to the North, in quest of refreshing breezes.

CHAPTER XIII.

In peace thou art the gale of spring; in war the mountain-storm.
OSSIAN.

WHO can visit the United States without making a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and, at the grave of Washington, devoting a few moments to the memory of America's greatest man? Like the pilgrim in the East, I was impelled by a strong desire to view and examine the spot, which contained the ashes of Washington. I proceeded, consequently, on my journey, without loss of time. Mount Vernon is situated about eight miles from the town of Alexandria, on the banks of Potomac River. I readily accepted the proposal of a kind and attentive friend to accompany me thither, and started early one morning, favoured by the finest weather imaginable. The road offered no other interest but the

reflexion that Washington often travelled over it. Like other visiters, I should probably have made sad complaints of deep sand, heaps of stones, and holes in various places, if I had not been fortunate enough to have a lively and agreeable travelling companion, belonging to the Society of Quakers. Before I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with this gentleman, I had, like many other Europeans, entertained an erroneous idea of that sect.

It is something so common with us to attach to the name of Quaker a certain degree of stiffness, reserve, and unsociableness, that, I candidly confess, I was not a little surprised and delighted to meet with an individual, with a square-cut coat and broad-brimmed hat, disposed to laugh and joke, and possessing the faculty of making all around him happy and contented. This gentleman, as well as others belonging to the same sect, whom I subsequently met at his house, left upon me the impression, that a Quaker can be as merry as a Lutheran or a Catholic, although he may appear a little stiff at his meeting, and the world may think him a singular and reserved being. I shall never forget the many happy hours I spent in his

company: they were among the most agreeable I passed in America.

Mount Vernon still belongs to the Washington family, and is now in the hands of a Mrs. Washington, whose deceased husband was a relative of the General's. The property requires large funds to keep it in repair, but yields nothing. This circumstance, coupled with frequent absence on the part of the lady, has had an injurious effect on the appearance of the estate. Fields, which in the time of Washington yielded large crops, are now unproductive and filled with weeds. The inclosures are all in ruins. Gardens, in which exotics and fruit trees of both hemispheres once flourished, now hardly give an idea of the splendour of former times; even the gardener bore the aspect of a man who had one foot in the grave. Labouring under the effects of ague and other disorders, his countenance was as yellow as the lemons that scarcely ripened under his care. The decayed state of the house also bespoke neglect: servants and slaves appeared sluggish, and as if abandoned by their mistress. Every thing, in short, looked sombre; even the most trifling thing seemed to remind one of the dissolution of the great proprietor. No husbandmen

were visible in the fields, no faithful dog frolicked in the yard, not a single bird was heard in the groves, nor could the sound of a solitary cattle-bell be distinguished. Within the house reigned only grief and sorrow; the room once occupied by Washington was still the scene of tears, which seemed never to cease flowing in this abode of woe.* The house is built of wood, and stands on an eminence close to the beautiful Potomac. The front facing the stream is embellished by a row of pillars, supporting the roof, which projects beyond the wall, and thus forms an open corridor, certainly very pleasant in a warm climate, but not very tasteful to the eye. In front of this corridor is a sloping lawn, extending towards the river and terminating in a steep hill, covered by a thick wood. Below the hill again appears the Potomac, overspread with sails, and the opposite shore exhibits a hilly and variegated country.

The main building forms a quadrangle, surrounding a court-yard. On each side of the house is a small wooden building, joined to it by an open portico. The windows are as

* The present Mrs. Washington, who only a few days previously arrived at Mount Vernon on a visit, had received the distressing intelligence of the death of her sister, a few moments before my arrival.

small as those of ordinary garrets, and the door suitable for a small cottage. Inside the house I found only one object which excited peculiar interest, and which is contemplated, no doubt, with looks of curiosity by every visiter. I mean the key of the Bastille, which Lafayette sent as a present to Washington, immediately after the destruction of that prison, at the time of the French Revolution. It is heavy, clumsy, and strong, such as a prison key generally is; the handle is in the form of a corkscrew. What a number of victims has this key excluded from all connexion with the world! What a multitude of dark and sanguinary deeds has it consigned to oblivion! No individual on earth was certainly better entitled to it after the overthrow of the Bastille than the champion of American liberty. Lafayette felt this, and disposed of it accordingly. This former instrument of iniquity, of blood, and of torture, is now exhibited to the world in a glass frame.

I now stood near *his* tomb. Washington was at first interred in a vault above the ground, close to the eminence on which the house is built, whence the stream was visible between surrounding trees. Although this was one of the finest and most suitable spots

in the neighbourhood, his remains were lately removed to another grave, a few hundred yards south of the former. This rather excited my surprise, for the present situation is not near so good as the former; but Washington, it appears, selected this spot himself; and, with a view to fulfil his wishes, the relations consented to the otherwise unpardonable act of disturbing his ashes. It was a long time in contemplation to remove them to Washington, and place them under the dome of the Capitol, as those of Nelson are deposited under the cupola of St. Paul's in London; but his relatives have not as yet acquiesced in the proposal. Government will, however, soon be obliged to purchase Mount Vernon; otherwise the residence of Washington may possibly fall into the hands of some mercenary speculator, who may think fit to impose a certain contribution on individuals desirous of seeing the grave, and, moreover, dispose perhaps of the bones, of the deceased, as monks do in Catholic countries with those of saints and martyrs.

The present sepulchre is built of brick, at the extremity of a small hillock. The door is of iron. In front, round it, and on the grave itself, grow bushes and trees of various

kinds, but mostly cedars, all more or less mutilated by the thousands of travellers who resort hither every year, and cannot resist the temptation of carrying to their remote homes some relic from Washington's tomb. How dear are these relics to Americans! In Missouri and in Louisiana, in Florida and in Maine, they have the same value, the same interest: even in distant Europe, these green cedar twigs are contemplated with emotion and respect. And yet what are they? Common twigs of cedar! Many a mighty monarch slumbers in the arms of death, under the pressure of monument and statues; and ages roll on without a fragment or a single flower near his grave being disturbed by a pilgrim, as a memento of the deceased. Posterity seldom sheds a tear over showy monuments: you may read in letters of gold records of virtue and noble deeds, but after-ages, knowing how to appreciate such records, will not perhaps remember them. The marble may strike every one, but neither its whiteness nor its golden inscription induces the wanderer to pause and to call to memory the past. But, at the simple brick tomb at Mount Vernon, see the multitude daily paying homage to the deceased. From the frozen regions of

Lapland to the orange-groves of Sicily, from the northern forests of Canada to the land of the Patagonians, men flock thither, to see the last resting place of Washington. No external show, no Carrara marble, recording heroic deeds and unusual virtues, is to be found there. Of what use is the cold stone to such a man? Every noble bosom is Washington's best monument. There tyrants may read the actions of a great man, and the historian collect materials for his life.

During my residence in Alexandria this time, I had one day occasion to attend the wedding of persons belonging to the Society of Friends. The ceremony was conducted with all that simplicity which characterises the sect, and took place at one of their meetings, held every Thursday forenoon at eleven o'clock. On all ordinary occasions, it is not usual for both sexes to sit together, or even to enter at the same door; but on an extraordinary one, like the present, the bridegroom has a right to lead the bride by the hand, and to take his place by her side — this was probably the first and last time in their lives that this liberty was allowed. Neither party was dressed as if belonging to the "Society of Friends," but both were fashionably at-

tired. I remarked this unexpected circumstance to an elderly respectable Quaker. "They are both young," answered he; "youth and wisdom do not always go together." — Not a word was uttered, during the space of an hour, by any individual in the congregation: all had their hands clasped together, and their eyes fixed on the floor. The lovers appeared like two statues, immoveable and inanimate, at each other's side, without venturing to steal a glimpse at any thing that passed around. At length service was over; and, upon a certain signal, the whole meeting rose, when the bridegroom, turning towards the bride, asked in a loud voice if she would become his wife, and fulfil all the obligations incumbent on a faithful spouse. The bride put nearly the same question to him, after which both parties signed the marriage contract, which was read aloud by one of the elder Quakers. Any one might then witness the instrument; during which ceremony the congregation dispersed. The new-married couple, with their parents, then left the meeting-house, to spend the honeymoon in travelling through some parts of the country.

On returning to New York, late in the fall, I already found winter amusements in full

operation. Among the principal recreations then in vogue was the Italian Opera. Several leading men in the higher circles had, in the course of the year, entered into arrangements for building an Opera-house, exclusively intended for the performance of Italian music. It was reasonably anticipated that, in a city with a population of two hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, of which a great proportion are Europeans, a taste for the Italian school would sufficiently prevail, to support the expence of an Opera. An enterprizing individual was selected and despatched to Europe, for the purpose of engaging vocal and instrumental artists. On his return to New York, in the autumn, he found the Opera-house so far ready, that he was soon able to open it, as he hoped, under distinguished patronage, with several new operas. The house, built with some taste, unquestionably deserves the rank of the finest theatre in the United States. The proportions and arrangements of the interior have been calculated with the ability of an expeperienced artist, and the ceiling, in particular, cannot be sufficiently admired for its beauty and lightness.

In the course of the season, several operas

were performed, namely: *La Gazza Ladra*, *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Mathilde di Shabran*, *Gli Arabi nelle Gallie*, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, and *Il Turco in Italia*. Fanti and Bordogni were the two principal singers: both contended for the palm of *prima donna*. The first had a fine and full voice, formed by good instruction and much practice. Bordogni, again, had a weak contralto, of which much might be made, her method being unobjectionable, though the voice was not yet developed. The remaining artists, of whom the company was composed, had, in truth, no great pretensions to talent as singers: both tenors were, to use the expression of a severe critic, "very, very bad." In a word, the execution of Rossini's and Cimarosa's masterpieces was far from what might have been expected, and the performers were little above mediocrity. The orchestra, however, was good.

That the New Yorkers, in general, have a real taste for music, is a thing I am not inclined to doubt; but the result of the performances this season was certainly far from encouraging to the Italian corps. The house was seldom more than half filled, although new operas were constantly performed: and

the manager, the indefatigable manager, instead of acquiring any thing bordering on a fortune, contracted, as report says, only a heavy debt for his pains. Reasons were assigned for this apathy to good music, such as the high price of admission, the depression in the money-market, mediocrity of the performers, &c. These objections may have some claim to truth; still they are insufficient to remove the inference that, however much amateurs may call out, "Bravo! Bravissimo!" at each air sung by Fanti and Bordogni, and however much Fashion may endeavour to take unappreciated music under its special protection, still New York is not yet ripe for an Italian Opera.

Besides the Opera, there are three other theatres in the city, the Park, Bowery, and Richmond Hill. The first formerly ranked highest among American theatres, but this station it seems to have lost by some defect in the management. The second devotes its boards almost exclusively to the performance of national dramas and plays, particularly such as are founded on some well known Indian story. The last, again, is chiefly frequented by the lower classes. Generally speaking, American performances, at least

three-fourths of them, consist of dramatic pieces, first acted on the English stage: of their merits this is not the place to judge. With regard to native American dramas, they are, for the most part, wretched productions, often resembling hurried juvenile Christmas farces. The principal performers in tragedy are Booth, Forrest, and Hamblin — in comedy, Hackett and Placide. Among the actresses, Drake and McClure occupy the first rank. The tragic actors, particularly the first two, are not deficient in talent, and would, in most countries, gather laurels on the stage: they are not, however, exempt from faults common to all English performers. Hackett is already known in Europe for his masterly delineation, by mimickry, of the language and manners of the West: of him, therefore, nothing can be said but what every one knows. Placide possesses ability and talent, but, as a comic actor, he has not sufficient expression to be perfect in his profession. This defect he endeavours to conceal by overdoing every part, but in the attempt he often descends into a kind of vulgarity, which can please none but the lower classes. As a tragic actress, Mrs. Drake is a star on the American stage. Possessing considerable

natural talent, without having enjoyed the opportunity of studying good models, as the greater part of her time has been spent in the West, she is really an object of admiration. She is completely mistress of the art of expressing every passion by her features, and can infuse so much warmth into her performance, that when she plays the part of Juliet, for instance, the spectator would actually conceive that he had before him the very original whom she represents. Mrs. M'Clure performs with dignity and force. I never saw her tread the stage without imparting interest to her performance, and leaving a deep impression on the auditory.

Among foreign theatrical artists who visited the United States during my residence, the following were particularly distinguished: Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. Charles Kemble, Miss Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Austin, and Mr. Power. Whoever has heard or seen these eminent performers, will certainly never forget them. The Woods' Hawthorn and Rosetta*, the Mercutio† and Julia‡ of the Kembles, Austin's Ariel§, and Power's Pandeen O'Raf-

* In the Opera of "Love in a Village."
† "Romeo and Juliet."
‡ "The Hunchback." § "The Ti

ferty *, are masterpieces which acquire additional value by time.

The fine arts in America are, as I have before observed, still in their infancy. Want of encouragement is, no doubt, one of the principal causes of the slow progress they have made in comparison with their advance in Europe during the same period. Young artists are, with few exceptions, obliged to have recourse to portrait-painting, in which a few have arrived at some degree of distinction. Landscapes and historical pieces are more scarce; the taste for them not being general, the public sets less value upon them than they often deserve. This is particularly the case in the latter branch. If the picture does not represent a scripture subject, the majority of spectators invariably object to what they call impropriety in the dress of the figures, &c. Two paintings, representing Adam and Eve, before and after the Fall, were exhibited in most towns of the Union, and could only insure spectators by being called moral paintings; but, even under this veil, they were condemned by many pious matrons, who alleged that they had come to show their daughters a distinguished per-

* "Born to Good Luck."

formance, but by no means with a view to make anatomical observations on the symmetry and proportions of the human form. This is also the case with statuaries, who are compelled either to confine themselves exclusively to the lower department of their art, that of making busts, or to settle in foreign countries, where they may live by their profession. With the young and rising generation in America, symptoms of taste for the fine arts are here and there discovered; and, if wealth increases in the same proportion as the population, it may be inferred that a new era in the arts is at hand. The principal American artists now living are, as painters, Trumbull, Sully, Alston, Morse, Harding, Weir, and Dunlap; as sculptors, Goodenow and Frazee.

American literature derives its best works from England. Independently of the injurious effect which this produces on native performances, it has another also—that of forming the taste exclusively for English literature. It is only lately that the learned have begun to think of directing the national taste into a different channel, by translations from other languages. An American author has very little hopes of being known, unless his works come to the country *via* England, after having

been first printed, read, and praised there. But it must not hence be inferred that the United States are without individuals who solely and exclusively devote themselves to literature; of these there are numbers. To enumerate them, and to criticise their works, would require more time than these limits permit. I will only mention a few names, which stand at the head of an almost endless list, and a great proportion of which are well known to the reading portion of Europeans: Washington Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Marshall, Dwight, Sedgewick, Paulding, Sigourney, Flint, &c.

The newspapers in America form an essential part of the literature of the country. Their great circulation enables the editors to make themselves known. In the United States, there are at present not fewer than one thousand two hundred daily papers*, exclusively of periodicals, the number of which is very considerable, and among which the "North American Review," edited in a masterly manner, deservedly occupies the first place. A number of these papers devote their columns exclusively to literary productions; others, again, only give extracts from

* Vide "American Almanac for 1834."

published and unpublished works. That portion of the citizens, who, either for want of means, or from living too far from large cities, cannot procure the latest productions themselves, obtain, however, through the medium of these newspapers, a superficial knowledge of them.

Without a periodical press, America would never have made the progress she has made, and still continues to make; for, in so extensive, so comparatively little cultivated and peopled a country, how should discoveries otherwise be generally known and diffused? Nor would the remote citizen be able to judge for himself of the Government and its measures. The influence of the journals is truly astonishing: even in the larger cities there is a degree of anxiety and impatience until the newspapers make their appearance. To many they are real oracles, whose veracity none dare question. Every journal belongs to some political party, whose principles it advocates; and many persons have so perfect a reliance on the clearness and correctness of its views, that they cannot be prevailed upon to read the papers which espouse the opposite side of the question. In many small places in the country, it is not unusual to see

the political sentiments of the people governed by the journals of one party, which confirm the inhabitants in their opinions by always keeping up party-spirit. In the larger cities, where the population is considerable, a similar monopoly cannot well take place; but, by the number of subscribers, a pretty correct calculation may be made of the general opinion and feeling on the spot.

The greatest number of newspapers and periodicals are published in New York and Boston. In 1833, they amounted in Boston to eighty-one, and in New York to sixty-five; in this calculation are not included periodicals, published quarterly or at longer intervals. In New York, the newspaper entitled the "Morning Courier and New York Enquirer" has the greatest number of subscribers, amounting, in the year 1834, to four thousand three hundred. The annual subscription was ten dollars.

According to the present population of the United States, it may be calculated that there is one newspaper for every ten thousand eight hundred persons, which is a greater proportion than in any other country in the world.

On the 25th of November, 1833, the fiftieth

anniversary of the evacuation of New York by the English was celebrated by a parade of the military, and a procession of the different trades through the principal streets. The latter ceremony was not without effect. Each trade had its particular ensigns or colours, and was headed by the elder members. To my great surprise, I did not see a single individual indifferently dressed, and whose appearance did not announce the enjoyment of comfort. After having made the customary exhibition, they entered a church or chapel, where an appropriate speech was delivered, which was hailed with delight by all present. "In human nature," said the speaker, "reigns a selfish principle, which induces men to avail themselves of the industry of others, without giving a corresponding share in return; this principle conduces to aristocracy and oppression. In this country, the laws do not acknowledge any privileged class; yet a progressive and unequal accumulation of property, which no law could possibly anticipate, has produced nearly the same baneful effect as a titled and hereditary aristocracy. This evil could only be checked by the formation of a union between the labouring classes, for the purpose of insuring to them a reasonable

remuneration for their labours. To counteract this tendency to aristocracy, to prevent a kind of monopoly, to effect a greater equality in society, to assist those who are unemployed, to raise the character and improve the situation of the working classes; in a word, to protect their rights as men and citizens — this is the object of this union."

Of a very different description were the processions of the militia and its opponents, who had formed a society with a view to ridicule the whole militia system. The laws enjoin that American citizens, with few exceptions, shall contribute to the defence of the country. The militia, as it is called, which is equivalent to the European conscription, has formed itself into several small companies, at times drilled by their officers. Free-born Americans are not over and above satisfied with an institution which subjects them to slavish obedience, and therefore endeavour, by every means in their power, to exhibit the system in so unfavourable a light, as to compel Government, if possible, to relinquish it altogether, or at least to make some more suitable regulations.

Another attempt of this nature was now carried into effect by a procession of indivi-

duals, fantastically dressed, having a chief at their head. "The parade of fantasticals of yesterday," says one of the newspapers of New York, in describing the scene, "was an exhibition *sui generis*—there never was aught like it before on earth, or in the waters underneath it. It was Babylon broken up—the whole kitchen cabinet of Beelzebub in insurrection—a perfect kaleidoscope of absurdities, and a magazine of monstrosities."

Every one, from the general down to the simple musician, wore a uniform, all unlike each other in appearance. There was a Don Quixote as well as a Sancho Panza—a Robinson Crusoe as well as a Jack Downing. To give a correct description of this carnival, or draw from obscurity all the ridiculous figures which formed the members of this caricature-like procession, would be impossible. Suffice it to say, that the *tout ensemble* afforded a hearty laugh to all the citizens of New York; and there ceased all the good it did, for no change or relaxation in the militia system was effected by this exhibition.

The present militia in the United States amounts to one million three hundred and sixteen thousand one hundred and fifteen men. The regular army, again, consists of six thou-

sand four hundred and twelve men; of whom three hundred and ninety-three are cavalry, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight artillery, and three thousand two hundred and twenty-five infantry; besides recruits, who, from the 1st of January to the 30th of September, 1833, were computed at two thousand and thirty-six *.

No direct taxes are paid in the United States to the Federal Government; but it is supported by the revenue arising from the customs, which has, in later times, by an increasing trade, amounted to so considerable a sum, that not only almost the whole of the national debt has been liquidated by it, but also the current expences of the year, always on the increase, have been discharged by its aid.† Thus it is free to every one in America to contribute to the maintenance of the Federal Government, either by small or large sums. The contributions from towns are naturally larger than from the country, and I am inclined to think that the former are nearly in the proportion of one and a half to the latter;

* It may here be interesting to make an approximate statement of the army of the United States and that of Sweden:

UNITED STATES.		SWEDEN.	
Population	13,000,000	Population, nearly . .	3,000,000
Army	6,412	Army	32,694

† The expences for the Federal Government itself, without taking

it is, however, impossible to state this with any degree of accuracy. On the other hand, there is a direct property-tax in favour of the State in which the citizen resides, or in favour of the city or town where he is settled. In the country, these funds are applied to the maintenance of public roads, to all possible internal improvements, to the remuneration of the clergy, to the building of schools, &c. In the towns again, the revenue is appropriated to the embellishment of the city, in some places to the building of schools, as in the case at Boston, where the authorities of the city have set aside, for one year, the sum of forty thousand dollars for the erection of two new schools. The taxes in New York have, of late years, been rather considerable, owing,

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into account the annual payment in extinction of the National Debt, were under

		Dollars.	Cents.
	MONROE.		
1822	- - -	9,872,643	51
1823	- - -	9,784,154	59
1824	- - -	10,330,144	71
	ADAMS.		
1825	- - -	11,490,460	4
1826	- - -	12,562,316	30
1827	- - -	12,653,095	65
1828	- - -	13,296,041	45
	JACKSON.		
1829	- - -	12,669,490	62
1830	- - -	13,229,533	33
1831	- - -	14,777,991	51
1832	- - -	about 18,000,000	
1833	- - -	22,085,063	

in part, to the extra charges to which the city was subject during the prevalence of the cholera, and partly to the widening of streets and improvements of every kind, which were considered indispensable in the midst of a dense population. In Cedar Street, for instance, a tax of no less than one thousand two hundred dollars was laid on the proprietor of two houses to defray the expence of widening the street to the distance of a few hundred yards.

This taxation varies, however, in different towns. In Pennsylvania it is principally laid on real estate, and in a very small proportion on floating capital. Although this mode of taxation is far from being founded in equity, it has, nevertheless, in that part, been attended with good results, inasmuch as it has induced a great number of capitalists to settle there; and their large expenditure has been advantageously circulated among the lower classes. This is not the case in Massachusetts, where all are taxed alike, and the imposts fall equally heavy on real estate and on personal property; but the consequence has been, that many capitalists have quitted the State, for they here paid one thousand five hundred dollars in taxes, whereas in Pennsylvania the assess-

ment would not amount to more than thirty or forty dollars. This assessment is annually made by men appointed by the Legislature for that purpose. They tax the citizens according to what they consider them to be worth. Complaints of too high assessment are seldom heard of, because the complainant would, in such a case, be compelled to state on oath the actual amount of his property. Rather than make such a disclosure to the world, the Americans submit to a taxation assessed at hazard, if not too high. This explains an observation, often repeated by strangers, that no where is it more difficult to find out the real property of an individual than in the United States of North America.

CHAPTER XIV.

Private credit is wealth — public honour is security — the feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.

JUNIUS.

OF all the events that occurred in the United States, during my residence of two years, there was none which created greater sensation, caused a greater degree of bad feeling between two parties already excited against each other, and had more important results, than the remarkable contest carried on by President Jackson against the Bank of the United States, occasioned, in a great measure, by personal animosity to the institution and its president, and which will figure in history by the name it already bears, namely, "Jackson's responsible experiment." But, in order to understand this subject thoroughly, and to convey a correct idea of the attack and defence of the contending parties, it is necessary that I should abandon the present for a mo-

ment, and retrace, succinctly, occurrences of former times.

It is to the system of credit that the Americans are, in no small degree, indebted for the incredible progress which industry, in various branches, has made in the country. This system was already in full operation during the dominion of the British: at the conclusion of the war of Independence, it became still more prevalent in the new Republic, from an augmented spirit of speculation on the part of the inhabitants. Banks were formed in numbers, and the States were ever ready to grant them charters. Subject to no control or inspection, these banks soon began to issue notes to any amount they pleased, and inundated the country with their paper.

Abuses, often repeated, created distrust in the public mind, which shortly afterwards produced the effect of overthrowing these unsafe establishments, one after another. A kind of National Bank was instituted, as far back as 1781, under the name of the "Bank of North America," but it did not answer the purpose intended; and, in 1790, the United States' Bank was formed, upon the plan suggested by Alexander Hamilton. The Government at that time held a different opinion

as to the usefulness of National Banks from that entertained by the present Administration. "The Secretary of Finance respectfully reports," says Hamilton, in his well-known Report to the House of Representatives, of the 13th of December, 1790, "that, from a conviction that a National Bank is an institution of primary importance to the prosperous administration of the finances, and would be of the greatest utility in the operations connected with the support of the public credit, his attention has been drawn to devising the plan of such an institution," &c. In another place, in the same Report, he says: "The following are among the principal advantages of a Bank. 1. The augmentation of the active or productive capital of a country. 2. Greater facility to the Government in obtaining pecuniary aids, especially in sudden emergencies. 3. The facilitating of the payment of taxes, &c." "I am firmly persuaded," says again Mr. Taney, Secretary to the Treasury, in his Report to Congress of the 3rd of Dec. 1833, "that the existence of such a powerful moneyed monopoly is dangerous to the liberties of the people and to the purity of our political institutions." Further: "A Bank of the United States is not necessary, either for the fiscal

operations of the Government, or the public convenience."

The Charter granted to the United States' Bank expired in 1811. Application was made for a renewal for an additional period, but Congress refused it, on the ground that a similar institution was considered as tending to a moneyed aristocracy. At that time the country was divided between two parties, who took up the Bank question as a subject in the solution of which they intended to have a struggle for life or death. Three years, however, had hardly elapsed, before the same man* who had so zealously fought against the Bank proposed to Congress the formation of a new Bank, as the only means of restoring public confidence, and saving the Treasury from an embarrassing and even helpless situation. "Such had been the impressive lesson taught by a very brief but fatal experience," says McDuffie, in his report of the 13th of April, 1830, to the House of Representatives, "that the very institution which had been so recently denounced, and rejected by the Republican party, being now recommended by a Republican Administration, was carried through both branches of

* Mr. Madison, at that time President.

Congress, as a Republican measure, by an overwhelming majority of the Republican party." The minor Banks were no longer able to make payments in specie; their stock of paper increased every day. None of their notes had a fixed value, some bringing only eighty, sixty, even fifty per cent. Bankruptcies followed in close succession, and loud condemnations of the whole Banking system were every where heard. In this emergency, the present United States' Bank was instituted: it commenced its operations in 1817. Its head-quarters are Philadelphia, but it has Branch Banks in every part of the Union. In no place within the United States, however distant, is a higher discount than one quarter per cent. paid for a note issued by this Bank.* Its capital was fixed at thirty-five millions of dollars, of which the United States owe one-fifth. According to an Act of Congress, all funds received by the Treasury were to be deposited in this Bank, without interest: for these exclusive privileges, the Bank of the United States had only to pay a bonus of one million and a half of dollars. The collection of the funds of the nation was therefore to be effected upon the plan, that the Treasury

* Vide McDuffie's report above referred to.

department should never retain in its coffers a larger sum, at a time, than was absolutely necessary for actual and current disbursements: the surplus funds were to be lent to the nation.

Two years had scarcely passed, before the country already felt the salutary effect of this useful institution. Commerce increased with incredible rapidity; agriculture, and every branch of industry, seemed to flourish; the National Debt was gradually liquidated, with perfect ease to Government; confidence, within and without, became consolidated; and the currency was placed upon a more solid footing. With nearly twenty millions in specie, (the aggregate stock of silver and gold in America,) Bank notes to the amount of eighty-six millions were put in circulation, besides five hundred millions in private notes, private Bank notes, &c. Every thing rested on confidence; and of this the new Bank was in perfect possession. Such was the situation of the country, when a motion was made in Congress to renew the Charter of the Bank, which expires on the 3rd of March, 1836. The proposal was adopted by both Houses, and only required the assent of the President to become a law; his sanction, however, was refused, although, in his message to Congress

of the 6th December, 1831, he states that he had resolved to leave the investigation of this matter in the hands of an enlightened people and its Representatives. On the 14th July, 1832, his *veto* on the Bill followed; but this death-blow was not enough: he wished, moreover, to make sure of its extinction, and issued accordingly to Mr. Duane, the then Secretary of the Treasury, an order to remove the Government deposits from the Bank of the United States to State Banks. This gentleman, not conceiving himself justified in adopting a step, in direct opposition to his own conscientious opinion and views, tendered his resignation. The President immediately replaced him by Mr. Taney, who, without hesitation, acquiesced in the measure determined upon.

On the 1st of October, 1833, the removal of the deposits took place from the Bank of the United States to thirty-six different State Banks, with small capitals, and chartered by the States in which they were situated. In the month of September, the Bank had in circulation notes to the amount of eighteen million, four hundred and thirteen thousand, two hundred and eighty-seven dollars, seven cents: its discounts at the same period were

sixty-two million, six hundred and fifty-three thousand, three hundred and fifty-nine dollars, fifty-nine cents, which, after the removal of the deposits, was reduced to sixty million, ninety-four thousand, two hundred and two dollars, ninety-three cents. In October, there were still in the vaults of the Bank nine million, eight hundred and sixty-eight thousand, four hundred and thirty-five dollars, fifty-eight cents, in deposits. The amount of bullion, at the same period, was ten million, six hundred and sixty-three thousand, four hundred and forty-one dollars, fifty-one cents.

The consequence of this measure, on the part of the President, in the opinion of many both uncalled-for and arbitrary, was soon felt. He had adopted it without consulting any experienced or practical man; he had, according to his own words, taken the responsibility upon himself: on him alone, therefore, fell the general discontent. The Bank was obliged, in consequence of a reduced amount at its disposal, to limit its discounts. The State Banks, again, although in possession of the funds of the nation, did not venture to discount more than formerly, being uncertain how long they might be permitted to keep the deposits; and too extensive an

accommodation, they conceived, might possibly place them in a dilemma, the more to be feared as they had, in the Bank of the United States, to deal with a powerful opponent.

Each party placed itself in a state of defence, determined to guard against surprise in case of attack, and thus large sums were withdrawn from circulation. The wheel of credit soon began to make its revolutions less regularly. Pressure in the money market was first felt in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, where from one to three per cent. per month was paid: in a short time it also spread all over the country, and from Maine to Louisiana only one voice was heard: "Woe to the author of all this evil!" About sixty bankruptcies took place in New York, and other cities in the Union had their proportion. Several Banks stopped payment, and thousands were ruined. Public funds fell from forty to fifty per cent., and all kinds of goods became depreciated in value. Factories were shut up, and workmen discharged. This is indeed a sorry picture in comparison with that presented by the United States only a few months before this crisis. The currency of the country was in confusion, commerce lingering, manufactories were stopped, and

agricultural produce was of far less value than before. In a word, confidence had disappeared, calamity stood at every other door, always threatening to enter the house. Deputations of all classes were sent to Washington to entreat the President to desist from his ruinous experiment. At first he received them graciously, which was the case with a deputation of merchants and traders sent from New York, with a petition signed by six thousand persons; others he dismissed rather angrily;* and at last he refused to receive them at all, and to hear the complaints of the people.†

Congress, however, met on the 2nd of December, 1833; and the President, in his message to both Houses, on the 3rd of December, and also the Secretary of the Treasury, in his Report, were not dilatory in defending the removal of the deposits. Among many things advanced in the last mentioned document, I

* To the deputation from Baltimore he used the following language: "Relief, Sir!—come not to me, Sir; go to the monster, Nicholas Biddle! Sir, I could have destroyed the monster in thirty days; but the President would not do it. Andrew Jackson lives yet to put his foot upon the head of the monster, and crush him to the dust. The mammoth has bled you. When I put him down, Sir, the other moneyed institutions will meet all the wants of the people. It is folly in the extreme to talk to me thus, Sir! I would rather undergo the tortures of ten Spanish Inquisitions, than that the deposits should be restored, or the monster be re-chartered."

† This was the case with a deputation from Boston.

have selected the following: "The Act incorporating the Bank is to be regarded as a contract between the United States, of the one part, and the stockholders, of the other. As these stockholders have agreed that the power reserved to the Secretary of the Treasury over the deposits shall not be restricted to any particular contingencies, the order, therefore, of the Secretary of the Treasury, directing the public money to be deposited elsewhere, can in no event be regarded as a violation of the contract with the stockholders, nor impair any right secured to them by the charter. It is, besides, not necessary that the deposits should be unsafe in order to justify the removal. The Bank may be perfectly solvent, and prepared to meet promptly all demands upon it; and yet the public interests may require the deposits to be withdrawn." The principal complaints advanced by the Secretary of the Treasury were: 1. A curtailment of the discounts on the part of the Bank, and its conduct towards the State Banks, by which they were obliged to confine their operations, and the whole country was subjected to a great money-pressure. 2. The exclusion of the five Bank Directors appointed by Government. 3. The attempt of the Bank

to influence the elections, by circulating large sums, and thereby to acquire a political influence in the country.

In reply to these accusations, the Bank endeavoured to prove, in a Report signed by its directors, that, from the period of its foundation, it had exclusively devoted its attention to the improvement of the currency, to the maintenance of public credit, and to the granting of every facility to trade; that the Government at Washington had already, as far back as 1829, attempted to make the Bank its organ; but that, when this scheme miscarried, the Government vowed hatred and vengeance against the Bank; that it would have been the duty of the President to attack the Bank legally before competent judges, in case he considered that it had committed any infraction of its privileges: now, it is himself who has broken the contract, by the removal of the deposits without legal cause. "The President avows," continues the same Report, "that, although the last Congress passed a bill re-chartering this very Bank; although the same Congress, a few months ago, at his own invitation, declared that the public deposits might be safely continued in this Bank; although a new Congress, many of

whose members are chosen by the people since his own election, is about to meet in ninety days, and will continue in existence for two years; although, at the end of those two years, a new Congress, fresh from the people, will meet before the charter expires: yet, notwithstanding all this, he, the President, declares, on his own responsibility, that the deposits shall be removed; no matter whether the conduct of the Bank has been good or bad, and no matter whether the deposits are safe or unsafe; and accordingly he dismisses the officer who refuses to remove them, and appoints another who will remove them." At the end of this interesting document, the following is said: "A war of unexampled violence has been waged against the Bank. The institution defends itself. Its assailants are what are called politicians; and, when statements which they cannot answer are presented to the country, they reproach the Bank with interfering in politics. It has, however, never interfered in the slightest degree in politics, and never influenced or sought to influence elections; but it will not be deterred by the menaces or clamours of politicians from executing its duty in defending itself."

Several of the principal statesmen in the country, such as Clay, Webster, Calhoun, were of the same opinion as to the Bank; and their speeches in the Senate, and, I may add, those of Binney in the Lower House, operated powerfully on public opinion against the President and his cabinet. "We are in the midst of a revolution," says Clay, in his speech; "a revolution hitherto bloodless, but rapidly tending towards a total change of the pure republican character of the government, and to the concentration of all power in the hands of one man. The general currency of the country, the life-blood of all its business, is in the most imminent danger of universal disorder and confusion. The power of internal improvement lies crushed beneath the *veto* of the President. Was the removal of the deposits in conformity with the constitution and laws of the United States? The charter of the Bank of the United States requires that the public deposits be made in its vaults. It also gives the Secretary of the Treasury power to remove them; and why? The Secretary is at the head of the finances of the Government. Weekly reports are made by the Bank to him. He is to report to Congress, annually; and to either House, when-

ever he shall be called upon. He is the Sentinel of Congress, the Agent of Congress, the Representative of Congress. He has been created by Congress. Congress has prescribed and has defined his duties. He is required to report to them, not to the President. He is put there by us as our Representative: he is required to remove the deposits when they shall be in danger, and we not in session: but, when he does this, he is required to report to Congress the fact, with his reasons for it. Was the urgency for the removal of the deposits so great that he could not wait sixty days, until the assembling of Congress? He admits that they were perfectly safe in the Bank; that it promptly met every demand upon it; and that it faithfully performed all its duties. Why not, then, await the arrival of Congress? The Bank has been accused of aiming at political influence in the country. Who can doubt," continues Clay, ironically, "that this ambitious corporation is a candidate for the next presidency? The President thought he had the Bank in his power, and that he could break it down at a word. The Bank has avowed and openly declared its purpose to defend itself on all suitable occasions. And, what

is still more provoking, instead of being a bankrupt, as was expected, it seems that it has got more money than it is known what to do with."

"Three months have elapsed, and the Secretary has not yet found places of deposit for the public moneys, as substitutes for the United States' Bank. He has not even yet received the charters from all the Banks selected as places of deposit. Can any thing be more improvident than that the Secretary should undertake to contract with Banks, without knowing their power and capacity to contract by their charters? that he should venture to deposit the people's money in Banks,* without a full knowledge of every thing respecting their actual condition? The eyes and the hopes of the American people are anxiously turned to Congress. They feel that they have been deceived and insulted;

* In the United States, there are, if I mistake not, more than three hundred Banks: of these, the State of New York has eighty-two, with a capital of about thirty millions of dollars. The proportion of silver to notes in these Banks is as seven cents to one dollar. Sixty-nine of them belong to the "Safety Fund," as it is called, the system of which is to require of each Bank an annual tax of one per cent. on its capital. By these means a fund is created, which, in case of the failure of any Bank, is appropriated to the payment of its debts; should this application not be necessary, the fund is finally divided among the Banks. This sounds very well on paper; but the execution is rather hazardous. Space does not permit me to point out all the dangerous consequences attending this system: suffice it to

their confidence abused; their interests betrayed; and their liberties in danger. They see a rapid and alarming concentration of all power in one man's hands. They see that, by the exercise of the positive authority of the Executive, and his negative power exerted over Congress, the will of one man alone prevails, and governs the Republic. The question is no longer what laws will Congress pass, but, what will the Executive not *veto?* The premonitory symptoms of despotism are upon us; and, if Congress do not apply an instantaneous and effective remedy, the fatal collapse will soon come on, and we shall die — ignobly die! base, mean, and abject slaves — the scorn and contempt of mankind—unpitied, unwept, unmourned!"

In consequence of this, and after an unusually long debate on this important question, the Senate declared twice, and the last time

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say, that, if the United States' Bank, which kept all other Banks in order, had not existed, those which stand under the control of the Safety Fund would not only have destroyed each other by too great an issue of notes, which would have deteriorated in value, but ruined the whole country by the disappearance of metallic currency, to make room for a great proportion of paper money. "I have great doubts, if doubts they may be called," says Mr. Calhoun, in his speech in the Senate of the 13th of January, 1834, "as to the soundness and tendency of the whole system, in all its modifications. I have great fears that it will be found hostile to liberty and the advances of civilization — fatally hostile to liberty in our country, where the system exists in the worst and most dangerous form."

by a great majority, that the reasons assigned by the Secretary of the Treasury for the removal of the deposits were insufficient, and that these funds should be restored to the Bank of the United States. Attempts were repeatedly made in the Senate to renew the charter of the United States' Bank, and resolutions to that effect were sent to the other House; but the government party there had still the ascendency, and therefore rejected the proposal of the Senate. It was, however, this subject which alone absorbed the attention of Congress for several months; till the Bank and its affairs were forgotten, to make room for a still more important question — the violent infraction of the constitution and laws by the President himself. "What is the real question which now agitates the country?" says Calhoun, in his speech; "I answer, it is a struggle between the Executive and Legislative departments of the government — a struggle, not in relation to the existence of the Bank, but which, Congress or the President, should have the power of creating Banks, and the consequent control over the currency of the country. With men and money, Cæsar struck down Roman liberty at the battle of Philippi; with money

and corrupt partisans, a great effort is now making to choke and stifle the voice of American liberty. When the deed shall be done, the revolution will be completed; and all the powers of our Republic, in like manner, be consolidated in the President, and perpetuated by his dictation."*

On the 28th of March, 1834, the Senate declared solemnly that the President had assumed a power which had neither been conceded to him by the Constitution nor the laws, but was diametrically opposed to its provisions. To defend himself against these serious and loud charges, the President sent a protest, in the form of a message, to the Senate, dated the 17th of April, with a further explanation, bearing date the 21st of April, in which he says that he has been arraigned and condemned unheard for treason, in having violated the laws and constitution

* The dangers incident to the liberties of a country, when sword and purse are left in the hands of the Executive, have been confirmed by the experience of all ages. "It would indeed be little less than a miracle," says Alexander Hamilton, in his Report, already quoted, "should the credit of the Bank be at the disposal of the Government, if, in a long series of time, there was not experienced a calamitous abuse of it. It is true that it would be the real interest of the Government not to abuse it; its genuine policy to husband and cherish it with the most guarded circumspection, as an inestimable treasure. But what government ever uniformly consulted its true interests, in opposition to the temptations of momentary exigencies? What nation was ever blessed with a constant succession of upright and wise administrators?"

of the country. After adducing a variety of arguments in his favour, he concluded this remarkable document by formally protesting against the resolutions of the Senate, as irreconcileable with the spirit and meaning of the constitution. The Senate was a long while hesitating whether this protest should be received or not, and declared, at length, by a majority of twenty-seven voices against sixteen, that the President had assumed an illegal power, and that the Senate, not forgetting the responsibility which it owes to the people, must appeal to the whole nation as to the justness of its conduct.

The warfare, which was thus commenced between the President and the Senate, continued uninterruptedly till the breaking up of Congress. The four Bank Directors appointed by the former were not confirmed by the Senate. General Jackson renewed the same nomination, adding his determination, that, if they were once more rejected by the Senate, he would appeal to the decision of the people. Even this language, and his contempt for the whole Senate, had no influence on the resolutions of the Legislative Assembly: the four Bank Directors were a second time rejected, and with a greater majority than formerly,

namely, thirty voices to eleven. Several other nominations made by the President were rejected in like manner by the immoveable Senate; among the most important were that of Mr. Taney to the Treasury Department, and Mr. Stevenson to the embassy in England.

A great change in public opinion was, in the mean time, effected all over the country with regard to the present Administration. Several States, which had formerly voted for General Jackson, were now severely suffering under the effects of his experiment, and joined the ranks of the Opposition. The City of New York, which at former elections had shown a considerable majority in favour of the President and his adherents, gave, at the election for a Mayor, in 1834, the small majority of 179 votes;* and even this number might be questioned, in consequence of various illegal acts alleged to have been consummated during the election by the Jackson party.

The newspapers, which in America more than in any country in the world express the

* At the election in November, 1832, Jackson had a majority of five thousand five hundred and fourteen votes. If the trifling majority of one hundred and ninety-seven votes be deducted, the actual decline of votes will be, in the course of six months, not less than five thousand three hundred and thirty-five.

real opinions of the nation respecting the measures of Government, ranged themselves, for the greater part, on the side of the Opposition.

In the City of New York, with a population of about two hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, there were only two papers which advocated the cause of the President against eleven daily Opposition papers. In Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and several smaller towns, the proportion of those in favour of the Administration to those who were against it was as one to four, six, even eight. The wealthy class of people almost exclusively differed in opinion from General Jackson as to his political measures. To be revenged on these independent citizens for their opposition, the Administration Journals called them "silk stocking and ruffled gentry." In fact, two parties developed themselves in the course of this winter, which bore great hatred to each other, and involved in one general vortex all the petty parties that had hitherto divided the country among themselves. Jacksonmen, Anti-Jacksonmen, National Republicans, Democrats, Anti-Freemasons, &c., disappeared altogether, and made room for Whigs and Tories, the former of whom constituted the

Opposition, and the latter supported the present Government.

During the sitting of Congress, a report of the Postmaster General, respecting the state of the finances of that department, was laid before the legislative body. The nation was not a little astounded on observing that the Post Office, instead of paying itself, and also showing a surplus, was in so ruinous a state that, unless an appropriation were purposely made by Congress, it would be unable to go on at all. At the investigation which took place, it was ascertained that the present Postmaster General, who entered upon office in 1829, had sunk, since that period, independently of the whole revenue of the department, the sum left him by his predecessor, amounting, according to the statement of the former, to two hundred and eighty-nine thousand one hundred and forty dollars, seventeen cents; but, according to that of the actual one, to only two hundred and thirty thousand four hundred and eighty-nine dollars: and moreover eight hundred and three thousand six hundred and twenty-five dollars, which he had borrowed in the name of the Post Office department, without authority from Congress.

The conveyance of the mails in America is

contracted for with private individuals at so much a year, which is fixed by the Postmaster. These sums, at first moderate, were often, before the expiration of the contract, by favour and for political reasons, doubled, or even trebled. The revenue for the year ending 30th January, 1833, was stated at two million thirty-seven thousand four hundred and ten dollars, eighty-one cents; the expences, again, at two million one hundred and twenty-three thousand two hundred and eighty-nine dollars, forty-two cents; consequently, there was a deficit of eighty-five thousand two hundred and seventy-eight dollars, sixty-one cents. Upon an average, the expence of conveying by mail, in the year 1833, may be calculated at seven cents and a half per mile. The number of miles over which the contractors carry the mail was, by the Postmaster General's statement, computed at twenty-six million eight hundred and fifty-four thousand four hundred and eighty-five; the Committee, again, who investigated the accounts of the Post Office department, fixed the mileage at only twenty-one million one hundred and fifty-six thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

The short sitting of Congress did not permit

a further inquiry into the subject, and it was postponed till next session. The following statement may not prove uninteresting to some of my readers.

In the year 1790, there were only seventy-five Post Offices in the country, and one thousand eight hnndred and seventy-five post-roads. The revenue arising from postages was then thirty-seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-five dollars.

	Post Offices.	Post Roads.	Postages.
In 1800,	903	20,817	280,204
1810,	2,300	36,406	551,684
1820,	4,500	72,492	1,111,927
1830,	8,004	113,000	1,707,418

Congress at length adjourned on the 30th of June, and the members returned to their different homes, after having done nothing in the important matter which shook the foundation of the States. Both parties appeared resolved not to yield a point; and in this disposition they parted, determined to influence their constituents in different districts in favour of their own political views. The Opposition founded its hopes on the elections in the fall, when they expected to have the upperhand, so as to command a majority in Congress. The friends of the Administration again continued to decry the Bank as the author of the existing money-pressure. It

will be seen, at the end of the year, which is the victorious party, Whigs or Tories, the Senate or the President.

I had now only a few days left to remain on the free soil of America; they were marked by the tribute which the nation paid to the memory of Lafayette. The friend and companion in arms of Washington was now no more. The melancholy intelligence had been brought by the last European packet. Every American felt the profoundest grief; lamentations resounded from all parts of the country. But the New Yorkers were the first who celebrated his obsequies by a procession. "We mourn the man," said they, "who, at the age of nineteen, came over to us from a foreign land, at a moment when we had neither resources nor credit—when our feeble army was in want of clothes and arms. We mourn the man who, notwithstanding all this, placed himself in our ranks, and bled in our cause."

The 26th of June was fixed as the day on which the ceremony was to take place. Early in the morning all the shops were closed, and flags waved half mast-high on all the ships in port, and on all public edifices. The bells of the churches tolled nearly the whole day, and the Dead March was heard in every street

through which the procession moved. The windows were filled with old men, women, and children: with men, who still remembered Lafayette fighting in the cause of freedom; with women, who had not forgotten the venerable General when, but a few years ago, he visited the United States; with children, who had been taught, from their cradle, to place in their prayers the name of Lafayette immediately after that of Washington. The procession was probably the largest ever seen in New York. It was composed of all classes of citizens, from the mayor down to tradesmen, strangers, clergymen, and officers. About six thousand men of the regular army and militia were under arms.

At Castle Garden, a kind of funeral ceremony was performed by the Protestant bishop, on which occasion an oration was delivered, enumerating, in suitable terms, the principal and most important epochs in the life of the deceased. In a word, the tribute paid to the memory of Lafayette was worthy of a great and grateful people. He was truly looked upon as the champion of liberal principles, and will, for ages to come, live as such in the memory of the American people, as well as in that of every other liberal nation.

The time had now arrived for my departure. On the 8th of July, I embarked, and before morning I was already out of sight of the hospitable shores of America. A long and tedious voyage brought me again to the British shore; and thence, by the first American packet on the eve of sailing, I bid my friends on the other side of the Atlantic a long — perhaps a last — farewell.

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THE END.

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